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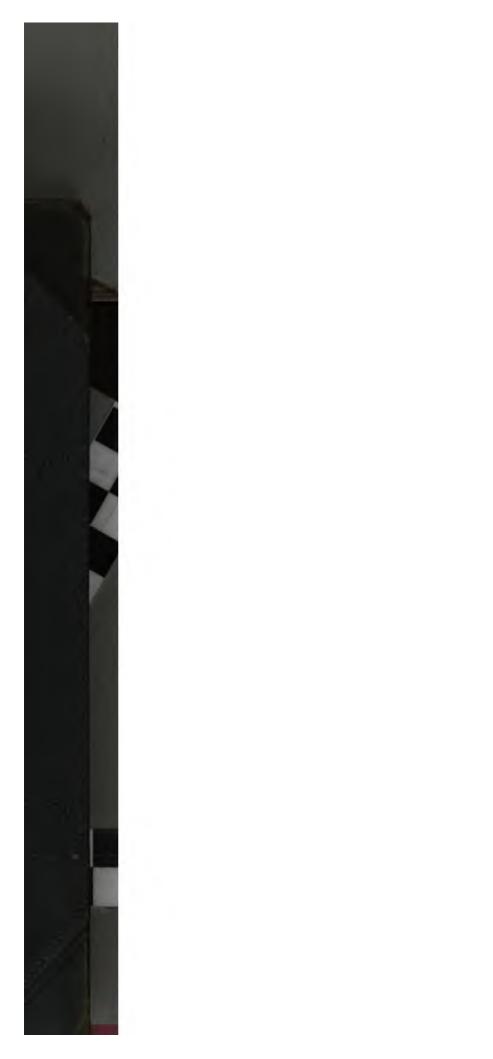
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# BELGRAVIA

### A LONDON MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED BY

## M. E. BRADDON

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "AURORA FLOYD," ETC. ETC.

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# BELGRAVIA

JULY 1868

## BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY

OR THE

Adbentures und Misudbentures of Kobert Jinsleigh

#### CHAPTER I. MY FIRST HOME.

MY earliest recollections are of a scene which throughout an event-ful life has been, and to the end of life will remain, in my esteem the brightest region of this various and beautiful world. From Indian forests, from the shores of mightier rivers, under the light of larger stars, my thoughts have flown back to the streams and woods of my early home, and taken shelter there, as young birds return to the nest they have been too eager to abandon.

I was born in London, in the year 1731, but of my birthplace or of those who watched my cradle I have no recollection. My first babyish steps trod the soft turf of a gentleman's park in the county of Bucks—a domain so large, that in my childish ideas the world beyond its boundaries must needs be very narrow. Deep in the heart of this silvan scene there was a gamekeeper's cottage, and to the gamekeeper's honest wife I owed those maternal cares which transformed a sickly infant into a sturdy lad.

Until my tenth year the gamekeeper's cottage was my only home; the gamekeeper, his wife, and their one little girl my only friends. Nor did I sigh for other companionship or a more agreeable abode. The low white cottage, cross-barred with ponderous timbers painted black, the slanting thatched roof, pointed gables, and small casement windows, curtained with roses and honeysuckle, appeared to me the perfection of a dwelling-place. It had been called the warrener's lodge in the old times, when the skins of rabbits and conies were employed for the costume of English knights and squires, and the rabbit-warren was a feature of great importance in a gentleman's estate. It still stood on the border of a great warren, the safe-keeping whereof was one of my foster-father's duties.

YOL. YL.

This tranquil home I loved with all my heart, and my little sister Margery—for by that tender name I had learned to call her—I regarded as the dearest of created beings. With her I spent my days, wandering hand-in-hand amongst the fern and underwood, knowing the progress of time only by the different wild-flowers which the changing seasons gave us.

Nor did we lack companions and playfellows in our childish sports. The silvan depths we inhabited were alive with wild creatures that had grown almost tame in this deep solitude. Mild-eyed fawns watched us gravely when we played; squirrels leaped and frisked before us, no more conscious than ourselves of life's realities; partridge and pheasant, blackbird and thrush, fluttered the young fern in the bright days of early summer; and in the shadow of a copse that was purple with hyacinths the rabbits swarmed thick as Virgil's famous bees.

This was my world from my first hours of infantine consciousness until my tenth birthday; and bitter was the stroke which ended this phase of my life. On the knees of the keeper's wife I had uttered my first prayer; in the brawny arms of the keeper I had been carried before I learned to walk. The first syllables which my lips had shaped were those that called these good creatures Mammy and Daddy. I was but just old enough to perceive the progress of events when little Margery's baby-face first beamed upon our family circle, and from that hour I had tenderly loved the fair-haired baby, who grew betimes into my sister and companion.

In those early years of my life I tasted perfect happiness; and not to the lips of many children is that cup offered. Over the fairest childhood there is generally some shadow—sickness or change of fortune, a cross nurse or a careless mother. But in the humble home where I was reared, there was no skeleton lurking in secret cupboard. The keeper and his wife were young, honest, and healthy. They loved each other fondly, and had affection to spare for the foster-child that came to them before their own. For these good creatures life was not to be all sunshine; for them, as for me, there were to be trial and tempest and gloom; but the halcyon days of their existence were these which I shared with them,—a period of calm and pure delight, which was destined to haunt me in many a scene of horror and death, in many an hour of heart-sickness and despondency.

My pleasures in these days ware of the simplest. To trudge beside the keeper on his morning round; once, on a rare occasion of never-to-be-forgotten delight, to watch with him in the moonlit woods for midnight snarers of hare and pheasant; to ride to the market-town with Mammy in a lumbering cart, which the good soul sometimes drove; to hunt for mushrooms in the dewy mornings; to pick blackberries in September, and to roast chestnuts with Margery among the ashes at Christmas,—these were the chief excitements of my childhood.

Neighbours we had none. The nearest village was seven miles

away from us. The nearest house was the great pile of building in the centre of the park; a grand old mansion of the Elizabethan era, encircled by a broad moat, and approached by a grim arched gateway that belonged to a much-earlier period.

The fairy tales which I had heard at this time must needs have been few; yet I never beheld this gloomy gateway, flanked by its twin gothic towers, nor did I ever peer into the dark still water of the most, without some vague sense of the supernatural, some instinctive feeling of awe, which was stronger even than my curiosity.

The dreary quiet of the place, the long rows of blank shuttered casements, the absence of sound or movement on the terraces and in the courts, the massive towers, and the iron-clamped gates, which seemed no more likely to be opened than the black doors of the mausoleum in the park,—were indeed calculated to inspire unwonted thoughts in the breast of childhood. When I was old enough to be curious, I questioned my good-humoured Daddy, and he freely imparted all he knew about the mansion which filled me with such wonder.

He told me that house and park and woods, and the little church within the park-walls, where there was service on alternate Sundays, all belonged alike to his mistress, Lady Barbara Lestrange, who lived in foreign parts, where her husband, Sir Marcus Lestrange, had been sent ambassador.

- "Which be a kind o' king in its way," added the keeper, with the pride of a faithful servant, whose master's honours are in some sort his own.
- "And does no one live at the great house now, daddy?" I asked.
- "No one but old Anthony Grimshaw and his wife, and a couple of women-servants. A rare starched gentleman is Tony Grimshaw, and has been house-steward to my lady and my lady's father these thirty years. They do say as Mrs. Grimshaw's a brimstone; but she have always been kind to me and my wife, and 'twould come ill from me to say aught agen her. Madge was housemaid up at the great house before I married her, in the old earl's time; and she's owned to me that mother Grimshaw was a bit of a scold. She was Martha Peyton then, and own-maid to Lady Barbara, and they say as she must have frightened old Tony into marrying her. But she's been kind to us in the hard winters; and when Sissy was born, she sent us wine and tea, and such-like fal-lals; so we'll let bygones be bygones, Robin."

"And has Lady Barbara been kind to thee, daddy?" I asked. (We "thee'd" and "thou'd" each other in these parts; but I shall take no pains to reproduce the patois of the county, which I have indeed in some part forgotten, having heard and conversed in many strange languages since I first learned my native tongue from honest Jack Hawker, my foster-father.) "Has she been kind to thee, daddy?" I reiterated.

"Ah, Robin, kind enough in the way of fine folks like her. She

#### BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY

brought thee to my wife to nurse, and has paid me handsome for thy bite and sup."

This was not the first time I had heard that I was but an alien in the home I loved so dearly.

"She brought me, daddy! Where did she bring me from?"

"From London, Rob; where thou wouldst have starved, poor orphan, but for her. The Lord knows where my lady found thee; but she was ever charitable and kind to the poor. Thou wert the sickliest infant ever these eyes looked upon, and thou must thank my wife Madge that thou art here to-day."

"I wish thou wert my real father, daddy," I said. Whereon sturdy Jack Hawker snatched me up in his great arms and covered me with

kisses.

"So do I, little one," he cried, with an oath; "but wishing won't make thee mine; and some day my lady will come and take thee away from daddy and mammy."

This set me blubbering, and the good fellow had hard work to comfort me. His forebodings were too quickly realised; for within a year of this time my pleasant childish life came to a sudden close, and I began the world.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### PASTORS AND MASTERS.

I HAD been gathering sticks in the woods with Margery one bright October afternoon, and came home loaded, with my little sister trotting merrily by my side, both of us happy in the consciousness of deserving mammy's praise for our labours. We came bounding into the cosy little kitchen; but finding no one there, threw down our burdens, and went in search of mammy. We paused, awe-struck, on the threshold of the parlour, that sacred Sabbath chamber, where portraits of King William and Queen Mary hung on each side of the chimney-piece, and where an earthenware pot of fresh flowers always adorned the somewhat cheerless hearth. In this room, so rarely used as to be in a manner a chamber of mystery, we beheld mammy seated in solemn converse with a stranger; a tall, thin, pale-faced woman, dressed in black, and of a severe aspect; a woman whose face had been ploughed and ravaged by that dire scourge of those days, the small-pox, and at sight of whom little Margery uttered a faint shriek of terror, and immediately turned and fled. Not so myself, who stood transfixed by the strange vision.

"Is that the boy?" demanded the stranger sternly.

. My foster mother faltered an affirmative.

"Come hither, boy," said the stranger; and I obeyed with fear and trembling.

Upon this she began to question me.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Robin," I mumbled.

"Robin what? Nothing but Robin, poor castaway!"

She shook her head in a dismal manner, and groaned aloud. I think it was the first groan I had ever heard, and the sound appalled me.

"Robin is but a vulgar name for Robert," she said. "Can you read, Robert?"

I stared on hearing myself addressed by this new name.

"Is the boy an idiot?" cried the grim stranger.

"My name is Robin," I answered; "and I know nowt of reading."
This was true. In the circle in which I had lived, reading and
writing were unknown accomplishments.

The stranger shook her head again, more dismally than before.

"It is time you were taken in hand, Master Robert," she said; and I hated her forthwith for this persistent alteration of my name. "Would you like to live in a big house, and to learn to read and write?"

"I'd rather stay with daddy and mammy," I answered, sidling up to my foster-mother, who rewarded me with a silent hug.

"And grow up a very heathen in the darkness of ignorance," said the stranger. "Happily for you, Master Robert, Providence does not permit us to choose our own paths, or few among us would be snatched from the burning. I have had a letter from my lady bidding me take you to live at the great house, where my good husband will undertake your education."

The whole of this speech might have been spoken in a foreign language for any comprehension I had of its meaning, except so far as it conveyed to me the one direful fact that I was to be separated from those I loved. I began to cry, and little Margery, who had crept back to the doorway, curious to observe the stranger, came running into the room, and flung her arms round my neck. Her affection conquered her terror of the grim stranger, and she looked defiance at the dame as she clung to me.

"Naughty woman sha'n't take 'oo, Rob," she cried; but her mother interposed, and laid a firm hand on the dear innocent's lips.

"We shall be very sorry to lose him, madam," she said gently; "he has been like our own child; and I wish my lady had given us longer notice before she took him away."

"Hoity toity!" cried the dame indignantly; "my lady thought she had to do with sensible people. You could not suppose you were to keep this boy all his life. He has to learn how to get an honest livelihood, that he mayn't be a burden on Lady Barbara to the end of the chapter, as some folks I would rather not mention were a burden upon my lady's father. He comes of a bad stock, Mistress Hawker; and running wild in the forest won't mend him."

On this the keeper's wife hugged me closer to her honest heart.

"There is not a better child in the county of Bucks," cried the tender soul, with some warmth.

Margery, perceiving, as by instinct, that I had been maligned, clung about me the closer; and thus bound together by grief and affection, and encircled by the mother's fond arms, we defied the intruder.

"I don't come of a bad stock, and I ain't a burden upon anyone; and I don't want to live at the big house with the nasty black water round it; and I don't like you, because you're ugly; and I won't leave mammy and daddy."

"I wish you joy of your nurse-child, Margery Hawker," cried the stranger, getting up from her chair in a great passion, and stalking to the door. "His manners and his learning do you credit; and I'm sure my lady will be vastly pleased with you when she hears the good effects of your care."

My foster-mother pleaded pardon for my innocence and ignorance, in a great fright, for Mrs. Grimshaw held a sceptre of regal sway at Hauteville Hall, during the prolonged absence of Sir Marcus and my lady. Margery and I were sent from the room in disgrace, and retired to weep together in the kitchen, where I plighted my youthful troth to the sweet young damsel, and swore that none but she should be my wife. Better for one of us, God knows, better for us both, it may be, if I had never forgotten that childish vow, and had lived to fulfil it.

"I'll never go to the big ugly house, Sissy," said I; "but we'll be married, and live in the woods with the squirrels, and have nuts and berries for our dinner."

"Yes; but some night we should die of hunger, and the robins would cover us with leaves; and mammy and daddy would be sorry," cried Madge, who had heard the story of the Children in the Wood.

After this there came a few more careless days, during which Margery and I gathered wood in the forest, and hunted for nuts in the hazel-copses, and forgot that there was such a creature as black-robed Mrs. Grimshaw upon this world. Then came a bleak, bitter morning, when my foster-mother dressed me in my best clothes, and kissed and cried over me before she handed me to the executioner.

The executioner was a small sickly-looking man, dressed in a suit of chocolate-coloured cloth, and a carefully-powdered wig. gentleman I was told was Mr. Grimshaw, and to him, as to his stately spouse, I was to pay all possible respect.

"You'll let him come to see us sometimes, won't you, sir?" asked the keeper's wife piteously. "He's been with us over nine years; and it's a sore trouble to lose him."

"So it be, wife, a sore trouble," growled the keeper.—"Thou'lt think on us sometimes, won't thee, Rob?"

"Ay, ay, he shall think of you, and come to see you too," replied the chocolate-coloured gentleman good-naturedly.

Even this little speech inclined me to prefer Mr. Grimshaw to his respectable consort.

"Thou'lt mind thy book, Robin, and do as thou art bid," urged

my foster-mother; "and thy new friends will love thee; and thou'lt come to see thy old friends sometimes."

"Every day, if they'll let me," I answered, sobbing.

After this there were many embraces and many tears, until Mr. Grimshaw grew impatient, and said we must begone. So I tore myself away from those dear souls, who had made my childhood happy, and put my hand into that of the house-steward.

The day was bleak and wintry, and we trudged off at a good rate among the crisp fallen leaves. I looked back at the keeper's cottage. Ah, dear home, mine no longer! How many years were to pass before I should inhabit any other dwelling which I could dare call by the fond name of home! Mansion and palace, tent and dungeon, were to be my habitation in the shifting scenes of life; but long and far were to be my wanderings before I rested again beside so cheery a hearth, or among friends so dear.

The walk from the keeper's cottage to the Hall was a long one, and I had ample leisure in which to observe the countenance of my new guardian as I tramped by his side among the drift of withered leaves and the fallen fir-cones which I had gathered so merrily but yesterday with little Margery. It was not a hard or sour face at which I looked; and with the quick instinct of childhood I divined that this gentleman in the chocolate-coloured coat would be my friend. I pushed my hand a little farther into his, and drew closer to him as we walked on. For a long time we walked in silence, but by and by the old gentleman looked down at me with a curious glance.

"You are but a little chap to begin your schooling," he said; "but I see you are no fool, and I think you and I may get on well enough together."

After this he questioned me for some time about my past life and its simple pleasures, and conversed with me kindly until we came to our destination. We did not pass beneath the shadow of the great gothic archway; that ponderous gateway had not been opened since Lady Barbara Lestrange's last residence at Hauteville. We crossed a narrow stone bridge of modern construction, which spanned the moat upon the inferior side of the Hall, and entered the house by a little door, the key whereof my companion took from his capacious pocket.

Within, I saw shadowy stone passages that seemed endless, incalculable doors of darkest oak. The silence and gloom of the place were awful to my childish mind. I clung closer to Mr. Grimshaw, and shuddered at the echoing noise of our footsteps on the smooth stone flags. We crossed a great hall where tattered rags of many-coloured silks hung from the vaulted roof, and where shone upon me, for the first time in my life, the splendour of an old stained-glass window.

The floor of this chamber was of alternate squares of black and white marble. The effigy of a mailed knight, bestriding a plumed war-steed of painted wood, shone in the rainbow light from the great

window; and at the opposite end of the hall a staircase, with elaborately-carved balustrades in black oak, led to a gallery which made the circuit of the roof.

At this chamber I gazed with delight and wonder, and for the moment forgot my awe of the gloomy house. From the hall my companion led me into a long saloon, with ten windows, overlooking a small Italian flower-garden, within the moat: and from this we passed to another long room, where I beheld more books than I could have supposed were contained in all the world, seeing that one volume—a clumsy leather-bound "breeches" Bible—comprised the keeper's entire library. From wall to ceiling this long and lofty room was lined with volumes, for the most part in handsome, though somewhat sombre, bindings. Wings had been constructed, abutting into the room, for the accommodation of more books; and these abutments divided the spacious apartment into pleasant nooks and retiring-places, where I thought it must-needs be very agreeable to sit on a bright summer day, when the flowers in the pleasaunce were all in bloom.

"See, Master Robert," said my new friend. "You open your eyes wide at sight of so many books. What would you say if I told you that I had read them everyone, or, at any rate, know the contents of everyone—from the big brown folios down yonder to the smart little duodecimos on those narrow shelves near the ceiling? I was my late lord's librarian as well as his house-steward, and all these books are still in my care, and are likely to be till I die: and then I know not how it will fare with them, for books are like children, and must be cared for by those that love them."

He hurried me from the library—where I would fain have stood gaping longer—by a small door almost hidden between two book-cases. This door led us away from the light and the sunshine into a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which Mr. Grimshaw opened another door, and pushed me into a square oak-panelled room, where I beheld the black-robed woman whom I had seen at the keeper's cottage.

She was sitting at a table working, with a great wicker-basket before her. She laid down her work as we entered, and gazed upon me with menacing eyes.

My heart sank as I encountered those searching glances.

"So, Master Robert, you have come at last. I began to think that you and my husband were lost in the woods."

I almost wished that this misfortune had befallen us, as I quailed beneath Mrs. Grimshaw's stern gaze. Surely the berries and the robins and the brief summer-day life of children abandoned in the forest would have been better than existence shared with Mrs. Grimshaw.

"Now, Master Robert," said that lady, "this is where you are to live until you go out into the world to earn your own bread, which will be as soon as you are old enough to turn to an honest trade, or sit upon a junior-clerk's stool in a merchant's office. You are to

live with me and my husband, and to learn what he teaches you, and to do as I bid you, or it will be the worse for you. And mark you, young gentleman; there is to be no gadding about the park, or sneaking down to John Hawker's cottage, to waste your time among vagabonds and idlers."

She spoke to me as if I had been fifteen years old instead of ten. But there was one part of her speech I understood well enough.

"My daddy is no vagabond," I cried indignantly; "and this gentleman said I should go and see him."

"Ay, ay, I promised as much as that," answered Mr. Grimshaw with an apologetic air. "Hawker and his wife seemed so sorry to lose the boy, and the boy cried at leaving them; and I could not well avoid promising—"

"You're a fool, Anthony Grimshaw," cried his wife angrily.

She rang a bell, which was answered very promptly by a plump rosy-faced woman in a mob-cap and big white apron.

"This is the young gentleman, Betty," said Mrs. Grimshaw; "take him to his room, and see that he washes his face and hands before he comes back to dinner."

The maid led me off through the dark passage and up a narrow wooden staircase, into a small whitewashed chamber, neatly but poorly furnished. This room she told me was mine; and as it was superior to any chamber in Jack Hawker's cottage, I felt somewhat proud of the proprietorship.

"Has Mrs. Grim been unkind to you, boy?" asked Betty, as she scrubbed my face with a merciless prodigality in the matter of soap.

"Mrs. Grim?"

"Pshaw! Grimshaw, child. We call her Mrs. Grim for short. The name fits her to a T; but Mrs. Brimstone would be still better; for brimstone she is and brimstone she ever will be. Has she been scolding you?"

"She has not been very kind," I answered, whimpering.

"No, and it ain't in her nature; so don't expect it. She was turned sour close upon twelve years ago, when a fine gentleman that she'd have given her eyes for laughed and talked and made a fool of her with his pretty speeches and pretty looks, and then walked off and forgot all about her. I know! She took the small-pox after that, and lost her beauty, which was never much to my mind, and that didn't mend her temper. She hasn't had a civil word for anybody since then; and how old Grim could have been such a fool as to marry her, unless she frightened him into it, I can't think. But he did; and now she's turned methody, and is always going after preachings at all the towns round about, and leads us all the life of dogs."

Thus did Mrs. Betty give vent to her opinions while engaged with my toilet, and it is to be observed that from this time forth I became the habitual recipient of confidences ill adapted to my tender years.

People who have but few companions with whom to converse will find relief in opening their minds to a little child; and whether it was Anthony Grimshaw who dilated on the history of the house he served, or Mrs. Betty who reviled her mistress, I listened with equal patience, and with no small interest; and being henceforth cut off for the most part from intercourse with children, and denied all childish sports, I acquired a gravity and a curious spirit not common to my age.

When Betty had scrubbed and brushed me into a becoming state of redness and stiffness, she conducted me back to the oak parlour, where I dined in state with my new guardians, attended on by Betty in a

clean white apron.

Mrs. Grimshaw found a great deal to say about my boorish demeanour, and the ill-use I made of knife and fork, the former of which I was indeed accustomed to use with a freedom and a dexterity unknown in polished circles. The dinner was of the plainest, but served with much neatness; and after the cloth had been removed Mrs. Grimshaw kept the obsequious Betty employed for a quarter of an hour in polishing the dark walnut-wood table on which we had dined.

Even after this operation Betty was not free to depart, for Mrs. Grimshaw bade her seat herself at a respectful distance, in order to hear the conclusion of a sermon, one half of which she had been edified

by upon the previous day.

"And I hope you feel some inward benefit from Mr. Whitefield's precious eloquence, Betty," said Mrs. Grimshaw. "I grieve to say there are some rocky hearts upon which the blessed seed falls in vain; some heathenish minds that prefer to pore over any dusty rubbish in a foreign language, rather than to hear the voice of the mighty Judge calling sinners to judgment."

Her looks were directed at her husband during the latter part of this speech, and he, by his answer, acknowledged that it was levelled at him.

"Why, truth to tell, Martha," he said, "there may be some that are not inclined to stand before Mr. Whitefield for judgment. If I am to be brought to believe that one section of mankind is destined for grace, and the rest doomed to perdition unspeakable, and that our good works and gentle deeds in this world shall avail us nothing with Him who promised His blessing in exchange for a cup of cold water given to His disciple, I will be taught by Calvin at first hand, and not Mr. Whitefield at second hand. We have the Genevese edition of John Calvin's works, in twelve folio volumes, in the library yonder; and I can read the 'Institutes' for myself if needs be. But it has been my custom to smoke my pipe on the terrace after dinner for the last five-and-thirty years of my life; and with your leave, wife, I shall continue to do so, till pipe and I go out together." By this I perceived that old Anthony Grimshaw was not completely under his wife's dominion.

"Will you come with me, Master Bob?" he asked; and I sprang up, eager to follow him.

Mrs. Grimshaw groaned aloud.

"The boy will stop, for the profit of his sinful soul," she said, in a

tone of command. "Sit down over against Betty, child."

I seated myself meekly, while Mr. Grimshaw lighted his pipe, and went out by a half-glass door that opened on the terrace—a noble promenade going all round the house, and bordered on this side by a bank close planted with evergreens sloping to the broad most.

Then began the reading of Mr. Whitefield's sermon, which was performed in a hard, harsh voice by Mrs. Grimshaw. Of the sermon I know no more than that it was of appalling and threatening import, and that it seemed to my childish ears interminable. Betty yawned more than once; and on one occasion I saw her on the point of sinking into a peaceful slumber; but she caught herself up with an effort, and stared at her mistress with unblinking eyes when that lady turned her gaze towards the handmaiden. When the discourse was at last ended, Betty declared herself beyond measure edified, but seemed, nevertheless, somewhat glad to withdraw.

Mr. Grimshaw had passed the window several times during the pions lecture, and appeared at the glass door, still smoking, a few

minutes after it was over.

"May I go to the gentleman, ma'am?" I asked; and Mrs. Grimshaw having nodded assent, I ran out and put my hand into that of her husband's, who received me with a kind smile.

"I like you so much," I said, "because you're kind, like daddy,

though you don't speak like him."

From this time forth Anthony Grimshaw and I were fast friends; and the old man's gentle treatment enabled me to endure his wife's barsh usage with all due meekness. Her conduct never varied. Stern and sour in her bearing towards all her little world, her manner to me betrayed an aversion which she would fain have concealed. Hard, bitter, and implacable as my own evil fate, she cast her vengeful shadow across my boyhood; and if she could have prevented the sun from shining on me, or could have stunted my growth and wasted my flesh by the influence of her baleful gaze, I believe she would have exercised her evil power. It was not till later that I obtained the key to the mystery of her feelings with regard to me. She had happily little power to do me harm, for I was intrusted to her keeping by a mistress whom she feared, and whom self-interest compelled her to serve with submission and fidelity. She had, however, the power to make my life more or less uncomfortable by small cruelties and petty slights, by cold looks and bitter words; and this privilege she exercised without stint. Had it not been for her husband's kindness I might have fared ill in that splendid mansion, where I was a humble

and nameless dependent; but his goodness to me never wavered, nor did his protection ever fail me in the hour of need.

My first night in my lonely chamber was a very sad one. In my dreams I went back to the warrener's lodge and the dear souls I loved; but even in those dreams the bitter sense of separation clung to me, and I felt that I saw the familiar faces across an impassable gulf.

My studies began on the next day, in the parlour where Mrs. Grimshaw sat at work; and I felt her eyes upon me while I was being initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet by my friend Anthony. From this time my life became an unvarying routine. Early breakfast in the oak parlour, a walk with Mr. Grimshaw about the house and in the grand old stone quadrangle, where a Hercules and his club held guard over a great marble fountain which had once been the glory of the place. Then back to the oak parlour for lessons, which lasted till the early dinner. Then Mrs. Grimshaw's lecture from the last-published pamphlets of Whitefield or Wesley, or some minor lights of the new nonconforming church, and Betty's smothered yawns, and Anthony Grimshaw's figure passing to and fro before the windows, and my own weariness always in precisely the same measure. At six we drank tea; a solemn ceremony, from the gentility whereof Mrs. Grimshaw took much pride. At half-past eight she read prayers to her husband and myself, and to the three servants of the great melancholy house, — Betty, a buxom girl called Martha, and a rheumatic old woman, who lived in some stony obscurity in the kitchens, and rarely quitted her lair except for this evening ceremonial.

After prayers I was hustled off to my chamber by Betty, while my guardians supped together in grim state. I should often have gone to bed hungry if it had not been for Betty, who brought me a crust of bread and a basin of milk, which I ate and drank seated on the edge of my bed with more enjoyment than I ever derived from the ceremonial meals in the oak parlour. On Sundays there were no lessons, but there was chapel—to my youthful mind a far greater trial. Mr. Grimshaw went on alternate Sundays to the little church in the wood, and to have gone thither with him would have been happiness unspeakable to me, for at this time-honoured tabernacle I should have met Jack Hawker and his wife, and dear little Margery. But here Mrs. Grimshaw had a convenient opportunity for exercising her tyranny, and avenging that unconscious sin which I had committed against her by coming into this bleak world. So she ordained that I should accompany herself and the two maids to the meeting-house at Warborough,—a stifling upper room, little better than a loft, in which the Rev. Simeon Noggers, an awakened tailor, held forth every Sunday to a select congregation of In this airless chamber I underwent the tortures of a weekly suffocation while the Rev. Simeon pounded his deal readingdesk and exhorted his fellow-sinners, from the blackness of whose guilt

he appeared to derive a dismal satisfaction. From that respectable teacher I learned that it was rather advantageous for the soul to be dyed of the darkest hue, in order that its renovation might be the more astounding. There I heard no exhortations to the weak and wavering; no friendly counsel for the small debtor, whose payments were but a little in arrear, and who needed only a brave endeavour to set his affairs in order and regain his solvent condition. The Reverend Simeon addressed his flock as if convinced that they were so many fraudulent bankrupts, conscious that they could never pay a shilling in the pound, and rather to be congratulated than otherwise on their ignominious insolvency.

"Believe!" cried the awakened Noggers, "and prove your faith as I do, not as St. Paul did. Prove it by long prayers and reiterated invocations, in which the familiarity of affection verges on the blasphemy of presumptuous folly; prove it by howlings and beatings of the breast, by upturned eyeballs, and solemn shakings of the head, and arrogant condemnation of all mankind except the elect of Warborough."

This was the gist of Mr. Noggers's teaching, which I heard during the ten most impressionable years of my life, and which did much to make me in early manhood a disciple of Bolingbroke and Hobbes. It fell to my lot in after-years to hear both Wesley and Whitefield, and I then perceived the difference between a man of original mind and deeprooted convictions, and the ignorant imitators who assume his functions without one of the gifts that have qualified their master for his office. I know that to that good man John Wesley there came much trouble and perplexity from the ill-advised officiousness and spasmodic industry of some among his followers. Doubtless he found other labourers better fitted to work with him in the vineyard; and it must never be forgotten that the uprising of the sect which bears his name has done much to arouse the sluggards of the Established Church, who had sore need of some revolution to awaken them from slumber.

For nearly ten years my life at Hauteville was all of the same pattern; my studies laborious, my pleasures of the rarest. Indeed, the only holiday I knew in these days was an occasional visit to Jack Hawker's cottage, and Mrs. Grimshaw took care that I should not often enjoy this happiness. The distance was long, and my task-mistress contrived to find reasons for refusing me the leisure required for such a visit. It was only when Anthony Grimshaw interfered in my behalf that I was allowed the privilege of an afternoon's holiday. Dearly, then, did I love the long walk through the park, the cosy supper by Jack Hawker's hearth, and the return in the dewy moonlight to the great enchanted castle, which, even after years of residence within its ponderous walls, still retained for me something of its awful mystic charm.

Although to the last degree monotonous, my life during these years was not unhappy. In Anthony Grimshaw I had a true friend, and such

a tutor as few prosperous young noblemen of my day could have boasted. From the hour in which he first introduced me to the hieroglyphics of the English alphabet to the proud day in which he smiled upon my successful rendering of a love-ditty by Rochester into Anacreontics in pure Greek, he made the steeps of Parnassus easy, and the waters of Pieria sweet for me. It was a delight to him to have someone to whom to impart his ripe store of history and legend, and he found me a willing and enraptured listener to that cherished lore. I knew every biography in Plutarch, and every adventure of Ulysses, before I could read the easiest page in my spelling-book; and I was lured on through the slough of despond which the juvenile student must pass by the knowledge that the great brown-backed folios in the library contained innumerable stories delightful as those my master told me. The time came when very few of the brown-backed volumes contained any mystery for me, and when I could read alike easily in English, French, and Latin; and from that time forth my chief pleasure was found in the long library, where I used to spend my leisure hours curled up in one of the deep-recessed windows with a folio on my knees.

The noble old Elizabethan mansion was a source of perpetual pleasure to me. The great empty rooms reverberated with the echo of my footsteps as I roamed at large, with my tutor's official bunch of keys in my pocket. The very poetry of ghostliness pervaded those spacious untenanted chambers. All was swept and garnished; there was no trace of dust, no token of neglect; but the emptiness was none the The house had the unmistakable air of a long-deserted less dismal. habitation. All the brightness had faded from curtains and carpets, the gilding was tarnished, the paint was worn and dull; an unchangeable odour of dead rose-leaves and mouldy lavender perfumed the atmosphere; the stillness of rooms that had once been noisy with the bustle and grandeur of state-reception and familiar assembly was more oppressive than the solemn calm of a churchyard. But to me there was a subtle delight in that dead calm, that utter stillness. My imagination ran riot in those empty chambers. At will I peopled them with the shades of the mighty dead. The Virgin Queen revisited the house where she had been entertained in wondrous state by the first Baron Hauteville; and I saw her in all her great littleness, the cynosure of statesmen and flatterers, philosophers and sycophants, lovers who never loved her, courtiers who dared not trust her, ambassadors who registered her every look and word for swift transmission to their masters, spies who watched in the Stuart interest, and hungered for the hour when this great queen should be dust. Swift passed that radiant vision of queenly grandeur and human weakness, and lo! the rush and terror of civil war. Buffets ransacked of their gold and silver store; plate melted, or sold to foreign Jews; trusty captains playing at hide and seek in chimneys and secret closets; Cromwell's grim soldiers battering at the gates. A sudden cry of horror through the land; halls hung with black; bells tolling slow and solemn in the wintry morning, and England kingless.

Again the scene changes, and it is the garish summer noontide of the Restoration.

"Room there for my Lord Rochester!" cried the lackeys by the great gilded doors of the white and gold banquet-hall; "way there, knaves, for his grace the Duke of Buckingham!" and athwart the slanting shaft of motes dancing in the sunshine came the shadows of Wilmot and Villiers, in their silken embroidered suits of French make, with long curling perukes and ribbon-befringed jerkins, stars and orders blazing on their breasts, and a languid light in their eyes. As I sat by the cold empty hearth, and mused, with dreamy eyes fixed on the opposite doorway, the room grew crowded with the notabilities of the Restoration; I could almost hear the fluttering fringes and sword-knots of those butterfly lordlings; but with a thought they vanished; and here was hook-nosed William, grave and silent as his mighty ancestor; and stately St. John, and courteous Harley, and anon all the wits and beaux, generals and statesmen, of dull Queen Anne.

Not alone with the great whom I had read of did I people those desolate rooms. At my bidding other shadows grew into life. From the canvas on the walls of picture-gallery and saloon, the images of the dead descended to walk again in the rooms they had inhabited living. Hautevilles of the Elizabethan age, and Hautevilles of the Restoration; Hautevilles who fought in the low countries with Marlborough, and sat in the senate with Harley: about these, of whose histories I then knew so little, I dreamed my dreams. This dark cavalier had loved and won that fair-haired maiden with tender blue eyes and simple-pastoral dress; that smooth-faced boy-soldier had wooed and been scorned by the haughty damsel with eagle glance and towering headgear.

For each of these pictured faces I wove my little romance, but was not the less eager to extort some details of their actual lives from my kindly tutor.

I often plied him with questions about the dead-and-gone masters of that deserted house; but with varying success. He was no gossip or scandal-monger; and, indeed, was so complete a student, that he thought more of a rare edition of an original classic, or a noble translation of the sixteenth century, than of all the changes and chances of the age in which he lived. An occasional Postboy kept him apprised of the conquests our arms achieved abroad, and the difficulty our ministers found in agreeing at home. But he thought more of the Philippics of Cicero than of a smart attack from the opposition, or a scathing reply from the polished chief of the famous Broad-bottom Administration; and was far better acquainted with the politics of the Pompeian party than with the objects and opinions of the minority at Westminster. Sometimes I was happy enough to find him in a communicative mood; and then I took care to improve my opportunity.

VOL. VI.

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#### CHAPTER III.

#### I AM CURIOUS ABOUT THE PAST.

The time came when anxiety to know the story of my own birth grew keener than my interest in the day-dreams with which I was wont to beguile my hours of solitude. It was on this subject that I questioned Anthony Grimshaw as we sat together in the library one bleak March evening, when the wind blew hoarsely in the great oaks and beeches across the moat, and the wood-fire burning on the low hearth made a cheery glow in the spacious room, gleaming now on the brown and crimson bindings of the books, now on the stout beams and carved oak bosses of the ceiling.

I was nineteen years of age, and older and graver than my years by reason of the monotony of my life and the gravity of my companions. It was not the first time I had questioned Anthony Grimshaw upon the subject of my own history.

- "I think you know more than you choose to tell," I said.
- "Nay, Robert, I know nothing. I may have my suspicions. But what good would it do for me to talk of such fancies? It might be but to mislead you. All I know is that Lady Barbara brought you here one winter's night in the first year of her marriage. She travelled in a postchaise with only her maid—a Frenchwoman, whom she engaged on her marriage, my wife speaking no language but her own, and being therefore unadapted for residence abroad with an ambassador's lady,—leaving Sir Marcus in London, where he was busy with public matters, she said. You were a baby of less than a year old, and as sickly an infant as ever survived infancy. She sent for Martha, who had then been married to me but a few months, and told her that she meant to adopt the child, having Sir Marcus's permission for so doing; which well she might, seeing that she was an heiress and a beauty, and might have married much higher if she had so chosen."
  - "And she gave your wife no account of my birth?" I asked.
- "None that I ever heard. But Martha Grimshaw can keep a secret. I know she has her suspicions, which jump with mine; and that's why she has not been as kind to you as I should have wished. There was a gentleman once lived in this house whose fate it was to carry mischief and misfortune with him wherever he went."
  - "Who was that gentleman?"
- "Roderick Ainsleigh, the only son of my late lord's only sister, Lady Susan Somerton, and Colonel Ainsleigh, a brave soldier and a dissipated spendthrift, whom she married against the earl's wish, and with whom her life was most miserable. She died young, while the colonel was abroad with his regiment, leaving one only child but just nine years old. This was the boy Roderick. Lord Hauteville brought

him here directly after the mother's death; and the next post from the low countries brought home news that the colonel had been killed at the head of his regiment. He had ever been as reckless of his life as of his fortune, and had been oftener under fire than any other man of his age and standing. Thus you see the boy Roderick was doubly an orphan."

"Poor child!"

"Tis natural you should pity him, lad; but that double bereavement was the most fortunate event in Roderick Ainsleigh's life. The earl, my late master, one of the noblest and best of men, had loved his only sister with extreme tenderness and devotion. Her death and the death of her husband threw the boy entirely into his uncle's hands. My lord loved the child at once for the mother's sake; and the boy's handsome face and winning manners did the rest. Those soft pleasing manners disguised as proud a heart as ever beat in human breast; but I think my lord loved the boy all the more for his daring spirit. It was only in after years that he found how hard it is to govern a stubborn will, even when self-interest is at stake."

"Was the boy happy here?"

"He had reason to be; for if he had been the earl's son and heir he could not have fared better, or been treated with greater honour by all who lived in the house and all who came to it. I was his first schoolmaster, and taught him just as I have taught you. Often when you and I have been sitting side by side in yonder window— 'twas on that very spot Roderick and I used to sit—I have fancied I was twenty years younger, and that 'twas Roderick Ainsleigh I was teaching. But he was neither so diligent nor so obedient a pupil as you, Robert. His mind was quick enough, and he would work hard enough sometimes, in his own impetuous way. But it was all by fits and starts—blow hot, blow cold. I had another pupil who very often shared Mr. Roderick's lessons, and that was Lady Barbara Somerton, my lord's only child; and it was not long before I discovered that the two young people loved each other with an affection that was something more than mere cousinship. Lord Hauteville liked to see them together, and was pleased to find his daughter desired to be wiser than most young women of her age. 'I would have thee as clever as Lady Mary Wortley, or Mde. de Sevigné, Bab,' he used to say. One day he broached the subject of the liking between his daughter and his nephew, and told me that nothing would please him better than to see his sister Susan's son master of Hauteville. 'I don't care to think of a stranger cutting down the old beeches, or clearing the plantations that you and I planned when we were boys together, Tony,' he said. 'And, tie up the estate as I may upon my daughter, I can't tie up every old tree and every footpath in the wood. And I like to think that the place will be the same for years to come, when my old bones are mouldering in the vault

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yonder, which it might if one of my own flesh and blood was master. A stranger has no feeling for old timber. Roderick ought to love every tree, for he has almost grown up in the park and woods."

"And was Mr. Roderick Ainsleigh very fond of his cousin?" I asked.

"He seemed to love her as dearly as she loved him; and I don't suppose it was all seeming. He went to Cambridge when he was nineteen, and I was proud to think that he knew more of the classics than most men of thirty, and would do wonders; but he got into a bad set at the University, and gave himself up to the wild pleasures of that place, which is within a ride of Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners. Nothing but trouble ensued from Mr. Ainsleigh's residence at Cambridge. He incurred debts which would have been heavy had he been Lord Hauteville's sole heir; and my lord paid them, but not without protest, and some ill blood between the uncle and nephew. His visits here were few and brief, and it was evident to all of us that Lady Barbara resented the evil courses into which he had fallen. When he came he brought with him collegefriends, wild young fellows, who attended all the fairs and races round about, lamed my lords hacks and hunters, and turned the heads of half the servant-maids at Hauteville."

"He must have been a base ungrateful fellow," I cried indignantly, "Ungrateful he most assuredly was. Whether he was by nature base, or only reckless and extravagant under the influence of ill-advisers, I cannot tell. As a lad I loved him dearly, in spite of his wilfulness; but when I saw the unhappiness caused by his conduct as a young man I was inclined to doubt whether he had ever been worthy of the affection we all lavished upon him. For four years things went on thus, with much trouble for the earl, of which he made no secret, and profound sorrow for Lady Barbara, who maintained a proud silence upon the subject of her grief, but whose despondency was but too obvious to all who loved her,—except perhaps to the offender himself, whom she treated with a haughty distance which must have been to the last degree galling to that proud spirit. He for his part affected an indifference to her ill opinion, and even told me in confidence that, since his cousin had ceased to love him, he cared not a doit how badly she thought of him. I would fain have persuaded him that he was still beloved, but he laughed me to scorn. 'Why, she is kinder to her lap-dog than to me,' he cried; 'and when I have tried to entreat her pardon for my manifold iniquities, she has received my apologies with such black looks as speedily silenced me.' One day the storm, long threatened, burst in sudden fury. There was a desperate quarrel between Lord Hauteville and his nephew, in which my lord reproached Mr. Ainsleigh with his ingratitude, and reminded him of his dependence. Roderick Ainsleigh was the last of men to brook such humiliation. boldly asserted his independence, and in proof thereof declared that he would never again owe a favour to the kinsman who had so degraded him. 'I would rather take the king's shilling than eat the bread of dependence,' he said; 'and I thank your lordship for reminding me that I have no right to the bounties I have enjoyed at your hands. I blame my own dulness for my having so long remained unconscious of my abject position, and am glad to be awakened to the truth, though the waking has been somewhat rough. For the past I must remain your debtor, and I confess the debt is a heavy one; happily the future is my own, and I can promise that it shall cost you but little.'

"Upon this Mr. Ainsleigh flung himself out of the room with such an air of offended manhood, that my lord confessed he felt himself the aggressor. 'He will come back, Tony,' he said to me, when his nephew had left Hauteville, which he did directly after the interview. 'Sure, he knows I love him as a son, and am but too weakly disposed to excuse his errors, nor can I think that he has ceased to love my little Barbara, though the two do not seem such fast friends as they once were.'"

"And did the young man come back?" I asked, deeply concerned.

"Never since that day has Roderick Ainsleigh crossed the threshold of this house. Whether he is living or dead none here can tell, though there is one who would, I doubt not, be glad to know the truth. He went straight from here to Cambridge, and it came to my lord's ears by and by that he had lost money to his Newmarket friends, over and above the debts my master had paid, and was in some sort a defaulter. If he had come back I know he would have been received with open arms; but my lord was too proud to invite his return. He had left but a year when his uncle died. The title died with him, and Lady Barbara, as sole heiress, became mistress of the estate. When her mourning was over she went to London to visit the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Davenant, relations of her mother; and while residing with them she married Sir Marcus Lestrange, a widower of high family and small fortune, but of much political influence. She spent a few months here with her husband soon after their marriage, and then departed, to return no more except for that flying visit when you were brought hither."

"But was nothing more ever heard of Mr. Ainsleigh?"

"No further tidings of that misguided young man ever reached my cars, except one painful rumour, which connected the flight of a clergyman's daughter from her father's house near this place with the name of Roderick Ainsleigh. How justly I know not. Slander fattens upon the misdoings of the absent. The young man was not here to defend himself against these evil reports, and I doubt not they had some influence with his cousin, Lady Barbara."

"What was he like?" I asked; "I have seen no picture of him in the house."

"Ay, but his portrait was painted. It used to hang above this chimney-piece, but it was taken down and thrust away at my lord's

desire when his nephew had been some six months absent without any sign of repentance. 'Take that ungrateful boy's face from my sight,' he said; 'it haunts me like a bad dream.' Would you like to see Roderick Ainsleigh's face?"

"Yes, that I should mightily."

The old man crossed the room and opened a cupboard in the wainscot beneath one of the windows.

"Light a candle, Robert," he called to me as he groped on his knees before the open cupboard.

I took a candle from the chimney-piece, and lighted it by the blaze of the wood-fire.

"Bring your light here," he cried; and I went to him, and held the flickering candle before a frameless picture which he held upright upon a table near the window.

"'Tis a good twenty years since that has seen the light," he said,

wiping the dust from the mildew-stained canvas.

It was the portrait of a man in the dawn of youth, a dark handsome face with a bright smile, but a look of indomitable pride in the eyes, which were black as a Spaniard's.

"Have you ever seen such a face as that, Robert?" asked my

tutor.

- "I can scarce tell," I answered thoughtfully; "but the features seem familiar to me."
- "Seem familiar; ay, lad, and so they must. Think again, Bob. Where have you seen that face?"
- "In the glass!" I cried, with a great start. "O, for God's sake, Anthony Grimshaw, tell me the truth, if you can!—was Roderick Ainsleigh my father?"
- "In good sooth, Robert, I cannot tell. I have told you all that I know. But you and my late master's nephew are like as—I'll not say two drops of water, for there is little waterishness in your dispositions—you are like as two flames of fire."

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### I AM INTRODUCED TO MY BENEFACTRESS.

I MIGHT have brooded long on Anthony Grimshaw's strange revelation but for the rapid succession of events which followed within a short time of the conversation I have recorded.

After an enchanted sleep of nearly twenty years the castle in Hauteville woods suddenly awoke to life, and the monotonous calm of our existence was exchanged for all the stir and clamour which accompanies the sound of many voices, the tread of many feet, and the bustling industry of a full household.

It was upon a lovely evening in June that the spell which had so

long held Hauteville Hall was suddenly broken. Not a word, not a whisper of rumour's busy tongue, had prepared my guardians or myself for the startling transformation. Anthony Grimshaw's indifference to the political events of his own time had kept him ignorant of ministerial changes at home, and of our diplomatic relations abroad, or he might have apprehended the possibility of Sir Marcus Lestrange's recall from Madrid, where he had been our plenipotentiary for some years.

Mr. Grimshaw and I were walking on the terrace in the pleasant summer sunset, while my tutor's stern partner was occupied with her incessant needlework by one of the windows of the oak parlour. Her sharp gray eyes watched us as we paced to and fro, and I doubt not it vexed her to see us in such friendly communion, as it most assuredly vexed her to find me impervious to the slights she put upon me, and indifferent to her ill-will. Again on this evening we talked of Roderick Ainsleigh, of whom I had indeed often spoken since I had seen the portrait hidden in the library-closet.

"Surely there can be little doubt of his death," I said, "or some tidings of him must have reached you in all these years."

"It would seem likely, unless he has gone to push his fortunes abroad, as he may have done, under a feigned name, perhaps. He was ever a rank Jacobite, and got himself into no little trouble here and at Cambridge on that score. It was his nature, or his humour, to oppose those who loved him; and as the earl was a stanch Hanoverian, my young gentleman must needs toss off his wine to the king over the If he was living in forty-five, I would wager he was amongst the rebel crew that disturbed peaceful Englishmen in that year. loved fighting and riot and intrigue, and would have refused to serve the best of rightful sovereigns if there was but a wrongful one to plot and fight for. I doubt there are always a number of these rebellious spirits, these innate revolutionaries, to create and foster rebellion. Few men ever have life's highway made so smooth and easy for them as it was made for Roderick Ainsleigh; but, you see, he preferred to scramble through brake and brier, and lose himself in a forest of guilt and sorrow."

"You speak of him bitterly."

"I cannot well refrain from bitterness, though I loved the lad well, and took rare pride in his teaching. But he broke my old master's heart, and went near to break Lady Barbara's; for I doubt if all her fashion and grandeur at foreign courts have ever made her as happy as she was in the old days, when she and her cousin Roderick used to study the classics together, and stroll in the garden yonder on summer evenings."

"She must have been very beautiful in those days," I said, "if she was like her portrait in the picture-gallery."

"The portrait barely does justice to her features and complexion.

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But there was a sparkling brightness in her countenance which no painter could ever seize. It was such a changing face. A landscape in oils will give you the face of the country-side and the steady sunshine of a midsummer noon, but not the play and flicker of the light that comes and goes upon the meadows twenty times in a minute. She told her sorrow to no one when her cousin left Hauteville, but the changeful brightness of her beauty faded from that hour."

"Was the marriage with Sir Marcus Lestrange a love-match?"

"I doubt it. The Somertons are not given to change; and I do not think Lady Barbara could so soon have forgotten her cousin. But she was alone in the world, and an heiress, and doubtless felt her unprotected position."

We talked some time longer of the house which my tutor had served so faithfully, and in the service whereof he hoped to end his days. The sun sloped westward behind a line of dense foliage that looked black against the vivid golden light. Patches of roseate brightness illumined the westward side of the great brown trunks of rugged elm and oak, and shone still brighter on the smooth silvery bark of the beeches. Belated crows sailed across the tender upper gray, making for their nests in the oldest elms. Thrush and blackbird sang their vesper-hymn; and pensive from some mysterious depth of foliage sounded the song of the nightingale. The distant water-pools reddened in the reddening sunlight, and the stillness and calm glory that belong to this one hour alone possessed our souls, as we stopped in silence to lean lazily upon the marble balustrade of the terrace and watch the sinking sun.

While we thus watched, a sound so unfrequent as to be startling roused each from his reverie.

It was the sound of carriage-wheels—the wheels of not one only, but several vehicles. Anthony Grimshaw and I regarded each other in silent amazement, and then the old man hurried to the end of the terrace whence he could obtain a view of the broad gravelled drive leading to the great gates.

I followed closely on his heels, to the full as eager as himself.

Three carriages were winding slowly up the hill; the foremost a handsome travelling-chariot with four horses, and smartly-dressed postboys; the two others clumsier vehicles, each drawn by two horses.

"It must be Sir Marcus, or my lady!" cried Anthony; "who else should come here with such a train? Run, boy! bid Martha have the doors opened, and the shutters in the library and saloon, and a fire lighted in the great hall, for it strikes deadly cold in summer-time. And tell Betty and Sue to stir themselves. The carriages will be at the gate in less than five minutes."

"I'll open the shutters with my own hands!" I cried, and ran off to the oak parlour, where I dashed open the half-glass door, and burst into the room, to the horror of Martha Grimshaw.

"What now, you unmannerly creature?" she asked. I told her who was at hand. She started from her chair and stood before me, deadly pale and trembling; never had I seen her so affected.

"My lady!" she exclaimed. "It can't be."
"But it is, Mrs. Grimshaw. Who else should it be? There'll be wax-candles wanted for the saloon; 'twill be dark in half-an-hour. Shall I run and bid them open the gates?"

"Yes, yes," she answered in a strange, absent way; and I left her still standing rooted to the ground, with a scared, pale face.

By this I perceived that there was one person in the world of whom the steward's wife stood in awe.

The bell in the gothic archway sounded with a great clanging stroke as I ran to call the maids. Betty came flying to the gate, and Anthony Grimshaw appeared at the same moment with a ponderous bunch of keys, ready to perform his office of seneschal. Susan, the second maid, went with me to open the shutters of the great saloon. We lighted the wax-candles scattered here and there in crystal candelabra, and the feeble lights twinkled faintly in the dusky chamber. I went on to the library to open the shutters there, while Susan stayed behind to kindle the logs on the wide stone hearth. I heard the sound of several voices, and the echoing tread of high heels on the marble floor of the hall; and then from the half-open door of the library I saw Mr. Grimshaw usher the unexpected visitors into the saloon.

Two ladies and a gentleman followed him into the dimly-lighted nom. The ladies were so hooded and muffled that I saw but little of their faces. One was of a commanding figure, the other slender and graceful as the tall white lilies in the Italian garden. The elder lady sank into an arm-chair, with a sigh of fatigue, and flung off her black-silk hood. Yes, this was my Lady Barbara, as beautiful as the portrait with which I was so familiar, but of a more developed and Her dress was of a dark crimson brocade, her shoulders regal beauty. and arms veiled in a cloud of black lace. She wore powder, which became her admirably, and her full round throat, of marble whiteness. was encircled by a broad band of black velvet, clasped with a gem that seemed to emit a brighter flame than any of the tapers twinkling against the mirrors on the walls. Never, except in pictures, had I seen a woman of high rank, and for the moment the vision somewhat dazzled my unaccustomed eyes.

The younger lady also removed her hood, and I beheld a pale, fair face, framed by loose unpowdered auburn hair. Such pale and fragile loveliness showed poorly beside the blaze of Lady Barbara's beauty; but I felt rather than saw that this young lady was beautiful.

The gentleman yawned aloud, and leaned with a listless air against the carved-oak chimney, amusing himself by kicking the smouldering logs with the toe of his boot.

"Damp wood, and a room that feels like a vault; and, I conclude,

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very small probability of supper. You should really have written to apprise your people of your coming, Lady Barbara."

The speaker was a young man, tall, slim, good-looking, and dressed in a suit of cut velvet, with point-lace ruffles and cravat. He wore high riding-boots, and a court-sword dangled at his side. My only acquaintance with this species was derived from Pope's Rape of the Lock, and this gentleman reminded me of Sir Plume.

"It was my humour to come unannounced," replied my lady somewhat haughtily; and then she addressed her steward, in a much sweeter tone. "You will not let us go to bed supperless, will you, Anthony?"

"Indeed, no, my lady; if a pair of chickens and a dish of broiled ham, with strawberries from the garden, and a bowl of cream from Betty's dairy, will content your ladyship—and this gentleman."

"Nothing could be better, my good Anthony. But you must not let our sudden arrival disturb you. We have brought two coachloads. of London servants, and all they want is to be shown the way to the kitchen, and the geography of larders, pantries, and still-rooms, which, I remember, is rather intricate at Hauteville. Sir Marcus will not be able to join us for a week. This lady is Miss Hemsley, my husband's niece; and this gentleman is my stepson, Mr. Everard Lestrange. But where is Martha? I shall be glad to see her, and to settle what rooms we had best occupy."

Mrs. Grimshaw entered the saloon as her mistress spoke. She had changed her black-stuff gown for one of stiff rustling silk, and wore a frilled-muslin handkerchief, fastened with a diamond brooth. Never before had I seen her so attired. She saluted her mistress with a profound curtsey, and bade her welcome to Hauteville.

My lady acknowledged her compliments somewhat coldly, as I

thought.

"How is your charge, Martha?" she asked. "Your letters have been of the briefest, and gave me little news of him."

I knew it was of myself she spoke, and an irresistible impulse impelled me to approach her. There was a kindness in her tone which invited my confidence. "Here is a friend," I thought.

I had just lighted a pair of wax-candles, in heavy bronze candlesticks, which stood on a writing-table by the hearth. With these in my hands I entered the saloon, and carried them to the table by which Lady Barbara had seated herself.

"O God, a ghost!" she cried, half-rising from her chair, and looking at me with wide-opened eyes of horror and surprise; and then sinking back into her chair, she murmured faintly, "You never told me he was so like. You should have prepared me for this, Martha."

"My father would scarcely feel flattered by your emotion, madam," said Mr. Lestrange with a sneer.

"I have no secrets from your father, sir," my lady answered proudly; and the gentleman's sarcastic smile vanished as she looked at him.

"It is possible my jealousy is keener than my father's," he said, not without a certain significance of tone.

Lady Barbara turned from him with an air of supreme indifference, and addressed herself to me.

- "Your face reminds me of the dead, sir; but you are not less welcome to me. What is your name?"
  - "Robert, madam."
  - "What else?"
  - "I have no other name, madam."
  - "And you have never taken the pains to seek one?"
- "No, madam. When first I came to this house Mrs. Grimshaw told me I was nameless. I have asked no further questions."

I might have added that I had been reminded not once but twenty times a week of my abandoned condition, and that such epithets as foundling, beggar, castaway, and even coarser terms of reproach, were but too familiar to me.

"Indeed," cried my lady, with a glance at Mrs. Martha, which boded ill for that personage. "Mrs. Grimshaw volunteered information upon a subject of which she knew little. She is fond of giving information." This was said with a most bitter emphasis; and then, turning to me with a sweet protecting smile, Lady Barbara continued: "Your name is Robert Ainsleigh, and you are my kinsman. I fear you have had a somewhat desolate boyhood in this deserted house; but I placed you in the care of my old friend Anthony, because I knew you would find in him a kind friend and an accomplished tutor."

"And I have found both, madam," I answered promptly; "as good a friend as a fatherless lad ever knew, as patient and learned a master as ever earned the affection of his pupil."

"I am glad to hear you speak so heartily," replied my lady. "While I remain at Hauteville you will live with me and my family, and it will be for yourself to determine your future career."

She extended her hand, and I dropped on my knee, as I raised the fair hand to my lips.

The gentleman lounging against the chimney-piece gave a little sarcastic laugh.

"Egad, Lady Barbara, your country cousin is a courtier by instinct. I warrant me he will soon eat a toad with as good a grace as if he had hunted tufts at the University and graduated at Leicester House."

I wondered at so much animosity from a stranger, but it has been my ill-fortune in life to find more than one bitter enemy ready-made like this, and to receive direct injuries from those I have never consciously offended.

# LONDON CLUBS

#### BY WALTER THORNBURY

# Clubs Past and Present.

Clubs Present: No. I. The Beefsteak Society—Brookes's.

THE venerable Beefsteak "Society" (the distinguished members dislike to hear it called a club), so "British in heart, character, and good humour," has pedigree and title-deeds of its own, and consists of twenty-four noblemen and gentlemen, who meet with guileless secrecy in a room behind the Lyceum Theatre at five o'clock every Saturday, from November till the end of June. The glorious motto engraved on the hearts and buttons of every member is "Beef and Liberty;" and our honest prayer is that beef and liberty may always be theirs.

The illustrious and ancient society was founded in 1735 by John Rich, the celebrated harlequin and patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, and George Lambert, his scene-painter, an imitator of Poussin and of Wootton. One of Lambert's landscapes is still preserved at the Foundling. The success of the Beggars' Opera having made "Rich gay and Gay rich," the clever but ignorant manager left the Lincoln's inn-fields Theatre in 1732 for the wider field of Covent Garden.

The studio, where Lambert painted and Rich constructed the models of his tricks and transformations, became a lounge for men of wit and fashion; for Rich was a humourist and an oddity, although so deficient in education that he would call a turban "a turbot," and an adjutant "an adjective." Hogarth, his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, and Lord Peterborough were among the visitors admitted into this pleasant sanctum. Here, perhaps, Hogarth sketched some of the incongruous "properties" scattered about the background of his picture of "The Strolling Players." The earl—then advanced in years—had been the friend of Pope. Swift had sketched him as Mordanto:

"A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.
So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion.
He's with you like an apparition;
Shines in all climates like a star,
In senates bold, and fierce in war—
A land commandant and a tar."

This phantom old soldier with the untiring soul, who used to leave

behind him a trail of broken-limbed postillions to mark his road as he flashed through Europe on his way to the nearest war, enjoyed the manager's talk and the racy theatrical stories. On one visit, his coach not arriving, the earl partook of an excellent steak, which Rich himself cooked with careful gravity over the clear fire of the painting-room. Delighted with the impromptu picnic, the old earl returned at the same hour the next week accompanied by three or four men of wit and sense.

Thus originated the pleasant periodical dinner, which is still continued. The club-dress was originally a beef-eater's hat, a blue coat with red collar and cuffs, and buttons with the sacred initials B.S. The president wore a small silver gridiron, fastened by an orange-coloured ribbon. The society at first often varied its habitat. Sometimes the members occupied a painting-room over the kitchen, which was under the part of the stage nearest to Bow-street; then they dined in a small room over a passage. The steaks were dressed in the room, and when they found it too hot, a curtain was drawn between the company and the officiating fire.

Among the early members of the society we find the names of Bubb Doddington, the celebrated toady of Leicester House, and political intriguer of his time; Aaron Hill, a hero of the *Dunciad*, who wrote a libretto for Handel; Hoadley, the author of the *Suspicious Husband* (a most rakish play, yet written by the physician to King George II.); and "Leonidas" Glover, the writer of a stately but dull epic. Nor were any of these gentlemen more distinguished for brilliancy and amiability than Sir Peere Williams, who, driven almost mad by a hopeless attachment, went to the siege of Belleisle, and was there shot (it was thought on his own provocation) by a French sentinel.

The next generation consisted of Lord Sandwich, Arthur Murphy, Wilkes, Bonnell, Thornton, Churchill, Tickell, and last, not least, Garrick. Mr. Justice Welsh—that intrepid police-magistrate who once mounted the roof of a hackney-coach and dragged out upon it a highwayman, whom he found sleeping in a first-floor room and captured—left "the steaks" when Wilkes joined the society; Mr. Welsh's daughter married Nollekens the sculptor. Churchill was very witty just before he got drunk; but only then. His sayings were often happy. A member named Bradshaw, once boasting of the patriotism of his sturdy ancestor, the regicide, Churchill said: "Ah, Bradshaw, don't crow, don't crow! The Stuarts have been amply revenged, for, since Charles lost his head, there hasn't been a head in your family." To a man coughing violently he said: "I'll tell you how to avoid that; put up a direction-post in your throat—that'll prevent it."

But Churchill soon grew gross and unbearable; and when the shameless clergyman deserted his poor blameless wife, the Steaks got so hot for the satirist of human frailties that he resigned to avoid being kicked out. Churchill never forgave Lord Sandwich ("Jemmy Twitcher"), to whom he attributed the affront, and he executed a redhot-poker drawing of him as

"Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice;
Wrought sin with greediness, and courted shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame."

But what soundness can there be in the satire of a scoundrel affecting indignant virtue only as a vehicle for malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness?

Wilkes was the next to be shown the door. He recklessly sent a copy of his infamous Essay on Woman to the Beefsteaks; but they were disgusted at its unblushing grossness and ribald blasphemy. Wilkes never dined there again after 1763; but when Wilkes fled to France to avoid the indignation of the House of Lords at his satire on Warburton, the society, with some inconsistency, elected the hideous exile an honorary member; for Hogarth's enemy, the false demagogue with the demoniacal squint and the rat's mouth, was, it must be confessed, a man of sociability, spirit, wit, and humour, as even Dr. Johnson allowed.

The same year that Lord Sandwich—egged on by the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensbury—moved for the arrest of Wilkes, he himself was expelled the worshipful society. This Lord Sandwich was the musical nobleman whose mistress, Miss Ray, a public singer, was shot in the Piazza by her lover, Hackman, a young clergyman, who had become jealous of her.

Garrick, though no great club-man, was always welcome among the Steaks. The society still preserve as trophies a cocked-hat and sword of the great player. One night Garrick, seduced by the fun of the Steaks, lingered too long over his beef and punch. He had to run for it, and found the house impatient, and Ford, one of the patentees, very angry at the delay.

"Considering the stake you have in this house, you might pay more attention to the business."

"True, my good friend," said the imperturbable actor, not the least ruffled, "but I was thinking of my steak in the other house."

It was at the Steaks that Garrick one night eulogised himself for his consideration and care in labelling plays intended to be returned to authors.

"A fig for your hypocrisy!" said Murphy; "you know, Davy, you mislaid my tragedy two months ago."

"Yes," replied Garrick; "but you forget, you ungrateful dog, that I offered you more than its value, for you might have had instead two manuscript farces."

The Colmans were members at this golden time, and in 1784 John Beard the singer was president.

In 1785, on a Saturday in May, the Prince of Wales was elected as a member of the society, which increased the number of diners to twenty-five. In 1787, the year John Bernard the actor joined it, the club was in great feather.

That year the society consisted of forty members, one-third of whom were noblemen; of these, Lords Townshend, Cavan, Galway, and Say and Seele were the most eminent. Captain Morris, the best writer of bacchamalian songs that perhaps ever lived, was the secretary; Mr. Bearcroft the recorder was famous for his inimitable way of passing sentence on offenders against the club-rules; Stevens was the poet-laureate; and Dr. Kennedy the physician. Those unrivalled glee-singers, Kelly, Digann, Sedgwick, Suett, and Charles Bannister, were honorary members. Amongst the other members were Sheridan, Selwyn, Woodfall, Topham, Bate Dudley, Miles Andrews, Merry, Taylor, Hewardine, Saville, Carey, Stevens, Colonel Boswell, and Major Arabin. Every member wore black-silk breeches and stockings, and had a small golden gridiron suspended at his button-hole. The cook and winekeeper had salaries of 501. a-year each. Pork and mutton-chops were provided for heretical visitors, but there was a general impression in the society that no one who did not eat steaks could enter into the full spirit of the club. Port was the established liquid; two pipes of this generous juice were bought annually-one to be divided into quarter-casks for the four senior members in rotation, the other was sent to nurse in the cellar, three years in wood and four in bottle. This wine once seduced even that sensible man Admiral Shuldam into a very fair pun. When asked at the Beefsteak what season of the year he preferred being at sea, the admiral touched his full glass and replied quietly, "When I can't be in port."

In 1788, Captain Morris being requested by his friend the Prince-Regent to become secretary to a club under his own roof, Mr. John Bernard became his successor. At this glorious time Cumberland and Colman were frequent visitors. Selwyn was getting old and taciturn. Sheridan frequently brought Fox with him. Fox was heavy and dull till he had drained his bottle; he then woke up to drown everyone with his thunderous roars of laughter. While Sheridan kept firing and blazing away the whole evening, like an inexhaustible battery, the great orator, burly as an alderman, sat without saying much himself, but remained affable and sociable, radiant with bonhomie, and enjoying the light and warmth and the electric flashes that filled the air around him. Sheridan at these meetings was notorious for his vanity, and his coldness and indifference to all wit but his own; his jokes were sharp, but not remarkable for good-humour or kindliness. Andrews, a writer of satirical prologues and epilogues, was a toady of that disagreeable nobleman Lord Lyttelton. He was a gunpowder-maker by profession, and remained a bachelor, because, as he used wittily to say, "it was natural for a man who sold powder to be afraid of a match." Merry, the Della-Cruscan poet, was a great favourite in the club, being

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remarkable for his cheerful and placid disposition; as someone prettily said of him, "he seemed to live in a perpetual spring; all was sunshine and freshness with him, and his heart overflowed with its happiness, like a sparkling fountain." Cumberland said bitterly of his flowery. but empty verses, "that they were like a bouquet of artificial flowersall the bloom without the scents." Bate Dudley was a big, benevolent, thoughtful, clerical-looking man, always laughing but rather taciturn. He edited a paper, and Andrews used to say of him "that he might deal in black and white for twenty years, but he was sure he would never produce anything that was read." Dudley retorted cleverly, by saying "that Andrews was a fellow who would never make a noise in the world till he blew up his own mills." Bearcroft, the recorder, was a quiet member, with some wit, and a contempt for Sheridan, who, he used to say, never came between Burke and Fox in a debate without getting crushed like a ship between icebergs. Woodfall, the eminent reporter, an intelligent, modest man, who put much matter into few words, was a most agreeable companion, and always spoke clearly and forcibly. Major Arabin was an excellent comedian, and a mimic almost equal to Tate Wilkinson. He and a visitor named Barry, a tall hatter, who had a squint, used to do a mock conversation between Wilkes and George III. The fact was related at court, and Arabin fell into disgrace. Among the peers, Lord Galway was jocose, Lords Cavan and Say and Seele were quick and intelligent, and Lord Townshend was hilarious and hearty over his wine. At this time the Steaks frequently gave a ladies' night.

In 1789 the club had the secretary's portrait painted by Marshall, and hung up in the room. In this year, fortunately for us, clever Bernard jotted down one or two snatches of club conversation which are not unworthy of record. We give just a taster.

Topham. Fox was very powerful last night.

Woodfall. His arguments were unusually clear and well-connected. Sheridan. Yes, his tongue's like a time-glass, the longer it runs the clearer it gets.

Andrews. Then he's more like a cask of Madeira.

Sheridan. No; or he'd have died long ago by tapping.

Merry. And yet he's been tapped pretty often.

Suett. Talking of tapping, gentlemen, I had an aunt—Heaven rest her bones!—afflicted with the dropsy, who was tapped seventy-five times in one week.

General laugh.

Suett. To one thing, gentlemen, may I crave your attention—I know who was my father.

Sheridan. A wise child.

Here is another.

Topham. Merry, you heard of B—'s elopement with C—, and that her father overtook them?

Merry. Yes, Tom ran after a plum, and the father after a pair.

Woodfall. Those Gretna-Green marriages are decidedly imprudent.

Merry. Yes, they're on the borders.

In 1793 the Beefsteak lost several of its members. Colonel Boswell was shot before Valenciennes. He had had a presentiment that the enemy would pick him out, as he was the tallest man in his regiment. The letter containing the intelligence, and written by Colonel Elde, was read at the club the same night that another letter arrived informing the members that Colonel Elde himself had been shot the day after Colonel Boswell, and that the letter to the club had been found in his pocket.

A clever anonymous author on clubs, to whom we are and shall be greatly indebted, was present at a meeting of the Steaks in the year 1799 (?). The chief celebrities then present were, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Clarence, Cobb of the India House, Sir John Cox Hippisley, Captain Morris, and Ferguson of Aberdeen. The chair, not taken till the cloth was removed, was elevated some steps above the table, and above it were various insignia, including the small cocked-hat in which Garrick used to play his favourite part of Ranger. As the clock struck five a curtain drew up, discovering the kitchen with the white-capped cooks plying their business in the red light of the great fire. They were seen as in a dungeon, through a grating, over which was the apt motto,

"If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly."

The Duke of Norfolk, an enormous eater, devoured three large steaks with the utmost unction, and strengthened himself for the exertion with several pints of port. He was the ample target at which all jests and witticisms were discharged in volleys; but he talked well, and like a man of experience and reading. Morris sang one or two of his elegant and fervid songs; at nine o'clock Sir John Hippisley succeeded the Duke of Norfolk in the chair. He had a terrible time of it, but he bore it with great patience. Wyndham used to say of Sir John that he was very near being a clever man. He was a fussy, laboriously-idle person, full of curiosity, who took a great interest in visiting prisoners at Newgate who were under sentence of death, and arging them to confession. He eventually quitted the society in consequence of a woman in the street mistaking him for Patch, the man who murdered Mr. Bligh at Deptford. She had seen Sir John talking to the murderer on the scaffold, and had mistaken the inquisitive baronet for the criminal. This became so vexatious a joke against Sir John at the society that he quitted it to return no more.

In 1808, when the Steaks were burnt out at Covent Garden, all the club wine was lost, and the witty archives perished. Rich's gridiron was fortunately preserved. The society then met at the Bedford, till Mr. Arnold had fitted up rooms for them in the English Opera

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House, now known as the Lyceum. In 1830 the Lyceum was also visited with fire, and the Steaks again adjourned to the Bedford, till a dining-room in the old spot could be again provided for them. The room now is a little Escurial, sacred to St. Laurence and his venerated emblem, the gridiron. The doors, wainscoting, and roof are of good old English oak, emblazoned with gridirons. You watch that faithful salamander, the cook, through the bars of a gigantic gridiron; and Rich's gridiron, purified by two conflagrations, is displayed proudly in the centre of the ceiling. Every member has the right of inviting Formerly, Mr. Timbs says, the table-cloths had the gridiron emblem woven into their warp, and the drinking-glasses and plates bore the figure of the sacred gridiron. The very plate is hallowed by tradition, and has been the gifts of grateful members. Barrington Bradshaw gave a punch-ladle; Sir John Boyd, six spoons; John Trevanion, a mustard-pot; the Duke of Sussex, two dozen water-plates and eight dishes; Mr. Holland, a cruet-stand; Thomas Scott, vinegarglasses; and Lord Suffolk, a silver cheese-toaster.

In 1805 John Kemble was expelled for unclublike conduct. In 1812 we have the chief members of the society pleasantly sketched for us by the anonymous writer on clubs to whom we have before referred. First there was Cobb of the India House, who wrote those comic operas the *Haunted Tower* and *Siege of Belgrade*, to which Storace set his finest music. He was patient in bearing raillery, and prompt in returning the Greek fire so freely cast at him.

"Cobb," Arnold used to say, "what a misnomer to call your opera the *Haunted Tower*, when there was no *spirit* in it from beginning to end!"

To the grave, steady Captain Morris was always confided the duty of making the society's punch. It was pleasant to see him at his side-board laboratory mixing and tasting like a careful alchemist. With patient anxiety he finally smacked an elementary glass, and then filled with ecstasy the impatient glasses that thronged around the smoking bowl.

"Die when you will, Charles," said Curran once to him, "you will die in your youth." There he was seen "outwatching the Bear," even in his seventy-eighth year, green and vigorous, tripping mirthfully downhill without languor or gout. He sang like Tom Moore, with soul and expression. His lyrics—

"When the fancy-stirring bowl Wakes the soul to pleasur

or

"Come, thou soul-reviving cup
Try thy healing art;
Stir the fancy's visions up,
And warm my wasted heart.
Touch with freshening tints of bliss
Memory's fading dream;
Give me, while thy lips I k'ss,
The heaven that's in thy stream"—

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are as purely anacreontic as his "Life's a Fable:"

"Then roll along, my lyric song,
It seasons well the table,
And tells a truth to age and youth,
That life's a fleeting fable."

His

"If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
O, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall,"

is a specimen of one of our best vers de société, and worth pages of the musical pruriency and fanfaronnade of vice in verse that has now acquired a discreditable popularity unworthy of an age still at least outwardly decent. Late in life, the Duke of Norfolk was induced by Kemble to give poor Morris a beautiful little cottage at Brockham (the Princeregent, too, is said to have helped him); and there in the green Surrey valley he died tranquilly in 1838, in his ninety-third year.

It used to be, and perhaps is, the custom among the Steaks, for the junior members to fetch the wine from the cellar. Lord Brougham and the Duke of Leinster would execute this task with promptitude and correctness. Brougham, with all his acrimony, used to enter into the gladistorship of the club with the greatest glee and spirit. Another favourite in the society was good-hearted, prejudiced old William Linley, Sheridan's brother-in-law, famous for the taste and refinement with which he used to sing Arne's and Jackson's old English melodies. The great joke against poor Linley was an absurd novel called Ralph Reybridge, for which Sir Richard Phillips had generously given him thirty pounds. Linley had also once written a farce, to which Sheridan had added a passage which hastened its damnation, as the indignant pit instantly decided that this miserable writer had had the matchless impudence to imitate Sheridan.

Another memorable brother was Dick Wilson, a wealthy solicitor, who had been secretary to Lord Eldon. Dick obtained his first important client, Lord Chedworth, an eccentric nobleman, who lived in retirement at Ipswich, in a curious way. Wilson had gone down with a party to Richmond by water; a meadow near the river was selected for the pic-nic, but a notice on an adjacent tree alarmed every one—"All persons landing and dining here will be prosecuted according to law." Afraid of committing a trespass, the party decided to abandon their attempt; but Dick instantly stepped forward and protested that if they turned the boat and landed lower down, they could then dine under the coveted beech-tree without danger from the law, as the notice only forbad them to land and dine there—to land elsewhere and dine there was not forbidden; and Dick carried the day.

One of the pleasantest butts of the society was old Walsh, who had been valet to Lord Chesterfield's untoward cub, Philip Stanhope, afterwards a messenger in the Secretary of State's office, and at last a commissioner in the Custom-house. Walsh was always known as "the

gentle shepherd," from an absurd old pastoral song he used to sing for thirty years, about "lambkins playing." The secretary of the Steaks at this epoch was Henry Stephenson, the comptroller to the Duke of Sussex.

The unhappy Lord Viscount Kirkwall was a "Steak" of taste and humour.

The anonymous writer also mentions with eulogium Rowland Stephenson the banker, as distinguished for his clear head and warm heart, generous impulses and cool judgment. He eventually committed forgery. Last, but not least, let us mention among this illustrious brotherhood William Joseph Dennison the millionnaire, member for Surrey, a man of cheerful gravity, and an amiable and admirable club-man.

So ends our brief and insufficient record of "this renowned and ancient society," that has amid the frets and vexations, the fever and scramble of life, afforded to so many hours of unmingled pleasure. Let it continue to pour forth its free, unfettered, and innocent mirth. May it flourish like a green bay-tree! may its cheery fires be inextinguishable as the sacred flame used to be in the temple of Vesta! May countless poets and wits yet unborn revel in the harmless carnival of the Steaks, and quote concerning it, in their old age, those fine lines that Beaumont wrote about Ben Jonson's famous club at the Mermaid in Cornhill:

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

## BROOKES'S.

This club, originally a gaming club, was founded in Pall Mall in 1764, on the site of the late British Institution, by twenty-seven Whig noblemen and gentlemen, including the Duke of Roxburgh, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Strathmore, Mr. Crewe (afterwards Lord Crewe), and Mr. Charles James Fox. It was farmed by Almack, Scotch valet; but was afterwards taken by Brookes, a wine-merchant and money-lender. Tickell mentions him pleasantly enough in a copy of verses addressed to Sheridan, when Fox was about to give a supper at his lodgings near the club.

"Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks,
And know I've brought the best champague from Brookes;
From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed, in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid."

Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his London Handbook, gives some of the singular rules of the early club, which are worth preserving:

"21. No gaming in the eating-room, except tossing up for reckonings, on penalty of paying the whole bill of the members present.

22. Dinner shall be served up exactly at half-past four o'clock, and the bill shall be brought up at seven.

26. Almack shall sell no wine in bottle that the club approve of out of the house.

30. Any member of the society that shall become a candidate for any other club (old White's excepted) shall be ipso facto excluded, and his name struck out of the books.

40. That every person playing at the new quinze-table do keep fifty guineas before him.

41. That every person playing at the twenty-guinea table do not keep less than twenty guineas before him."

The play was very high. The green cloth was strewed with fifty-pound rouleaux, and there was often 100,000% in gold piled on the table. The gamesters generally began by pulling off their lace and embroidered silk and velvet coats, and putting on frieze wrap-rascals. Sometimes a loser would turn his coat for luck. They wore leather-guards (such as footmen used when cleaning knives) to protect their laced ruffles. To guard their eyes from the glare, and to prevent their powdered hair being tumbled, they put on high-crowned, broad-brimmed, straw-hats, garnished with ribbons and flowers, which also served to hide their anxiety when they played at quinze. Each player had a small lacquered stand by his side to hold his tea-cup, and a wooden bowl with an ormolu edge to contain his rouleaux. It was not thought extraordinary for a young scapegrace to lose 20,000% in an evening.

#### BRACELETS

PERSONAL ornaments are among the earliest suggestions of venity, whether in the race or the individual. Eve indeed, in Paradise, seconding to our great poet,

"Her unadorned golden tresses wore Dishevelled."

But probably after the Fall she soon adopted ornaments, either of berries or perforated stone (if, following modern archæology, we are to place the stone before the metallic ages); for such is men's liking to see their wives decorated, that doubtless she was then in her husband's eyes no longer "when unadorned adorned the most." Personal ornaments in historic times are universal. The most degraded savages known rejoice in the pin of bone or wood that runs through the nose, or the string of shells that circles their necks, as much as the fashionable lady of the ballroom in the slender links of gold and turquoise that press Even the charms of the Hottentot Venus would not be per-It is a quesfect in the eyes of her race without the aid of ornament. tion whether nose- or ear-rings are more ancient than bracelets proper. In the earliest record of ornamental jewelry which has come down to us—the list of the trinkets which Eliezer, Abraham's servant, gave Rebekah on behalf of Isaac-two bracelets are mentioned as well as car-rings. Together with golden necklaces, rings, ornaments for the forehead and for twining in the hair, bracelets were amongst the ear-In this barbaric love of gold and display liest ornaments of the Jews. is at once apparent the Eastern origin of the nation; and so little do national characteristics change, that it seems but a step from the "jewels of silver and jewels of gold" the Jews borrowed of the Egyptians, to Moses Levi flaunting to-day in Houndsditch with a portentous watch-chain and huge rings of base metal. The Egyptians used large gold anklets or bangles, and bracelets, which were frequently adorned with precious stones and enamel, and worn by men as well as women. The kings are generally represented as wearing them. Thus, in the museum at Leyden is a bracelet formed from a band of gold 11 inch broad, bearing the name of Thothmes III. (about 1445 B.C.), which, says Sir G. Wilkinson, "was doubtless once worn by that monarch." At Alnwick Castle is another Egyptian bracelet, composed of bronze in the fashion of a snake; and one which we have seen, and which was taken from a mummy's arm, is of an elegant twisted spiral pattern,

such as no modern jeweller might disdain. Indeed, there exists at present a rage for jewelry made in the Egyptian style, wherein cartruches, the sacred scarabæus, and hieroglyphics take prominent places. The Orientals have delighted from time immemorial in jewelry, the taste expanding amongst the men to a love for beautifully-worked weapons, and with the women for goodly raiment—silk, and the finest prodactions of Indian looms. In classic times, the luxury of the Persians in these points was specially remarked upon. Even the finer taste of the Greeks was corrupted when it came in contact with Eastern magminimum. Thus, recent excavations near Kertch (Panticapæum) have disclosed a profusion of ornaments of the precious metals—gold, silver, and electron, together with many vases and other works of art. They represent the characteristics of Grecian society on the coast of the Eaxine under the Spartocid princes in the fourth century B.C., and have evident marks of Scythian and Oriental manners. These statues, reliefs, and frescoes, with necklaces, armlets, rings, and bracelets of precions metal, several with coloured beads attached, which were taken from spacious stone chambers at Kertch, show a blending of Hellenic md berbaric life. "Even the profusion of gold chains and other precious ornaments indicates a tone of sentiment" (says Mr. Grote, Hist. of Greece, xii. 559) "partially orientalised; but the design as well as the execution is Grecian."

A taste for personal ornaments gradually flowed from the Orontes to the Tiber, and pervaded all classes at Rome, while the Eastern expeditions, and that knight-errant of antiquity, Alexander the Great, diffused an admiration for them amongst the Grecian states. Still, it was long thought effeminate at Rome, and a mark of an innovating mind, to wear bracelets as a personal ornament; a feeling we can enter into by remembering what bad taste the wearing of bracelets is deemed at wresent except when a lady is in full dress.

The earliest and national use of bracelets with the Romans was as a reward of valour for a brave soldier. A five-fold coil of pure gold of cable pattern which was found in Cheshire has been supposed to have been a bracelet of this kind. Many more of bronze and mixed metal have been found in other parts of England; and they must have been common ornaments at all periods of Roman history. Thus, the famous Curius Dentatus had received more than a hundred and sixty of these armillæ, or armlets. They were mostly too heavy to be worn for mere personal display. The story of Tarpeia shows that this kind of armlet was also common amongst the Sabine soldiery, the Gauls inclining more to the necklace or collar. Greek ladies, imitating the bangles of Oriental magnificence, used to wear not only bracelets, but also anklets. They are frequently found in the paintings of Grecian figures on the walls of Pompeii. Classical bracelets do not always clasp, but are oftener cylindrical, pliant and flexible, from the nature of the gold employed. A bracelet of this kind, slender, elegant, and simple, forms a lovely ornament, as it nestles into the soft dimples of a white-armed modern belle.

In the Saxon Chronicle the English Edgar is called "the bestower of bracelets;" indeed, this was an ordinary epithet of Saxon heroes, for with Saxons and Scandinavians the above-mentioned military use of bracelets was well known. But they were also personal ornaments, for we find them frequently left by will in Saxon days. When the Conqueror came over, he noticed many of the English wearing bracelets. Recent excavations in an Anglo-Saxon cemetery at Kempston, near Bedford, have disclosed bracelets of bronze, and traces of an ivory one, amongst other feminine relics, such as bronze-gilt workboxes, and rings yet clasping the finger-bones of their long-forgotten wearers.

In the ancient Sagas no ornament is so frequently mentioned as the armlet. Amongst the antiquities of the bronze period of Scandinavian history spiral-shaped armlets are very common: some are twelve inches in length, so as to cover the whole fore-arm, and would be useful in withstanding a sword-cut. "The gold bracelets which are now exhumed," says Worsaae, "are sometimes shaped like bands, or ties; sometimes they are formed of two gold bars, or of a single weighty bar, the ends of which are thicker than the other parts of the ring, and do not shut close; and again, with the outer side beaten out broad and embellished with ornaments." In Iceland we hear of a divining bracelet, which was kept upon the altar and sprinkled with the victim's blood. The Danes who made their peace with Alfred swore fidelity to him upon a holy bracelet.

Such is a brief review of ancient bracelets and their uses. Let us now advance to mediæval times. Benvenuto Cellini wrote upon jewelry, and affirms that all the bracelets made in his time were executed with the chisel; nothing was stamped or cast. Hitherto simple form, or precious metal, had constituted the value of the bracelet, over and above the associations which will always entwine themselves round such trinkets; but now fine workmanship, elegant shape, and delicate carving, began to be prized. In these points the work of the Western goldsmiths could bear no comparison with those of the Eastern empire-Italy, however, produced some skilful workers in the precious metals,-Ghiberti, Arditi, and Brunelleschi, for instance,—though we generally rest the fame of the latter on his achievements as an architect, associating him with the dome of Santa Maria at Florence. In the French king Henry II.'s inventory of jewels, made at Fontainebleau in 1560, bracelets are mentioned; but the beautiful and delicate workmanship of the time was rather directed to the production of the pendent jewels on medallions of saints, &c., which were worn in the hair or on the hat, and upon which were executed, in repoussé work, figures in gold. It is an image of this kind to which Pope refers in the character of Louis XI.:

"A perjured prince revere a leaden saint."

The most beautiful bracelet of modern workmanship which we have

seen is Italian, from a Venetian atelier. A flexible band of gold bears a blue enamelled brooch, on which stands in bold relief a gold lion surrounded by stars, with the graceful posy encircling it, "Health to you from the lion of St. Mark." Here fine workmanship, precious metal, and elegant design, make up the requisites of a perfect piece of metal-work. At the present day bracelets appear to have retrograded in this exquisite delicacy of workmanship, and fashion is verging towards the barbaric. Massive bands of plain gold are much in vogue: sometimes gems of circular form are introduced on the circumference, carbuncles or onyx; or, again, enamel is let in, and the mystical AEI (for ever) is inserted in gems, to catch the fancy of the betrothed, to whom the presentation of bracelets as love-gages is now generally left. Stranger still is the prevailing taste for small horse-shoes, worked on the outside of a plain band of solid gold; or for one large horse-shoe, with the nail-holes filled with rubies projecting from the circlet. Of all hideous and unmeaning symbols horse-shoes are the worst. They argue, even on quiet girls, a certain predilection for imitating their fast sisters; whereas such an attachment to the turf as they seem to imply is only appropriate to grass-widows. Perhaps a more charitable supposition would be, that—like the charms once so commonly suspended to watch-chains—these horse-shoes have an occult reference to the witchery of beauty; or as, when fixed on the doors of some of the Devonshire churches (e. g. Haccombe and Dunkeswell), they are supposed to avert evil influences.

A good deal might be said on the most suitable designs for bracelets. We own to no liking for conventional or geometrical patterns, when every province of nature teems with beautiful and suggestive imagery. The most usual natural pattern which goldsmiths favour is a snake, with jewelled eyes and gem-set folds, recalling to the classical scholar the celebrated lines:

> "Cœruleæ cui terga notæ maculosus et auro Squamam incendebat fulgor, ceu nubibus arcus Mille trahit varios adverso sole colores."

The commonplace character of this idea, together with other objections, such as the anomaly of a woman's cherishing so obvious a likeness of the arch-enemy, or the unnatural position of a serpent twining harmlessly round the arm, should prove fatal to its adoption by one of pure esthetical judgment. One of the earliest of the Fathers strongly insists on the former objection to such an ornament. The gracefully-folded leaves and flexile flower-stalks of many native and exotic plants would furnish beautiful designs. How charming, for instance (to take a very homely case), would be adaisy-chain of thin gold, the marguerites being formed of pearls! We have seen brooches modelled after ferns, but never bracelets; yet the circinate vernation of ferns might surely be applied with advantage to the manufacture of the latter ornaments. There might be bracelets fashioned after spring, summer, and winter

# 4 BRACELETS

foliage, to suit the different seasons. Microscopic researches, again, would provide endless designs of varied or regular character. Thus it has been suggested that the desmidee found in every pond are eminently suitable for patterns of bracelets. A spherozosma or didymoprium would form the link-work, and clasps of novel construction might be found in the cross-like outlines of pediastrum, or the curiously-fringed edges of micrasterias. Following out this line of thought, it has often struck us how many of the diatoms, now so eagerly sought after, would answer this purpose equally well. The meridion circulars, common in our ditches, only requires enlargement to be at once a bracelet of exquisite form and graceful yet intricate workmanship.

One use of armlets in England not generally known is, that before lunatics were so closely confined as at present, they were accustomed to beg their way round the country, wearing an armlet for distinction. Perhaps this is the clue to the derivation of the slang word "bracelet," as applied to a handcuff. The reader's attention should also be drawn to the immense bracelets worn by native women in the East, which, according to travellers, are so weighty as sometimes almost to oppress the wearer. This is regarded as a sign of high birth, because (like the long nails of the Chinese) it incapacitates the wearer from personal exertion. Sometimes these bracelets fit so closely, that on being first put on they give extreme pain, and even draw blood.

Dr. Johnson wrote in the Idler more than a hundred years ago in amusing article on the custom of wearing bracelets. With a few remarks from this long-forgotten source, we will close this article. contented with gold bands, ladies had at that time just added to them small pictures on their wrists," observes the Doctor; and he quaintly continues, "this addition of art to luxury is one of the innumerable proofs that might be given of the late increase of female erudition." From this he proceeds to banter the ladies with characteristic ponderosity. Those who wore the likenesses of husbands or children evidently intended to do their duty by them; yet, "if the husband's face be not in the heart, it is of small avail to hang it on the hand." Their tastes, again, might be discerned in their different bracelets: "the bracelet of an authoress may exhibit the Muses in a grove of laurel; the housewife may show Penelope with her web; the votress of a single life may carry Ursula with her troop of virgins; the gamester may have Fortune with her wheel." The last extract we shall make is worthy of a professed woman-hater: "The bracelet which might be most easily introduced into general use is a small convex mirror, in which the lady may see herself whenever she shall lift her hand. This will show a face that must always please."

# MISSING, A HOUSEHOLDER

#### BY PRANCIS JACOX

THE great Speke mystery, which for some time exercised so intently the speculative powers of the public and the press, was but an acute development, so to speak, of what seems to be a chronic tendency in human nature—on the side of its morbid pathology at least—towards hiding from one's fellows for some scarcely assignable reason, and for some provokingly indefinite time. The late Nathaniel Hawthorne once wrote a narrative essay on the subject, taking for his text the story of a man he calls Wakefield, who lived with his wife in London, and there signalised himself by "as remarkable a freak as may be found in the whole list of human oddities." Under pretence of going a journey, this man is said to have taken lodgings in the next street to his own house, and to have dwelt there upwards of twenty years, unheard of by his wife or friends, and without one shadow of a reason for such selfbanishment. During that period, it seems, he beheld his home every day, and his forlorn wife at least "once a week" "all the year round." After so great a gap in his wedded happiness—after his decease had been long ago accepted as indubitable, his estate settled, and his name forgotten—he "entered the door quietly, as from a day's absence, and became a loving spouse till death." And the author of Transformation claims for this story an interest which appeals to the general sympathies of mankind. "We know, each one of us," he remarks, "that we could not perpetrate such a folly, yet feel as if some other might." To Mr. Hawthorne this Wakefield becomes a thoroughly real personage, into the secrets of whose individuality he, with characteristic subtlety of analysis, and with all those refinements of psychology in which he revelled, strives to enter. In imagination he dogs Wakefield step by step along the street ere he lose his personality and melt into the great mass of London life; follows him until, after several superfluous turns and doublings, he comfortably establishes himself by the fireside of a small room, previously bespoken, where he is at once in the next street to his own and at his journey's end. Wakefield is imagined almost repentant of his frolic the same night, and half resolved to return next day. In the morning he is figured as rising earlier than usual, and considering what he really means to do; for such are his loose and rambling modes of thought, that he has taken this very singular step (on our author's showing) with the consciousness of a purpose indeed, but without being able to define it sufficiently for his own contempla-"The vagueness of the project, and the convulsive effort with which he plunges into the execution of it, are equally characteristic of a feeble-minded man." A morbid vanity is assigned as lying nearest the bottom of the affair, denoted by his curiosity to know how the little sphere of creatures and circumstances in which he was a central object will be affected by his removal. He is even pictured as going, almost by habit, to his own door, but hurrying away breathless with agitation hitherto unfelt, little dreaming of the doom to which his first backward step devotes him. Anon, the whole process of estrangement evolves in a natural train; and a new system once established, a retrograde movement to the old world, it is argued, would to such a man be almost as difficult as the step that placed him in his unparalleled position. He had contrived—or rather, as Mr. Hawthorne reads him—he had happened to dissever himself from the world, to vanish, to give up his place and privileges with living men, without being admitted into the privileges of the dead. "It was Wakefield's unparalleled fate to retain his original share of human sympathies, and to be still involved in human interests, while he had lost his reciprocal influence on them." And the moral drawn from this strange story, so far as it admits of one, is, that amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place for ever. "Like Wakefield, he may become as it were the outcast of the universe." The author of the Blithedale Romance was an adept, sui generis, in the art to point a moral and adorn a tale; and among tales Wakefield is one of his twice-told ones. Hardly applicable to him and to them is the accepted adage of nothing being so tedious as a twice-told tale. All depends on the telling; and in that, taken in his own way, he is almost unique.

Ben Jonson hinges the plot of one of his better, if not best, comedies, on the fact of a wife playing the trick that in Hawthorne's sketch a husband plays. Sylly's daughter of the South, wedded to the Lord Frampul, a noble gentleman, virtuous, and a scholar, quits her house, impelled by a crotchet or whim; and the result is her husband's disappearance too:

"A fond weak woman went away in a melancholy;
Because she brought him none but girls, she thought
Her husband loved her not: and he, as foolish,
Too late resenting the cause given, went afar
In quest of her, and was not heard of since."

The story is a curious one that Robert Baillie tells, in his Letters and Journals (1637-1662), of my Lord Belhaven, who, "without any example I ever heard of in Scotland, with his ladie, a very witie woman's advice, did fayne death, and for seven yeares was taken by all for dead, yet now appears againe safe and sound in his own house. He was

much ingadged for Duke Hamilton: fearing the creditors might fall on his person and estate, and knowing if he were reputed dead, his wife, by conjunct-fye and otherwayes, would keep his estate, he went, with his brother and two servants, towards England. These returned, affirming, that in Solway Sands my lord was carried down by the river, and they could not rescue him. His ladie and friends made great doole for him, and none controverts his death. In the meantime he goes beyond London and farms a piece of ground, and lives very privatelie there."

Godwin, in his Caleb Williams, makes it a characteristic of Mr. Falkland that he would sometimes, without any previous notice, absent himself from his home without cause shown. But the guilt of this absentee might give him a fellow-feeling with the yearning for evasion expressed in one of Wordsworth's poems:

"To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;
And every man I chanced to see,
I thought he knew some ill of me:
No peace, no comfort could I find,
No ease within doors or without;
And orazily and wearily
I went my work about;
And oft was moved to fiee from home,
And hide my head where wild beasts roam."

The latest of Lord Lytton's longer fictions has been charged with apredominant disregard of abiding restraints and responsibilities, so universal is the pursuit and bouleversement; nobody holding his own, but everybody flying off at a tangent; old Waife at hide-and-seek with his grandchild, then in magnanimous flight from her, and so with the other chief dramatis persona. The "inevitable, unmanageable stability of the middle classes," their subservience to certain stationary laws, and dull permanence of life and duty, is suggested as one possible reason for the author's alienation from, and want of sympathy with them; for whatever reverses his heart is exposed to, the merchant cannot at a moment's warning desert his counting-house, the attorney his clients, the doctor his patients; and "the wildest imagination shrinks from the assumption that a tradesman can desert his business and disappear for three years into Central Africa, and return to find things just as he left them." Nevertheless, the truth that is so strange as to be stranger than fiction, supplies at least isolated instances of Wakefields neither few nor far between; their cases differing from his rather in degree than in kind. Mrs. Gaskell appears to have been founding fiction upon fact when she cited the example of "a relation of mine," who, "charming as he is in many points, has the little peculiarity of liking to change his lodgings once every three months on an average, to the bewilderment of his friends;" which peculiarity she made the text or starting-point of an essay on "Disappearances.'

### MISSING, A HOUSEHOLDER

One can easily understand a man with such a past as Prince Charles Edward's had been taking to periodical disappearances in his later and unhappier years. From Avignon, for example, after a residence of two months he abruptly withdrew himself, and for a long while his movements-if he was on the move-were a mystery. For more than a year he was lost sight of by his friends, and even by his nearest relations. Morbid feelings, suggests one of his biographers, acting upon a character naturally secretive, seem to have been the cause of this strange conduct. On another occasion we are told how "the secretiveness which he had shown in the Highlands, when passing from one retreat and one set of friends to another, now reappeared, and it marked much of his future career." And again at a later stage in the chequered progress of that "strange eventful history," "obscurity again settles upon him for Where he travelled, or where he stayed, what name and a period. character he assumed, and by whom he was attended," were questions, vexed and vexatious questions, which those even who were most in the prince's confidence entirely failed to solve.

Descartes at one time, without quitting Paris, kept himself so closely withdrawn from his acquaintance, that it was two years before the most intimate of them succeeded in finding him out. Swift at one time retired from Dublin to the south of Ireland, and there continued for the space of several months, without communicating, it is said, with even his dearest friends, or putting it into the power of the nearest of those dearest to prate of his whereabouts. Benjamin Constant had a restless spirit that impelled him to start suddenly on expeditions which should leave no trace of his transit. Von Buch, the distinguished geologist, would leave his house in Berlin without telling anyone of his intentions, remain away for weeks or months, and return with as little notice given,—if with as little notice taken, so much the better for him. The late Baron von Stockmar, a cherished guest from time to time at Windsor Castle, is said to have left that royal roof in the same abrupt manner as that of his exit from other households—without a hint of his intentions at the time, or a clue to trace his erratic course elsewhither. The author of the Caxtonian essays pictures a typically shy man, who, with the dissimulation peculiar to that form of shyness, suffers annoyances to accumulate without implying by a word that he ever feels them, until he can bear them no longer. Then suddenly he absconds, shuts himself up in some inaccessible fortress, and perhaps has recourse to his pen, with which, safe at a distance, his shyness corrupts into ferocity. was but the other day that a shy acquaintance of mine threw his family into consternation by going off none knew whither, and sending a deed of separation to the unsuspecting wife, who for ten years had tormented him without provoking a syllable of complaint." Aloisius Bertrand, the French poet, known in this country, if not by his own writings, at least by Sainte-Beuve's charming sketch of him, used to disappear from the ken of his friends, evanish and give no sign, not even the sign-manual

of a bit of handwriting. To tell the why and wherefore of his flitting sould be too much to ask; but neither was there any means of telling he whither and where. He was like one of the Lake poets, as depicted by another of them:

"Here on his hours he hung as on a book,
On his own time here would he float away,
As doth a fly upon a summer brook;
But go to-morrow, or belike to-day,
Seek for him,—he is fled, and whither none can say.

What ill was on him, what he had to do, A mighty wonder bred among our quiet crew.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was,
Whenever from our valley he withdrew;
For happier soul no living creature has
Than he had, being here the long day through.
Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:
Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong;
But verse was what he had been wedded to;
And his own mind did, like a tempest strong,
Come to him thus, and drove the weary wight along."

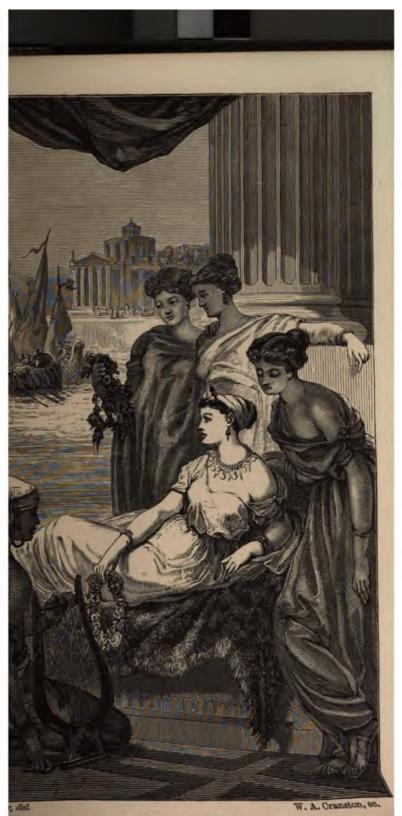
# AWAITING THE CONQUEROR

I watch with a weary yearning,
I watch till my eyes grow dim,
For my hero home-returning,
And the chaplets weave for him.
For he comes from the fields of glory,
Where the foe lies stark and dead,
And his name for our children's story
Shall live when the years have fied.

He comes; and my heart to meet him
Goes forth o'er the shining sea;
We have tuned the harps to greet him
Who comes to be crowned by me.
And I would there were garlands fairer
Than these that our glad hands hold;
That nature had roses rarer,
Or a costlier gift than gold.

He comes; may the waves before him
Rest calm where the great sail swings;
May the gracious skies bend o'er him
With the fragrance summer brings!
And then, when a nation's altars
Are rich with the spoils of Rome,
I shall kiss with a lip that falters,
For joy that my love comes home.

H. SAVILE CĻARKE.



AWAITING THE CONQUEROR.



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# DIANA GAY

# A Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. HTC.

# Book the Chird

# · CHAPTER I. THE OLD ROUND.

LIDY MARGARET returned a little heated and put out. She had seen some people, and had come a little suddenly on a large tea-party, where she had met some odious people whom she disliked, and who she knew were enjoying the business. These, with a malicious interest and a more malicious sympathy, condoled with her on this trial, and were malignantly curious about details. She thought, too, she was neglected, and postponed to a new and wealthy lady who was rising on the horizon. The Pollenfen heiress too had not shown the interest she had counted on. Yet when she returned, and found Diana poorly, and with the troubled, "scared" look on her face, she was touched, and ran to infold her in an embrace of rustling silk and lace.

"Poor child," she said, "now it will all come right; I know it will!"
On that night they were to go on the invariable and never-failing
"parade," as one of the old officer-friends called it; and the young
Lord Patmore was to attend them.

"The boy is always late," said Lady Margaret; "and we shall be balf-an-hour on the stairs."

She was right. They had to wait some ten or twelve minutes or so after the hour. She had made the great argosy wait at the door; and then a note was brought in to Diana. It ran:

"Dear Miss Gay,—I am obliged to go to the country to-night on business, and cannot go with you to the ball. Pray excuse me to Lady Margaret Bowman. I am not well.

Patmore."

Lady Margaret gave a sort of snort. "Not well: fiddle-de-dee! This is some of his wretched acting and clever little trickery, as he thinks it."

Diana, dressed for the sacrifice, coloured, but tossed her head scornfully. "We don't want him at all," she said; "and, thank Heaven, I bever did. I understand—"

"Nonsense, dear," said Lady Margaret; "you do not. Keep up your heart, you know, before those people; for they'll be watching you, dear, and making out all sorts of things. I know that wretched Wally

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Pepys has been inventing all sorts of lies, just to give himself importance, and get a dinner in return for his information; so, dear, don't be looking dejected, but dance away merrily."

With this judicious encouragement they entered the arena; but Diana's attempt at looking indifferent only produced a scornful expression on her pretty mouth. She fancied everyone was looking at her. In reality the world does not care so much for us, and our concerns, so to let even the enjoyment of our coming misfortune interfere with their regular sports. The story was whispered about, "That's the young girl spoken of in the Regent-street Chronicle. It's all coming on next month."

Several of her and Lady Margaret's friends and male retainers, as they might be called, were away, or obliged to go to some other party, which accidentally made the night scarcely so triumphant as had been some others. It looked like neglect; and Diana said to herself bitterly, "O, how like this cruel world!"

Lady Margaret was out of humour. There had been also some mal-entendu about her midnight meal.

As we have said, there was no conspiracy, nothing cruel; but Diana's gentle sensitiveness seemed to detect a change. Still, here was a goodnatured face, a little spare figure, in front of Diana, who had just come back from a rather dismal dance. It was Sir John Williamson, the Attorney-General. Yonder was Lady Jane "instructing counsel," that is, surrounded with admiring gentlemen. Sir John had to go out now and again, just as the carriage and servants would be ordered at eleven o'clock. He bore it very well, and indeed was rather proud of his showy lady.

He took Diana's hand cordially. "Dancing away," he said. "I would give the world to know the feeling, the enjoyment. Will you come down and have an ice? No, I am not ornamental enough?"

- "Delighted," said Diana, with alacrity; "what an unkind speech!"
- "So we are going to have a little law-suit," he went on as they descended. "My poor child, to pick you out to be worried in this way! Well, I am not going to worry you either; but you know this is all in my trade. Now tell me about it," he added seriously. "I want to know; for I have a great interest in you, my dear child, and we must do our best for you."
- "O, how kind of you, Sir John!" said Diana. "But it is so sudden, and it has frightened me, you know. I am alone, I may say, and have so few to turn to, since—since my poor darling left me."
- "Nonsense; you have plenty. Tell me, would you be afraid to pay a busy man a visit in his own study to-morrow morning, and we'll talk it over seriously?"

Diana's eyes brightened.

"You are so good, Sir John. Indeed I will. That is, though, I have nothing to tell as yet; but they are going to make it all out."

"Very well," he said; "we can put it off until they do make it out.

Just tell your solicitor, when he has his case pretty well ready, to send the papers, and I'll give you a good opinion—at least as good as is going. Don't think of it a moment. Those things are very likely made up to extort money. There, there's Welbore coming to claim you."

This comfort put Diana quite in spirits again, and the kindness of the great law-officer's manner quite comforted her. "I will come, indeed," she said; "and it is so good of you." Then they went home.

Sir Duncan Dennison, physician-in-ordinary to the Queen, had been calling in occasionally at Lady Margaret's, and in his playful fashionable way, so as not to give alarm to anybody, had warned her—his finger up—about the "fulness," and those "dangerous dinner-parties."

"A year in one of those ascetic monastic orders, my dear Lady

Margaret," he said, "would do us all a world of good."

Lady Margaret, indeed, thought poorly of the faculty; they were "all fiddle-de-dee, my dear;" and she only tolerated her friend Sir Duncan for the gossip he brought "from those little dark dens at St. James's," and above all, from Hampton Court, where he had a large clientèle among the honourable spinsters, and lean and slippered pantaloons of quality, who were there en pension.

He was "the most agreeable creature, my dear." He had always some bit of sweetbread in his pocket—that is, a succulent morsel of scandal—that was singularly toothsome. The doctor himself relished it quite as much; was, indeed, as his friends said, a true old woman of the Court; and after the first minute or two forgot his profession, and was

in an easy-chair, pouring out his stores of news.

Lady Margaret, laughing at his warning, had this season made one of her most vigorous campaigns in the dinner-party way. Having "got Bowman" to take the house, she enjoyed the novelty, and, as it were, made up for past and lost time. Very soon she had forgotten Diana's trouble, that spectral sword which was hanging over the young girl's head, and gave that worn and troubled look to those bright eyes.

"My dear," said Lady Margaret, "I suppose it will all come right.

These are some low creatures, depend upon it; and this is their story."

She had been worried herself a good deal of late. Bowman was talking about the expense, and the bills were coming in; that for the argory and the great horses had "on job" was frightful. But there was a great business approaching—a select and royal ball, given in honour of the Prince of Rumpenböttel, who, it was supposed, wished for one of the junior English princesses for his son, and it was thought was very likely to succeed. He had brought this son—Fritz—a long, yellow, hulking young German, and everything was going on prosperously, the ground being indeed smooth, laid out in velvet grass, from the known partiality of the English nation for these sort of alliances.

There was one ball given at the palace to the regular crowd, the

genteel rank-and-file, when the grand staircase and the "splendid suites of rooms," &c. were thrown open, "and the place really swarmed, my dear, with members," and the commoner sorts of lords. But there was to follow a far choicer and more restricted business—the line to be drawn, the gilt cord stretched across; and to get inside, under, or even stride over this barrier, if it could be done with decency, was the struggle now going on. It was, according to Lady Margaret's favourite phrase, to be "all the elect and select, my dear."

In nearly every "set," circle, or community, each person has certainly a fellow, or family, with a particular and odious relation to him or her—the rock ahead, as the gentlemen of tragedy would call it—a sort of Grundy, which rises, Jack-in-the-box-like, at every moment the other wishes to rise, and thus gets in the way of the light or the warmth, or any advantage that may be coming. In short, these are really the persons "made for each other;" and every one of us has this mysterious relation to some obstructive. Do we wish to quaff the cup of bliss, they must go near to snatching it from us, or at least put their detestable lips to it at the same moment, when it becomes as good as poisoned. When the bliss has not yet come, but coming, we see their shadow on the ground gradually enlarging. It is an eternal struggle; sometimes we vanquish them, but oftener they us. They are a sort of monster we cannot get rid of. We are fastened to each other according to the rule of the Danish punishment, and can only hew each other to death-Lady Margaret Bowman and Lady Mantower were in precisely this relation.

This "Mantower woman," as Lady Margaret called her, had of late "grown to a pitch that was becoming unbearable." Lady Margaret would swell and turn pink, and flush up hotly, as she spoke of her. She confronted Lady Margaret everywhere. She had more than her usus! success, and Lady Margaret more than usual ill-luck. And here was this German ducal ball, which Lady Margaret Bowman "was moving heaven and earth" to get to, as the phrase runs, and for which that tremendous form of exertion had not helped her in the least. From Mr. Penguin, "who was about the Court," had come one morning a fatal reply—as it might be from the Home Secretary announcing that the law must take its course—and all hope had fled. She was deeply mortified-It was just like Bowman—good for nothing always—a man with all his county interest, and yet whom they no more regarded than if he was an The mortification seemed to take hold of her mind; old hunting-whip. and while poor little Diana needed all the comfort of talk and sympathy in her trouble, Lady Margaret would wander off to what she called this insult.

There was one of the usual dinner-parties coming on—cast in a mould, all in one piece, as it were: figures, company, table, attendants en bloc—so little variation was there—at the Mark Antrobus's. The same typical men and women; the same dresses, "low necks," and what she

would have called "tow-row" headdresses. The argosy came rolling and swinging up as usual, opened its porthole, and banged off its heavy steps, and groaned and reeled as its portly captain descended heavily; then righted with a spring of relief when she was on shore. Diana, duly attendant, stepped out lightly, and seemed to fly to the landing-place. It was the old form of entrance, the old simpering and welcome, the eternal pattern. When these veterans of society are in honourable retraile, how confused must be the retrospect—the past seeming to go round before their eyes, like that toy called the zoetrope, and showing confused dinner after dinner, that seem to "run into each other" with bewildering monotony.

It was a very stately dinner, the Antrobuses being wealthy and important people,—highly fashionable too. Diana was very silent, yet never so interesting, as the young gentleman who took her down thought, and who did his utmost to cheer her, and perhaps to make himself agreeable. Alas, she had not seen the evening number of the Regent-street Chronicle, the lively gentleman's paper, which seemed to keep its eye, as it were, on the case, and which gave now and again some mysterious bit of information about it, acquired no one knew how. Nearly everyone in the company had seen it save Lady Margaret and her protégée, the former being about as likely to look at a newspaper as at a law-book: except indeed that Diana had to read out that one column in the Morning Plush, where the list of company, &c. was given. This little paragraph ran thus:

"It seems the affaire Gay progresses. We understand that within the last week a new and important link in the chain of evidence has been discovered. Those who have seen the plaintiff say that the likeness to the late Mr. Gay is something striking. The defendant's solicitor is on the Continent looking for facts; for the sake of the fair tenant in possession, it is hoped he will find none of the proverbially stubborn ones."

### CHAPTER II.

#### LADY MARGARET RETIRES.

Had anyone told of or shown this statement to Lady Margaret, it would have had little effect on her. Her mind was full of one subject—her rock ahead was there, sitting opposite, though she, Lady Margaret, had at least the satisfaction of being taken down before her. The "odious Mantower" was in great spirits, cordial even to her enemy, who little divined the reason of this hilarity. The former was quite cowed by this persecution. Diana noticed the growing colour in her cheeks, and that she did not speak much, but seemed quite to forget the wholesome caution of the Court Doctor. The "odious Mantower" was a tall, angular woman, whose daughters, long like herself, were dispersed round and about the table, "jerking their necks like

storks," so had their enemy thus unkindly described them. This elation disturbed Lady Margaret.

Presently, when the ladies had removed to the drawing-room, and were resolved in that committee of the whole house, and had commenced those mysterious Eleusinian mysteries of which the writer dare not speak, and hath no knowledge, suspecting that if mortal man were to intrude he would be justly sacrificed, again Lady Mantower broke out. The subject was the ducal ball, introduced by the lady of the house.

"We are not fine enough, it seems," she said, "for these German people. As they did not think of us, it was not worth taking trouble about."

Nearly everyone joined in this judicious way of viewing the matter. Lady Margaret spoke of the whole with a sort of scorn.

"Your girls like this sort of thing," said the hostess to Lady Mantower; "and it will amuse them."

Diana saw Lady Margaret start.

"Yes," said Lady Mantower; "they sent us an invitation. I am sure Rose and Mary will enjoy seeing the young Prince. It was so nice of them, so kind, was it not?—I thought you were going," she added, turning to Lady Margaret. "But they tell me it is very difficult to get."

It was notoriously hard to make that lady stagger under any blow; but she did on this occasion. It was the last straw; her presence of mind had all but given way, and she had nearly said, "What! you asked! it's false!" But the gentlemen were coming up, clustering each to some lady's feet with the old fatuous smile, as who should say, "How droll I am! what funny creatures we are!"

Diana noticed that Lady Margaret had a wild and confounded lock, and seemed more flushed than she had perceived before. She had even observed with disquiet that too hearty meal, and determined that when they got home she would really get on some of her little coaxing ways—as it were, ornaments—and speak seriously, and implore her for her own sake to mind what Sir Duncan had said. Lady Margaret was so very full in person; that large figure was stored with all sorts of unwholesome juices.

In due time they were going out to the argosy, shining and glittering in the lamp-light, Lady Margaret leaning heavily on Antrobus. Down went the steps, "thud, thud," like clods on a coffin.

"Such a pleasant evening!" said Lady Margaret, according to her old mechanical formula—and which she would have said still, had she been sitting the whole night long on St. Lawrence's gridiron—"really charming!"

"So glad you liked it," said Antrobus. "And I hope, Miss Gay—"Diana was tolerably well trained also:

"I liked it so much!"

Then they rolled away home. Then Lady Margaret burst out in a fury.

"Who is she? What does she mean? You heard all that? Nice pass things are coming to. But I'll expose her; I know things about her—things if they were known, she daren't set her foot in the palace. They'd turn her out."

Disna had never heard her speak so excitedly.

"Don't think of it, dear," she said; "it's not worth-"

"Not worth, child!" said Lady Margaret. "How can you know? Though, indeed, it's getting not to be worth, when creatures of that sort—" Here she became silent.

Diana wondered at the excitement, at the trembling voice, and at this vay—unusual with Lady Margaret—of looking at such a thing as a clamity.

On rolled the argosy, swinging round corners, flashing a blaze into some pedestrian's eyes like a mammoth policeman, and finally drew up at their house in Portman-square. Instantly the hall-door flew open, the steps were down, and Diana had fluttered out "like a bird," as her admirers would say. Lady Margaret's descent was always a more laborious and tedious business. "Jeames" or Thomas was ready, standing in all his height and majesty, his strong arm bent forward, which her ladyship used to clutch and grasp almost convulsively as she came out, a process against which "Jeames" made many a "servants'-'all" protest, as being "houtreegious, reely;" protesting that "a man's harm hain't quite a balluster." But on this night Jeames's arm remained tent for some seconds, and her ladyship never stirred. Diana's little white figure was seen in the hall, waiting to receive her.

The great menial had come up the steps with a scared stride, to letch a lamp, for the large figure within the argosy was quite at rest, and never stirred. Down fluttered her ladyship's maid, and figures from below came rushing up; and some people in the street stopped and lingered curiously as they saw the lamp brought out, and the young girl in a cloak on the steps, and then the figure carried in.

Sir Duncan was roused up from his bed, and came in a surprisingly thort time. In a moment he was at work, and in a moment had comfort for the agitated girl.

"A stroke," he said; "but a desperate hard one. I told her of this again and again. You see she breathes. We may do something yet." And with the usual fiery remedies he laboured hard; and before morning Lady Margaret was alive again.

Bowman had been telegraphed for. With the day other physicians came and gathered round her. Diana—infinitely relieved when they told her that all danger was gone, but that "we must be most careful"—saw now quite another Lady Margaret sitting up there before her; one who seemed as though some ruins had fallen on and crushed her. There was another face, bloodless, and altered in shape; and she

was almost scared to see how the mouth hung down at one corner, and what a dull, stony stare came into the eyes at times.

Under such a trial there was but one course, Sir Duncan said,—to go abroad and "drink waters," and at once, without a second's delay. So had ended what might be called the fourth act of Lady Margaret's life: the next would languish through, without interest or business. Indeed, it was full time that the curtain should come down. She could now only speak in strange indistinctness; her images of "the odious Mantower" and her rivalry had passed away; the great ducal ball, where that enemy had flourished, was over, and was as nothing; all was changed. The mansion was being given up hurriedly; great trunks were in the hall; "Jeames" had received notice; the argosy and tall horses had gone home. Diana, sitting up half the nights, the most tender and solicitous of nurses, would have gone anywhere with her to continue those offices of devotion. But that could not be; she could not be away from her suit. A hired nurse had come into office; this trained service was indispensable. As many friends said, "God help poor Bowman!" who never did a thing for himself in his life.

There, however, was to be left our Diana, without a substantial female friend to turn to. To whom could she go? There she was to be in that hired house which she had taken, a dismal prospect before her, with coming dangers and a new world. Trials and troubles seemed to be crowding on her. At last it was the night of the departure of the Bowmans, and it had grown nearly dark. She was sitting with the helpless lady upstairs, when word was brought that Captain Lugard was below. He had been away.

"Diana," he said eagerly, "I only heard two days ago; but they would not let me go. I have come the moment I could get free. What are these people going to do with you? Surely not leaving you here?"

- "They must go," said Diana. "Poor Lady Margaret dare not stay."
- "But what is to become of you? My God! have they not thought of that? Do they mean to cast you off, now that they have no more use for you? Have you thought of yourself, dear Diana?"

Diana looked at him, a little scared. She had not thought of this; she was not selfish.

- "I must stay here, of course," she said.
- "You? a young girl; impossible! No; I have thought of it-very anxiously too. You must come to me—to us—your old friend, that has your interest at heart."
- "O no!" said she, starting; "that could not be."
  "Could not be!" said he; "perhaps so. But where will you go, Diana? What is to become of you? Think of your enemies; think of the net that is gathering about you, a young girl, alone, without any friends. Ah, you must think of this. With us you will have your old Kitty-Kitty Crowder."

This struck Diana.

"Indeed, I am very unfortunate," she said, a little helplessly; "and I don't know what to do. But you said *enemies*. I have done nothing to anyone that I know of."

"Think; just think, then. Is there no one that hates me, and hates you?"

"Robert Bligh? O, he would not harm me. I am sure at this moment if he knew—"

"Will nothing convince you?" said Lugard impatiently. "But, thank heaven! we have the proofs at last. Page came back last night, and has traced all. He will be here in a few minutes, and you shall know from his own lips. There!"

There was a step on the stair, and Mr. Page entered. He greeted Diana with his old air of lowly subservience.

"Now, Page," said Lugard impatiently, "you are just in time. Tell what you have found out, and speak plainly."

"I always do," said the other coldly, "on business matters. I shall not trouble Miss Gay with details unless she wishes it; but if she will allow me to summarise the matter in a sentence or two—"

"Yes; tell me quick, is your news good or bad?"

"It is satisfactory, as far as it is certain and can be depended on. I have all the papers here, chapter and verse, page and line; and it comes to this—to what I thought."

"And to what I thought, and what I said all along," said Lugard.
"Allow me, please. It comes to this, I say; whether it be a conspiracy, whether there is any case or not, the whole has been got up by the Bligh family."

"What?" said Diana timidly. "O no! Surely not. But have you broof?"

"As I live, yes; indeed, it is notorious at Boulogne. It was not difficult to find. Mrs. Bligh has been there months, hunting up this, hunting up that. She has succeeded so far. Her son—"

"No; not Robert?"

"Yes; I met him in the packet coming back. I suppose, after having arranged his work. The mother and he had been settling their plans together. It was she who found out this girl in a convent; indeed, she makes no secret of it. But I have all the proofs."

"O, how cruel, how wicked!" cried Diana; "and I never injured

That night, as Diana was watching beside Lady Margaret, the picture of herself in her desertion and desolation came back upon her very forcibly. She shrank from it with a sort of terror. Above all, she was now filled with a warm resentment and indignation against the mother and son who could be thus vindictive. She felt her spirit rise, and was ready to meet their attacks as boldly. Before the next evening she had agreed to accept the asylum which her old, kind, and true friends had

## DIANA GAY

offered to her; for she saw at last how sensible was Lugard, and how truly he had divined what she had never seen herself.

It did look suspicious, all but convincing. Mr. Page, returning home from Boulogne, had actually met Robert Bligh on the deck of the packet, and recognised at once so well-known and "rising" a junior.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A BONE OF A PAMILY SKELETON.

AFTER Robert's last interview with Diana, he had gone home to a great brief, which was ready waiting to absorb, and even to devour him. But he could not shut out what would come between his eyes and his papers—the strange discovery he had made that day. All through the fluttering leaves of Cox and Malagrida (he was for the respondents, and would have to open their case before the Vice-Chancellor the following day), he was pursued by this disturbing notion. Pity, sorrow—and perhaps the old love, which he could not extinguish so readily as he imagined—that terrible and sudden reverse for one so young, so innocent, so full of hope and beauty, and enjoyment of all the pleasant things of the world—quite took hold of him, and kept him in a reverie, thrusting out the obtrusive "respondent" Malagrida, and by midnight scarcely "a single fact" had been taken in. All that he had heard came floating between his mind and it, and distracted his attention. He had a strange and secret conviction that what had been charged was quite true—that Mrs. Bligh had some part in this surprising turn. Her awful and mysterious allusions to punishment, her invocations of vengeance on Diana's head, now recurred to him. He knew how firm of purpose, how unrelenting even, she was; and he recalled that, when he had asked about the object of her visit to Boulogne, she had answered bluntly and curtly, "that she had a good reason for going there." Then came a crush of business, increasing with him every day, and he had little time to think or speculate. He had a certain instinct—such as never failed him in doubtful casesthat there was something real and substantial at the bottom of this suit with which poor Diana was menaced. The skilled lawyer, at the first glance, often feels such an inspiration, which rarely misleads. But still it was only too likely that Mrs. Bligh would not be checked by any consideration which stood in the way of her purpose. He had clear and certain recollections of little passages in old days of his boyhood; and though he loved and respected her, he knew her character and her iron purpose in such matters as well as though she were a witness and in the box under his treatment.

The evening mail had been just brought in to him, generally halfa-dozen letters strong. The morning one was by far the heavier. There was one letter on thin post-paper, and covered over with the parti-coloured blue and orange stamps and smirched marks which betray the foreign letter. It was from Mrs. Bligh: he opened it eagerly, for it came apropes.

"MY DEAR CHILD,"—it ran,—"you have heard by this time of what has overtaken her. Was I a true prophet? I told you vengeance would overtake her, and it has. Nor do you imagine, nor let her and her friends persuade you, that it is a mere idle menace—a thing that will blow over, or that will be proved to be a low trumped-up matter to extort money. She may tell her friends so, and they will tell her; but it is nothing of the kind, as I know, and as the world will know by and by."

Robert Bligh did not read any more; this convinced him. Within half an hour his resolution had been taken. He had sent Malagrida back to his solicitor, naming a friend who was ready to take it up; and by the first continental train next morning was hurrying down to Folkestone. By the afternoon he was gliding into the bright and theatrical port of Boulogne, looking at its gay colours and unfamiliar faces.

The gossiping exiles of that pleasant place of refuge, the lively mives and good-natured shopkeepers, had long noticed—the former with an exaggerated curiosity, the latter with the polite toleration of citizens of the world—the austere and ascetic-looking female who had come to live among them for a short while, and who was restlessly going about making some mysterious inquiries. The English expatriots at first could not make her out, and offered their usual advances; but when her hostile manner and cold accusil had firmly repelled them, became (also as usual) her determined foes. Many were the circumstantial stories sent round: she had fled from her creditors - her daughter had run away with a music-master, "an awful business" with more ingenious fables. The French, as we said, were utterly incarious; but noticing that she was a good deal with a certain aged abbé, who lived en retraite, as it were, in a modest lodging in the haute wile, quietly set her down as a devote enragée, who had been in youth and in middle age equally "enraged" for pleasure, and was now only taking the usual French course.

Devotion at Boulogne was the amusement of old age, as pleasure had been of youth and maturity. Every day had its season according to this philosophic people, who were content with quiet solutions of things, and did not seek to penetrate deep for mysterious secrets. It was presently known that the stranger had gone away to Amiens, and that she had returned; but some (English) curiosity was deservedly excited when old Captain Filby reported that he had seen Dubosc—the retired police-officer—pay her a visit. This state of observation continued for some weeks, until the handsome Mrs. Fazakerly and her hasband arrived and began "to dash out," as it was called, and all the

broken-down "pack" harked away on that scent, and to a new cry. Another month went by, and it was all forgotten; until the same Captain Filby told one evening, at the Club, that he was sure old "Bonaparte's" son had arrived—such was the disrespectful name he had given the lady, from her peculiar cast of features—as he had overheard him give that name to the passport-fellow in the office.

Mrs. Bligh was sitting in one of the bright and cheerful rooms that give on the hill, which is called the Grande Rue, when a native mid

entered with news that there was a gentleman below.

Mrs. Bligh was never startled: she did not start when he entered, though a faint tinge of colour came into her grim cold cheeks. She welcomed him as though they had parted, not indeed the day before, but perhaps the week before; there was that measure of warmth in her reception. But Robert fancied he saw a sort of distrust or inquiring challenge in her face, as who should say, "Why have you come? what is it brings you?"

They sat down together, mother and son, and he talked of what he knew would please and interest her—his own prospects and success. Then dinner came; and when the maid had gone he came at once gravely to the subject he was full of. Almost at once, and even before he began, her manner changed: she composed herself to a stiff and hostile attitude.

"This dreadful news," he said, "about poor Diana-"

She interrupted him. "You got my letter? Yes; dreadful for her, if you will."

- "Dreadful for all who have an interest in a poor helpless, friendless child."
- "I see—not cured yet. You have seen her, I suppose, since she learned this?"
  - "Yes, for a short time."
- "Of course. And I suppose she went through her old course of histrionic tricks—her tears and helplessness? She can do all that business well."
- "On the contrary, mother, I must tell you she gave me no such reception; but made the most cruel charges—which, Heaven knows, I do not deserve."

Scorn and rage came into Mrs. Bligh's face. "And she dares to keep this up still—the artful, designing, ill-conditioned creature! But she shall be brought down; and brought low. I tell you so, Robert. For these years of insult and insolence, which she thinks all sport and innocence, she shall soon atone; and, if we wish it, we can make her come grovelling to our knees, Robert, to beg mercy. I promise you that, Robert—I, your mother—and I never yet promised what I did not perform!"

There was a silence. Robert made a motion to speak, but restrained himself. He looked at her doubtfully.

"This is what I have always deprecated," he said. "I want no rengeance and no punishment; besides, what can we do? This will turn out a mere vain menace; one of those schemes to get money to which many families have been exposed."

His heart misgave him later for thus trying diplomacy with her; but he wished to know more. She was so eager, that she thought the chance of failure was the only thing that stood in the way of his adhesion. She began at once.

- "Tell me first about her—what she said, what she dared to say. Was there no sign of repentance or grace—no promise of the old love?"
  - "My dear mother, we have done with that long ago."
- "Then I tell her she may have done with it, but not with the consequences. You and I shall live to see her begging yet; coming to you a reduced girl, asking you to get her into some decent family as a governess, to earn her bread. She will think of the old love then; but it will do her no good.
  - "How do you know all this?" he said abruptly.
- "Ah, Robert, what have I come here for? What have I been doing these six weeks past? What have I been hunting up night and day—dreaming of? What have I despaired of finding, but have found at last? I found it, though."
  - "What, mother?"
- "Listen," she said, "Robert. Draw in your chair close. You shall know the whole; what it has cost me so much trouble day and night to make out."
- "No, mother, I do not want to know. I can have nothing to do with this; and warned you that I could not."
- "Folly!" she said contemptuously. "But you shall; you must see what a net I have woven about her, and she shall never break through it."

Robert Bligh—faintly protesting—then had to listen; for he felt, or at least this seemed to be his excuse, that he must save her from herself. Curiosity also was at work. This was the story she told him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

## A PIECE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

Some five-and-thirty years before, the colonists found among them a fair and good-looking young man, with a pleasant laugh and a hearty, careless manner, who, in a very short time, grew to be liked by a good many. His name was Burgess; and as he seemed to have some money, and spent it freely in entertaining friends, he was considered delightful. No one thought of asking who Mr. Burgess was, from whence he came, or why he stayed there,—questions tacitly avoided in the place, unless a man had become generally odious, and there was object in

putting him down. Then malignity stopped at nothing; and when the truth could not be found, falsehood and invention did just as well.

Young Captain Burgess soon came to be one of the "leaders" of the society there, such as it was, and had soon commended himself to the young ladies of the place. His free, joyous manners were found delightful, and his forwardness not impudence or familiarity, as they would have appeared in someone less gifted. He presently became a very wild young man, and soon the rumour went abroad of scrapes and riots and foolish escapades, at which the English chaplain used to shake his head with pity.

The little Boulogne theatre led a sort of stagnant dramatic existence, whose players held much the same relation to other places as the audience did to the town itself, and who were thus, as it were, exiled from their native dramatic country. The French found their way there, and were amused; but the English were very contemptates in their estimation of the performances, and were perpetually and unfairly comparing it with "the King's Theatre" at home, or Covent Garden. Young Burgess sometimes strolled in,—once or twice "got up a row," and was dragged out ferociously by the gendarmes.

At last it was known that the "administration" had engaged a dancer,—tenth-rate, perhaps, but still with good looks,—"the Duval," as she was called; and this quickened the languid curiosity of the English. She was pronounced by those judges "very fair on the whole;" and was, indeed, bold enough in her generation. Mr. Burgess was soon found to be one of her most ardent admirers, going every night, applauding noisily, to the disgust of the French, throwing bouquets, and fairly getting into a fresh quarrel with some man who had shown signs of disapprobation. He was seen on the Port walking with this ballerina, and scandalised the not-easily-scandalised company of the place. was a bold, painted, flaring creature; but whatever was the secret, she had made a conquest of the young Englishman; and very soon, when her engagement was over, a most delicious morsel of news, more toothsome than the sucre d'orge to be bought at the corner shop, was sucked and enjoyed for many days. Captain Fibly discovered that "the poor fool" had actually married the girl. The amazement may be conceived. The conventionally "happy pair" had gone away, her engagement having terminated, to some other town, and were not heard of again for a very long time.

Now Mrs. Bligh takes up the story, and shall tell the rest herself.

"I was at this time, Robert, in London, not yet married, and my greatest friend in the world, though she was many many years older, was Laura Gay, one of the most resolute, unflinching women in the world, with a will and purpose worth that of a dozen men. It was she who did all for those Gays, and but for that gallant working creature, who laid her whole soul and mind to this one end, of raising up the family from the difficulties in which they were steeped, that girl,

who now behaves with all this pride and insolence to you, would have been a pauper. Laura's husband was a poor weak creature, with no more brains than a monkey, and she ruled him for his own advantage. Gradually the estate got cleared; the old load of building-debt was said off. She got him back to their old place in the country, and she actually had things in train to get an old baronetcy revived; for she was the proudest creature, and looked to position as the first thing; and though she was not young, had the most surprising influence over political men.

"Often she talked with me over these schemes of hers. 'If I had only materials!' she would say; 'but what can I do with him?' Her eldest son, who was in the army, was a wild scapegrace,—very delicate in appearance, but in reality strong; she often talked with me over him, and I could see all her thoughts turned to her second sensible and steady son. 'He cannot live,' she would say;—'I know he will drink himself to death. Perhaps it will be the best for himself in the end; for if he ever comes into the property, he will waste and ruin everything. He has no head, no wits; he does not like me, and I do not like him; and it would be a mercy.'

"Suddenly, one day, news arrived from the colonel of the regiment of a serious scandal—that young Gay had 'broken out,' had behaved in the most outrageous way, had set his colonel at defiance, and finally had gone off, leaving regiment, connections, &c., without leave or notice. No one knew what had become of him. The news was in all the papers, to her rage and mortification; the disgrace and publicity wrung her very heart. Yet I think she felt some comfort when she heard he had gone to the colonies—to the backwoods; for she was sure he would never be heard of again. I know what you are thinking of, Robert—how like she was in some things to your mother; and so she was: and that was one reason of our friendship.

"For some years he never was heard of, and this girl's father was now being brought up as the heir. But one day she came rushing to me with a letter. 'I knew it—I knew it!' she said. 'It was too great a blessing for me. I have had none all through my weary life.' She showed me the letter. It was from Boulogne—from him—saying that he was ill and deserted, imploring her to come to him, and that he had not long to live. She begged of me, if I would do her a service, to go with her; and I agreed.

"It was a weary journey, and all along the road I was surprised at her agitation; and she kept repeating the words of the letter: 'Ill and deserted—ill and deserted! If he has done that—my God, if he should have done that! But he could not be so base and wicked!"

"When we arrived, we found our way to a mean lodging, and asked for him, as he had told us, by the name of Burgess. As we entered the room, the first object we saw was a sickly-looking little girl, of

about five years old, playing about the floor. Then Mrs. Gay gave a cry. The doctor came in nearly at the same time, and told her that he had very little hope.

"She went in and saw her son, and stayed nearly an hour. She told me scarcely anything; except she said, that the little girl was the daughter of some unfortunate married lady whom this scapegrace had run off with. I said nothing; but I was as shrewd and far-seeing as she was, and I constructed my own theory. That theory I long thought over afterwards; and a few inquiries made it complete and perfect. In fact, I rather resented that she did not put confidence in me.

"In a few days he died, and she was with him to the last. The very next morning I missed the little girl; and when I asked Laure Gay about it, she said that they had found out the relations, who had at last sent and agreed to take charge of her. They were now wealthy, and she, 'as usual,' she said, had been obliged to agree to make them some allowance. Again, I had my own theory and my own conclusion; and I had also made my own inquiries, and learned that 'the married lady' was a dancer, and that she had gone off now long before with a French officer.

"Thus we settled everything happily, and returned home; and that—that girl's father"—Mrs. Bligh never could call her Diana—"be came the heir of Gay Court. From that time everything prospered Laura made a great match for him, getting him sixty thousand pound and some interest, cleared the estate, and, had she lived, would have recovered the old baronetcy—the darling object of all her hopes. These schemes became her very life itself; but I noticed a great change it her, as she grew every hour more stern, and iron-bound, and pitiless Something like me, Robert, you will say; and indeed, she taught me much; and if I had not been with her, perhaps I had been a different character. I often asked her about that time, and the little girl what had become of her: but Laura Gay always answered me with a contemptuous laugh. 'The low impostors! I am only sorry I paid them any money. I suppose she is keeping a café, or dancing at 1 franc a-night, like her wretched mother. Why do you want to know? I did not tell her why I wanted to know, because I had suspicion of my own. But when that girl was growing up, and Laura had diedjust, too, as she was so near the baronetcy—my ambitious schemes for you, dear Robert, were ripening, and I kept it by me as a usefu weapon. What gift is there, after all, like that of discreet silenceof not speaking until the proper moment has arrived?"

"And you knew all this, mother," said he, with a shocked look "and said nothing? Allowed this dreadful injustice to go on for years?"

"Well, I repair it now," said she calmly, "late as it is. As you say a frightful wrong. But the true heir is found at last, and shall be re

stored; the false intruder, whose pride nothing but adversity can bring down, shall be cast out; that cold, cruel girl shall descend to her proper station—to beggary and pauperism, and—serve her right."

Robert started.

"I do not believe this. This looks like some scheme that has been contrived."

"You are consistent indeed," she said coldly, "for a lawyer. But no matter."

"I mean, mother, they have imposed on you, or your anger against her has helped to impose on you. Do not think I care for her; but it is for yourself—to save you from a remorse that will embitter one part of your life."

"Most considerate!" said she, her face every moment darkening. "You may spare me that conventional advice; I have heard it before. But this all points to something; speak out, and let me understand you. Do you mean to say that you will oppose me in this business? is that your meaning?"

"Oppose you? no. But, as I said, we should inquire—see that there is no fraud. That is my duty. I must see to that, as I am bound—whatever you think. Why did you meddle with it? O mother! Diana was right, then, when she said that this blow came from us. And he—that Lugard—was only right too."

Mrs. Bligh darted a look of scorn and anger at him.

"What do you mean by these words to me? I tell you I would with her to know it came from us. I am proud of it, and shall take care the world knows it comes from us. There!"

"It shall not come from me, mother," said Robert in a low voice.
"I could not lend myself to such a course. No, nor must you."

Again her face contracted.

"Nor must I! What is this? Is this the news you have come over to tell your mother? What does it mean? Speak out, or—O, I see! you have paid this visit in her interest?"

"No," he said; "but I confess I suspected this, and I have come to save you from a terrible infatuation of which you would repent all your life."

"My long life!" she said bitterly; "and which you shall have the glory of shortening, you cruel, ungrateful son, you! for whom I have given my heart's blood. But don't dare to come in my way, or give me lectures; go back to your courts as you came, and God forgive you your want of heart."

"I have much to be forgiven," he said. "But it is for your sake I speak in this way; not for myself, indeed. I know all you have done for me—how you have sacrificed your life for me; and as you have done this also in my interest, as you think it, surely I may ask you, in the name of Heaven and of all your love for me, to give it up."

"Go away, then; go back!" she said in a trembling voice, and you Fr.

pointing to the door with a long and trembling finger; "go back. At least leave my room; I do not want you here—I have my own purposes. Bless the Being that made you that you do not take something worse with you, that will cleave to you all the days of your life."

She drew herself up—tall, grim, an awful image of terror. Some such image came back to him from his old childish days, when she had so appeared to him; something of the old terror even came back to him, and mechanically he put out his hands imploringly to deprecate her wrath. She drew back as if she had trodden on some reptile.

"It is too late; nothing you can do will atone for this. Take your part, and let me take mine; unless—unless you go on your knees there, and swear that you will go back to London at once, and not move a finger."

"No. I could not," said Robert.

"Why do you stay, then?" she said frantically. "Am I not to have the ordinary privilege of being alone when I wish it? Leave me! or must I ring?"

There was a hard steel edge in her voice that seemed to cut and gash as she spoke, a cold savage glare in her eye which seemed to piece him. All his court readiness forsook him; he wished to speak, but could not. As he stood faltering, she said, "Then I must go, I see!" and she swept from the room.

He often recalled her last look of scorn and concentrated hatred, as it seemed to him; but he thought her old affection would triumph, and that he had only to return in the morning and he would find the old affection and gentleness still at his service.

When he did come back, repentant certainly, he was told that she was gone away—whither, they could not tell him. He came away sadly, yet still saying to himself, "I could not do otherwise; and she will thank me afterwards, I know, for saving her from a great sense of remorse."

On board the packet for England was the usual crowd of tourists and business-men. The day was fine. Robert Bligh walked about the deck scarcely noticing the strange faces. Someone attracted his attention by an obsequious bow. He recalled that face as a professional one, the face of one belonging to the "lower branch" of the profession. He recollected that the name was Page.

## CHAPTER V.

### MORTIFICATION.

LADY MARGARET BOWMAN had gone, as the Morning Plush had taken care to advise the public, to a watering-place on the Continent-This simple piece of information, which, curious to say, did not interest any of Lady Margaret's friends, but did a great many who had never seen her, and who followed the movements of august people with the

greatest zest,—this news became, under the magic of Plush treatment, as impressive as a state-paper: "We regret to learn that, owing to the imperative advice of her family physician, Lady Margaret Bowman has been obliged to leave town, to repair to the waters of Badentaul. It is hoped that her ladyship will be restored to health and strength by the sanitary agency of that celebrated curative medium. Miss Gay, of Gay Court, is sojourning at Folkestone." An extract also from the lively Regent-street Chronicle may be found interesting. That capital journal always had some sort of hot muffin ready every night, something fresh, good, and appetising. The other papers had to bake and re-bake. The evidence for the plaintiff, in the impending ejectment-case, had been printed for the convenience of counsel, and the omnipotent Chronicle had contrived to get hold of a copy. It gave a morsel or two:

"The elements are dramatic enough," said the Chronicle. "What could be more so than the story of the Sœur Madeleine, belonging to a convent of gray sisters, near Amiens. Her story was taken before a commission; Mr. Staveley, Q.C., and two of his brethren-finding themselves, we daresay for the first time, within the enclosure of a convent. We have no doubt the learned gentlemen behaved with all the gravity becoming their profession. This lady, it seems, is nearly eighty, and tells us a little history that we would commend to Mr. Philip Wattson for the first act of his next French drama at the Adelphi. She remembers a winter evening, a vast number of years ago, and an English lady coming in a post-chaise, and speaking French not very intelligibly, or, as the sister says naïvely, à la Anglaise. She brought a little girl, whom she wished the community to bring up, and if possible convert into a nun; and said that a small capital, representing some thirty pounds a-year interest, was already in Mr. Marx's hands, a local Amiens banker. She would return every year to see her charge. It was of course in accordance with the canons of dramatic propriety that the mysterious English lady never should return. The local banker, however, was a very satisfactory substitute. All this we commend to Mr. Philip Wattson aforesaid as a tolerable Prologue—as it is the fashion to style a first act—of his 'Lost Child,' or whatever else he may choose to call his piece.

"But now steps in another lady, whose name for the present we shall do no more than indicate obscurely, after the fashion of our contemporaries, describing her as one intimately connected with a certain rising burrister of the outer bar, who lately unseated on petition a gallant officer who represented the little borough of C—. This lady has a foreign story to tell also, but which we must hold over for the present."

That story was held over altogether, for the solicitor for the plaintiff, in the twinkling of an eye, made an application for an injunction to restrain further publication, and succeeded, and, to use his own expression, "salted" the lively journal in costs.

Still, as the depositions were so voluminous, Mr. Page found his

account in applications for time, motions, and so forth. Parties in these great suits are like the old line-of-battle ships, which have to be slowly towed into their place before action begins—a long business of warping, hauling, and what not. It would take many months before all was ready for the first gun.

Diana had not forgotten the hint of her kind friend Sir John. As soon as was practicable, she got a little sketch of her case and of its strong points from the solicitor, and tripped away quietly one morning to the great man's house. As the little face looked out from the cab, the mansion had itself an awful, attorney-general sort of air; and as the little figure got out timorously, Lady Jane herself happened to look from the window, and was not a little scornful to her friends on the score of this visit. No lady likes such appointments.

Sir John received Diana from behind a barricade of papers, piled up like sandbags in a battery; laid aside the tremendous papers in the case of the seizure of the William Simpson by the Argentine Republic, and on which he was to give the Government an opinion, and welcomed "his little client" with great warmth and good-nature. He made her sit down beside him in a large "consulting-chair," as though he were a doctor, and a legal one. It was almost a picture to see this grave gentleman with Diana at his knee, her eyes on his as he read.

When he had done, he said anxiously, "You know, my dear child, things in our profession are very uncertain; and what with our pigheaded juries,—and lawyers also with pigheads,—and our dull judges, and the mistakes of counsel, you see, everything is so uncertain. Therefore I am always for arranging or compromising. What do you think?"

"O, then you think that there is no hope?" said Diana piteously. "I see that is the meaning of all this."

"Not at all," said he, "but it is the uncertainty; and these sort of cases are more uncertain than any other. Send your solicitor to me; I have so much on my hands now in the House and elsewhere, that really—however, I shall see about that. Now, my dear, you must leave me; you can't imagine all the work on this poor head."

That evening she had a note from Mr. Page, saying he had seen the Attorney-General, and had given him a brief in the case. Diana knew what this meant, and wrote a deeply-grateful letter to her kind good friend. But she was now to have other little trials and mortifications. As the time wore on, and wore on slowly, Diana was to learn a little about the true character of the world she had once thought so charming.

The young Lord Patmore would come at first pretty often, visits she was inclined to set down to a generous sympathy and interest; but presently it became apparent that curiosity had a great deal to do with his attention. He put many questions, and would sit restlessly and pettishly as she answered him; and, not without skill, even cross-examined the unconscious little lady on the prospects of the case. She,

with a sort of *epanchement* quite natural to her, told him the whole truth, rather over-colouring it in her wish for generous comfort.

"Indeed, I am sure we can only expect the worst; and indeed I wish it was all over, and the suspense ended. It is making me wretched."

"But, good gracious," said Lord Patmore fretfully, "have you got no one to tell you anything—none of those Lawyer fellows? that man that used to be with you—what's his name—Bligh?"

"I would not ask him!" said Diana, drawing herself up and overstating an imaginary slight with scorn. "He is my enemy. But they have taken the opinion of one of the best counsel,—and I don't understand things well,—but he seems to be very doubtful."

"Seems to be very doubtful?" said he, starting up. "God bless us! I thought it was all plain sailing—an imposture, and all that?"

"I wish it were," said Diana sadly; "or if it be not, why should I wish to keep the rightful people out of their own? But it is very hard on me, brought up to all this, and who have not learned to do anything for myself."

The young lord expressed no sympathy, but kept drumming with his foot on the ground.

"I'm sure," he said, "it's most unpleasant and painful; and really I don't know what to say. Everybody is talking of it and asking me. I am sure I don't know what I can tell them."

"It is very dismal," said Diana, still reflectively; "but I have found everyone very kind; much more than I expected. I never can say that the world is hollow again."

"O, that's all very well," he said impatiently, "in the novels and that sort of place; but romance is one thing. I wasn't brought up to romance. My guardians and all that will be savage. I never even dreamt of this, and nobody did; and I am sure it is very strange altogether."

Diana was now looking at him with wonder, and not a little scorn. Now at last she understood. She was getting rough lessons every hour, under these unmeaning phrases and this pettish circumlocution. She was not angry; but still she felt a pang, for she had thought that this foolish butterfly, with all his folly and nonsense, was redeemed by his attachment to her. Indeed, this was the redeeming point of all the hollow world, their love and good-nature to her. Many others, in a position like hers, cannot bring themselves to believe in anything but good of a world which is kind to them.

That night Lord Patmore received a letter from Diana, which cost her very little to write, though it seemed a tragic enough occasion; a person of the world, too, would have called it clever in its way.

"DEAR LORD PATMORE,"—it ran,—"after you went away to-day I thought over very seriously what you had said, and also what your manner seemed to convey. I do feel that things have changed a good

deal since you first paid me the compliment of giving me your regard. I am not exactly in the same position now, and we do not know what may happen. You will recollect that when you first spoke to me, and honoured me with so flattering a proposal, it was agreed that the matter should stand over till the end of the season. That has now come, and I think you will say it would be for the best that we should remain as we were a year ago. I am sure you think with me. In any case, it might hardly have suited; and it is much better to find this out before it be too late. I hope you will be very happy in whatever course of life you adopt, and with whomsoever you choose; and believe me

"Your well-wisher, &c.
"DIANA GAY."

The young lord read this document with infinite relief.

"She is so noble!" he said to his friend; "it all came from herself. Nothing could be more handsome. She has the head of a man, and sees the whole situation. Such delicacy! she saw that it could not be. I declare solemnly there isn't a girl in town I would prefer to her—that is, if it was open to me to do it. I wish to Heaven it was, and that there was no such thing as money—or I mean that there was money enough for everyone."

However, he was much relieved, though presently the reaction came, and he began to think that after all she might win in the suit. And then Diana herself, after the first little shock, was as pleased; for the end of the season, when she was to give her decision, or rather announce her acceptance, was always before her like some heavy trial. Now she was free: yet still she was mortified.

"I thought he liked me," she said bitterly. "I suppose this is the whole secret of all their devotion; I thought they were coming so much after me, for myself alone." A rueful discovery which so many have made long before Diana's time.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A NEW LIFE.

When Diana now thought of her old friend Robert Bligh, it was with a sense of regret and indignation. How could he be so unkind, so cruel and unworthy? As Richard said, who was never weary of inveighing against him with a savage and bitter earnestness, "it was mean and petty; it was like the spite of a school-girl. My dear Diana, that fellow hates you nearly as much as he hates me; and depend on it, this is but the beginning of his enmity."

She had, however, one friend left, who was in distress like herself; who had been cruelly persecuted by fortune, but who through all had never changed to her, and who had now come forward so nobly to offer her an asylum.

When Diana's old friend Kitty Crowder, now Mrs. Richard Lugard, was told of the new arrangement, she did not receive the news with my great enthusiasm. Her husband announced it with triumph.

"Kitty," said her husband scornfully, "is getting as insensible as some of those sea-plants. She will be a jelly-fish by and by. She cares for nothing,—is dead to the world, and all that; so you mustn't mind her. It's only her manner to me and to everyone."

Kitty laughed a little harshly.

"But what is your manner to me? Something between yours to your horse and to your man-servant."

"Polite always!" cried Mr. Lugard; "even elegantly so."

"That is my way," replied Mrs. Lugard very promptly, and left the room.

Diana looked after her wondering.

"There, you see what you have to expect," said Richard.

The Lugards' house was handsome and well furnished, though not very large, and situated in the best quarter. Richard, with something of his old elation restored, went about busily, making many extra little purchases and decorations to set it off for their guest. He had put out of sight his recent mortification with the bit of comfort, "Never mind; there will be a dissolution one of these days; and if I sell the coat off my back, I'll fight him to the last."

He was never weary of descanting to Diana on the way he had been treated, and the march that fellow had stolen upon him. But, as he said, all in good time. His friends meantime wondered how "poor Dick" contrived to keep his head above water, or keep the Jews off. Some mysterious arrangement had been made, and he had not been obliged to sell his commission, which many an experienced seer had prophesied he must have been obliged to do. But there were rumours also that the regiment was going to India sooner than had been expected,—a piece of news which Lugard often dwelt on bitterly and contemptuously to Diana, as he walked up and down his drawing-room.

"Going to India!" he said; "this is the fine way in which they manage things in this country of ours. A man with anything like genius or ordinary ability might as well go to the west coast of Africa; I see no difference. It's scandalous to be treating English soldiers, and gentlemen of birth too, in such a way; sending a man to certain death and ill-health and misery. I'll not go if they do. They talk of fighting Beloochees and Sikhs; I should hope we were born for better things than that."

Diana's old friend Kitty received the new guest with that strange manner which now seemed habitual—a passive indifference to all that was going on round her. It not a little disturbed and embarrassed Diana, who said, in her own affectionate way, "I know, dearest Kitty, this is fretting you, and I begin to be afraid—"

Kitty interrupted her impatiently.

"Afraid of what? Of me? because I am not enthusiastic and full of rapture because you have come here? I tell you I am not, because I have lost all taste for everything, and care for nothing now. I have forgotten to be excited about anything."

"But if I thought—" said Diana, who always had a sore difficulty in devising what she had to say that should be fitting and appropriate,—a lamentable deficiency, she thought, but common to many more with her. After a pause she said, not a little hurt, "O, I am afraid, Kitty,

that I should not have—I see you do not wish it."

Kitty rose impatiently.

"Why do you worry me?" she said; "you don't know what I suffer, and I am not accountable for what I say. Go, then, if you will; and what a splendid scene we shall have here afterwards!" And Mrs. Lugard laughed to herself very scornfully. "I have got very brusque and altered, Diana, my old friend, and have to bear, O so much! you will see presently how much."

To Diana, thinking over these curious speeches, the truth at last

presented itself.

"Poor, poor Kitty!" she thought. "Now I see what she means. I knew they never would understand each other; but that cannot be helped now. I am sure I could manage it,—at least, I will try."

What "she saw now" was a splendid task set before her, as though she was called to a missionary work—to make these two old friends, whom she liked, understand each other through her! She would be the new link. Kitty, she saw, worshipped him; and Kitty did not know how to take his bold and too impetuous and impatient character, which required some skill. As Miss Gay thought of this very often, and sometimes before her glass, the pretty face she saw gazing seemed to say, "Ah, little wayward rogue! you have a foolish, irresistible way with you, which gets for you anything you wish, or lay yourself out for."

Of course she owned her defects; she was not as wise as those clever, long-headed women "who knew the world,"—as that poor dear Lady Margaret, about whom Dr. Spindler, of the German Bath, used to write to her in such awfully-unintelligible English. But she had no humiliation in this deficiency; and like most beauties, thought the treasure these possessed far brighter and more valuable than those prosy commodities which are so much vaunted. But from Dr. Spindler, that courtier physician of the watering-place, far off as he was, our Diana was to learn one of those rough lessons about that new science of "knowledge of the world;" and it is certainly a little hard that to such tender scholars the instruction seems always to be conveyed in the most cruel fashion. But it is the penalty of late education.

This foreign practitioner had soon found out that "miladi" had a young and peerless ward, entitled in her own right to vast estates and influence. Her coming would of course presently be looked for; and

with every post he sent away a most solicitous bulletin of miladi's health. One morning, however, Sir Joseph Masham, whose liver he was trying to get into something like order, had received his Regentstreet Chronicle, and read him aloud the extract that has been already shown to the reader. Sir Joseph, whose liver had been troublesome, was in ill-humour that morning, and added his own private convictions on Diana's affairs, which were coloured by his irritation.

"Don't tell me; I know the place well—every acre of it. The thing has been brewing this long time, and I suppose that Ned did his best to stop their mouths during his lifetime. A foolish girl, with no wit in her head; and will be left there a perfect pauper. All must go or nothing."

On this intelligence the German physician, in a very ill humour, at once ceased his correspondence, and even thought he had a claim for compensation for the way he had been taken in. Diana was deeply hurt. In her new life there was not much to cheer her.

Mrs. Lugard was in bad health, "always suffering," as her husband said impatiently.

"No one could make out what was the matter with her. Can't you say what doctor you would wish to see?—two, three, four, if you like. For God's sake do as other people do, and have done with this martyr-business."

"I want no doctor," said Mrs. Lugard coldly; "I never said I did."
These are merely the words of the scene; but spectators who have unhappily to sit in the stalls, and talk and look on, and see the faces, the action, and the byplay that accompany them, could supply much more.

By this time, however, what had been such a shock had begun to fade in the distance. The coming trial, like all such great ventures, was to take a long time before getting fairly afloat on legal waters. There were so many applications "in chambers" and elsewhere; so much swearing of affidavits, with fresh applications, also "in chambers," for additional time to reply to them,—a foreign witness or two to be examined, for which purpose a commission had "to be sped,"—that at last it seemed to be some distant cloud, which might after all break and pass away with a change of wind. Diana herself began to think it might never come round, and gradually recovered her old enjoyment in the world before her. But all the while it was making slow and certain progress; the case was getting into shape, and, alas, already the beginning, like a small snowball, was being rolled on laboriously by the joint efforts of the attorneys on both sides; and when it presently got to the edge of the hill, would go bounding along of its own momentum. The "speeding" of the commission alone involved an agrecable tourist party, consisting of Mr. Staveley the barrister, a junior counsel from each side, a clerk from ditto, a shorthand-writer, and a sworn interpreter. The party travelled leisurely, received a handsome sum for expenses, and so many guineas a-day each.

From this delay, the public began to rally about the young heiress. They seemed to have been a little hasty. The "mammas" and young men, not too nicely logical in their distinctions, assumed that "it had gone off," and began again to embrace—that is the mammas—and cluster round Diana. Here was another worldly lesson. Even Lord Patmore, who, to do him all justice, had failed from a sense of what he thought was due to his position and high prospects, and had long since sorely repented, came in sackcloth to Diana. It was at a party, the usual scene for most dramatic incidents in Diana's life. Her two friends were beside her. But that was too much, thought Diana; quite too much.

When his lordship began with some apologies for not having called, adding he hoped she would be at home now, and he had had such a time of it, "and all that," Diana found her face colouring. She drew herself up.

"You need not say anything, Lord Patmore," she said; "but I think you were very unkind; and I cannot tell you how much I suffered. It was cruel, O so cruel!"

The young lord glowed and coloured, and could only falter, "O, I vow, Miss Gay,—that is, I couldn't help it at the time,—you know, when I heard all that—"

"And if you had only waited!" went on Diana; "you knew me so little. But you would not have suffered. I knew our relations were altered. But you must not think I am angry now; and I shall never think of it any more."

Diana swept away with not a little pride, and some trembling in her voice.

The culprit was confounded; for he was prepared to condone the past graciously, leaving the future, as it were, open for him. Some of his friends caught a word or two; others at a distance saw Diana's face and bearing, and could decipher all very satisfactorily. So everything being put together, it was understood that "that donkey Patmore had been trying to patch the thing up, and had been gloriously snubbed."

It is surprising how accurate in the main is that shifting, hasty, indifferent, and even ignorant, body the public.

# SENSATIONALISM IN SCIENCE

# Is the Sun dying?

Is one of Mrs. Shelley's poems the end of the world is ushered, to the horror and amasement of the denizens of our planet, by the rising of the sun as a black orb, raying out darkness as formerly it diffused light. This is poetic license with a vengeance. Imagination can conceive an orb which shall be ever dark, by absorbing all the rays of light which fall upon it, while giving out none. But it is beyond imagination to conceive an orb which shall actually ray out darkness,—from which rays of blackness shoot out through space, making night wherever they fall. In this age, when the schoolmaster has been abroad for so many years, such an idea is put aside as too preposterous. Nevertheless, the modern high-priests of science have terrors, in their arcana of knowledge, hardly less appalling for common mortals than the expectation that some morning we shall behold the great orb of day rising upon our doomed world as a fountain of night.

Besides predicting a speedy exhaustion of our coal-fields, and picturing a state of matters which must infallibly occasion the flight of half our population, and leave the other half dependent upon our woods for fuel,—when the yule-log will not only be seen at Christmas, or once a-week, but all the year round, in our kitchens at least,—Science, a represented by its present hierarchs, startles us with the prospect of a far wider calamity. The sun itself, they say, will soon be used up. The great orb of day, the source of heat, light, and life to our planetary system, is an exhaustible and vanishing quantity. since he has lasted so long, they cannot help saying that he must be made of a much finer combustible material than coal: but still, whatever he be made of, we owe heat and light to his combustion and destruction. "If the sun were a solid mass of coal," says the leader of the School, who seems to have calculated the sun's expectation of life as carefully as if he held a policy on it, "it would be burnt out in 4,000 years." Now, this is but, as it were, a day in the life of the worlds. The epochs of geology indicate an existence of our planet, and contemporaneously of the sun, for myriads of years. And even the brief historic period—a period representing but a fragment of man's existence on the earth, dating merely from the time when civilised man began to leave written records which have been preserved and come down to us-would have sufficed to see the sun burn itself up, according to the savans, if it had been "a solid mass of coal." Hence, we repeat, since 4,000 years would suffice to use up the sun entirely, to his last cinder, even if he were made of the best coal, and gave out heat and light in the manner imputed to him, the savans are forced to suppose that the solar orb must be composed of some combustible material so immeasurably superior to coal that (if their theory be true) even imagination is at a loss to conceive what that combustible material can be; all the more so that the same savans declare that coal is by far the best generator of heat which we poor denizens of earth need ever hope to possess or discover.

Still, whatever be his substance, say the savans, the sun is burning himself up. He gives us heat and light only by consuming himself. And the picture rises in one's mind of a time when this act of disinterested suicide will be accomplished, and when Earth and all the planets will be left like shivering outcasts vainly trying to warm themselves at a grate where the fire has gone out. But, fortunately, perhaps—although it is hard to have to make a choice among such dire evils—the fate of the planets is to be different from this. Instead of being left to die of cold, they are to be sucked into the sun, and to perish in adding to his failing heat. The sun is to devour them one by one. They are to be thrown on the funeral pyre, like a Hindoo rajah's widows, and be consumed along with their lord. Or worse than this, for their lord and master is to devour them in order to keep himself alive as long as possible. The old fable of Saturn devouring his children is to be realised; and there is not a gleam of hope for us. Ulysses, when in the cave of the Cyclopean ogre, contrived to escape by putting out the monster's eye: but the sun could find us even in the dark, drawing us towards him as a lost needle in a dark room is drawn to a magnet. We poor planets are like a swarm of minnows shut up in a pond with a pike, or like rabbits in the cage of the bos constrictor in the Zoological Gardens,—permitted to live and circle about, until the monster has need of us to satisfy his appetite and maintain his existence.

This devouring process, we are told, is going on at present, and has been in operation from ages immemorial. The sun, as he consumes himself in giving out heat and light, replenishes his orb, keeps himself up to the mark, by absorbing those bodies of our planetary system which are nearest to him, most within his reach. Every year, we are told, he is replenished by the falling-in of hundreds of countless meteorites and asteroids which are supposed to be ever circulating around him. He lives by the circulating medium, like most of us. Indeed, he seems to be absolutely pelted by the fall of meteorites. One savant supposes that so many myriads of those little planetary bodies must be continually falling upon his surface as to cover him all round to the depth of sixty feet in a single year! What a comfortable existence the solar inhabitants must lead! What sort of umbrellas do they

carry to keep off this shower of exploding rocks and little stars? Or are the inhabitants of such gigantic stature that falling meteorites are no more to them than falling leaves are to us?

These asteroids, invisible little members of our system, seem to go a long way with him. We feel bound to say that the solar ogre makes the most of his food. "Were a meteorite or asteroid to fall into the sun with the greatest velocity it is capable of acquiring [what is that?], it would in falling engender a quantity of heat nearly 10,000 times as great as would be developed by the combustion of an equal weight of coal." So says science: and we hope it is true. We hope also that every one of those little planetary bodies, when called upon to fall into the sun, will do so "with the greatest velocity," in order that its death may be made as useful as possible to the rest of our system. Yet how the savans can calculate the exact amount of heat which the fall of these meteorites into the sun will generate passes our imagination; seeing that the basis of the calculation—namely, "the greatest velocity they are capable of acquiring"—is wholly undeterminable, a mere x quantity in Algebra.

But, however this be, it is obvious, from the doctrines of the savans, that a bad time is coming for our planetary system. the countless swarm of meteorites and asteroids supposed to be circulating round the sun are used up, the great solar suicide will proceed to suck in the planets nearest to him. Poor Mercury will laugh no more; and beautiful Venus will be burnt up with a heat far surpassing that of love. And then, of course, Earth's turn will come next. And it is positively painful to think how even such a calamity may befall us. Although each planetary body thus absorbed is to supply the sun with an amount of heat ten thousand times greater than if the perishing meteorite or planet were composed of pure coal, it is woful to learn how little even the absorption of a good-sized planet will do to keep up the sun's power,—how short a time this act of hunger will suffice to stay his appetite and prevent him requiring another meal. "If our moon"—poor thing!—"fall into the sun, it would only develop heat enough to make good one or two years' loss" of the sun's emitted heat; "and even"—O horror!—" were the earth to fall into the sun, the necessary heat"—the amount of fuel requisite to keep the sun in statu quo—" would be supplied for a century"! So that, once the Sun has finished the asteroids surrounding him, the rapidity with which he will devour the planets is something appalling. Mercury would only last him for some five years,-Venus would suffice for about ninety,—Earth and moon together for a hundred more,—and Mars for only fourteen years. In less than three centuries and a half the hungry Sun would have devoured the whole "inner" planets, and would be trying his devouring powers upon the magnificent orb of Jupiter. In truth, then, if science be right, it seems as if our Planet itself may actually disappear long before the exhaustion of our coal-beds—about which the savans have recently put Mr. Gladstone and all of us in such a tremble.

Why, then, need we go into anxieties about Reform bills and suchlike sublunary trifles, when the end of all things—of the earth at least—may be coming so fast? What is "a leap in the dark" when a leap into light—an absorption of our planet into the sun—may be so near at hand?

Such thoughts take away one's breath. But let us gather our startled senses, and ask, can this be true? Is it true? And here every healthily-constituted mind will first look at facts which are patent to all. And these facts are very reassuring. The earth, and à fortieri the sun, has certainly been in existence for myriads, or rather millions, of years. So says geology. And for six thousand years at least we certainly know that no appreciable change has taken place in the heat and light-giving power of the solar orb. Nevertheless what are we told to believe? "If the earth were to fall into the sun, the heat generated would be equal to that given off by the burning of 5,600 worlds of pure carbon;" and yet, as stated by the same authority, this addition to the solar orb would only suffice to maintain the sun in its present power for a century. Manifestly, then—if this dogma of science be true—the sun must, during the last 6,000 years, have absorbed at least 600 planetary bodies, each as large as the earth! To any ordinary mind, we should think, this gives a quietus to the whole of this appalling theory. Six hundred planets, each as large as earth, swallowed up during the last 6,000 years! Where did the solar monster—this cannibal of light—get those hundreds of planets to feed upon? Why, he must have eaten up the whole of the planets, asteroids and all, ten times over since the days of Abraham! And yet, - so far as astronomical observations can tell us, not even an asteroid has disappeared from the sky.

Surely this single fact ought to have made the savans pause and reconsider their wonderful theories and terribly exact calculations. But we have much more than this to say in regard to the sensational doctrines of this new school.

In the first place, even if their theory of combustion were right, the basis of their calculations is entirely wrong. "Out of 2,300,000,000 parts of light and heat emitted by the sun, the earth only receives one part." This is the starting-point of their calculations. They imagine that light and heat radiate equally from every part of the sun's surface. They estimate the amount of heat which (to use the common expression) comes to us from the sun, and then they suppose that every part of space equidistant with our planet from the sun receives an equal amount of the solar effluence. Now we hold that this is not the case. We hold that Heat and Light, like the power which we call Gravitation, are the results of a cosmical action between the sun and the planets and other surrounding bodies; that they do not flow forth into empty space,

but, speaking roundly, only towards the planets. We shall not at present adduce our arguments in support of this opinion: we need only point out how entirely this view, if it be correct, destroys all the portentous calculations of the savans in regard to the waste and rapid exhaustion of the solar orb. Even if the combustion-theory were well founded, and accepting the above-mentioned calculations of the rate at which the sun is being exhausted, it appears from our view of the case that he would last for upwards of 2000 million times longer than the savans predict! Such longevity on the part of the solar orb is like an eternity; and we don't think any of our readers will care much, even as a matter of speculation, what is to happen to our planetary system at the expiry of so vast a period—a period in fact practically inconceivable by the mind of man.

But we go much further than this. We deny altogether the doctrine of solar combustion. We deny that the great orb of day is wasting away like a mass of burning coal, or in any such fashion. We repeat, Heat and Light are simply forms of that grand cosmical force which is called Gravitation or Attraction; and that the caloric and luminous powers of the sun no more waste that orb than Attraction wastes it or any other body in the universe. Attraction, heat, and light are qualities of Matter, just as weight is; and they no more exhaust the Sun than a man is exhausted by the fact that when he steps upon a steelyard he weighs down the scale. Is a magnet wasted by the fact that it exerts an attractive power? That power is simply the result of its molecular structure—it is a quality of matter just as colour is; it is a consequence of material structure; and it no more exhausts a body than a substance is exhausted by the fact of its being green or blue, hard or soft, sweet or bitter. It is not an exertion of power, but a consequence of structure.

We have never heard that the fact that the Sun attracts the planets is a cause of waste or exhaustion to him; or that because the planets attract one another, their power and term of existence is being lessened. We have never heard that the attraction which the earth has for objects on its surface is a perpetual loss of force to it; or that the objects themselves, which tend to attract one another, are thereby worn out; or that the internal cohesion of iron or stone is an exhausting process which every day and hour is wasting those substances. Just so is it, we maintain, as regards the heat-giving power of the Sun,—ay, and light and gravitation too. They are simply qualities of matter, and they will last

as long as Matter itself endures.

R. H. PATTERSON.

# THE LADY OF THE LAND

ADAPTED FROM SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE,

WE were three voyagers in one ship,
Bertrand, Godfrey, and I;
And we lay off one of the Grecian isles
Under a summer sky.

O, red are the stars in that foreign land,
And darkly blue the sea;
But to touch the shore of that Grecian isle
Hath ill befallen me.

"And O, beware that unholy isle,"
Did Godfrey say to me;
"For many a knight as brave as thou
Hath perished in yon sea.

But to have seen a strange creature there
Those men did meet their doom;
Nor priest nor funeral bell had they,
Nor sacred oil nor tomb."

"What kind of creature be this," quoth I,
"Whom but to see be death?"

Then Godfrey, making the hely sign

Then Godfrey, making the holy sign, Answered under his breath:

"Of noble race and name is she;
Of lineage old and grand;
And these islanders have surnamed her
The Lady of the Land.

And erst she was a lovely maid,
Sweet-voic'd as mermaid's song;
But now a dragon's shape she hath,
A hundred fathoms long.



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### THE LADY OF THE LAND

And in a loathsome cave lies she,
And there shall stay, I wis,
Till a Christian knight shall ransom her
With brave and Christian kiss."

"Good sooth!" I cried, "that knight am I
To set that virgin free,
From the horrid shape which she doth wear
By some foul sorcery."

Then Sir Godfrey shook his head amain:

"Many have vowed that vow;

Many good knights and true," quoth he:

"Where be those champions now?

Bravely they went to that maiden's bower, Bravely they call'd her name; But when they did see her horrid face They fled, sans knightly shame.

And each she followed along the rocks
Whither he fain would flee;
And each she seized in her ravening mouth,
And cast him in the sea.

'And O,' she cried, 'is there ne'er a knight,
In all these goodly ships
I watch afar from my cavern-door,
Will kiss me on the lips?'"

Then out spake I, "By all the red gold
E'er was carried in ships,
I will go straight to this hapless maid,
And kiss her on the lips."

The sun was red in the stormy west—
O, red like blood was he—
When I did climb the perilous steep
That frowneth o'er the sea.

And redder he shone as I came anigh
The cave where she did dwell;
Without that cavern 'twas red as blood,
Within 'twas black as hell.

### THE LADY OF THE LAMD

Boldly I entered that darksome cave, But dragon none saw there, Only a maid with an angel's face Combing her amber hair.

Under the light of a silver lamp
She sat and combed her hair;
Silent I watched her, in sore amaze
Because she was so fair.

Then sudden she looked in her glass

And saw me standing there;

"O, who art thou, young man," quoth she,

"That watch me comb my hair?"

Then straight knelt I upon my knees,
And grasped her by the hand;
"Who art thou, sweet?" cried I. Quoth she,
"The Lady of the Land.

And dost thou love me, dear?" asked she.
"Better than life," quoth I.
"Then hither come thou to-morrow eve,
And kiss me tenderly.

And thou must wait at my cavern-door
Till I come forth to thee;
But O, dear champion, thou must not fear
The creature thou shalt see!

For though I come in a dragon's shape, No such dragon am I; But only a maid whom the angry gods Have used despitefully.

And O, I will be thine own true wife,
And love thee long and dear,
If thou do but kiss my ghastly mouth,
And never shrink for fear.

Great store of treasure, and all this isle,
The harbour and the ships,
Shall be thine for aye if thou wilt dare
To kiss me on the lips."

## THE LADY OF THE LAND

My troth I swore by all the saints,
And fain had kissed her then;
But she thrust me forth from her cavern-door
Till I should come again.

So when the morrow's sun went down,

That darksome cave sought I,

And there came a thing with two great eyen

That glared exceedingly.

Gramercy! it was a ghastly sight;

To flee had I good cause,

When she came forth from the cavern-door,

Clashing her bony jaws.

Then a sudden fear laid hold on me, And changed my blood to ice; Aghast, I fled from that hideous thing Adown the precipice.

And the creature followed close behind With eyen of crimson fire, And I fled amain till I neared my ship, And O, my fears were dire!

And when she saw that I did fly,
The creature, sooth, did wail;
But I got me back to the ship anon,
And at daybreak we set sail.

And sithen that time, by night or day,
Nor rest nor sleep know I;
And my comrades look me in the face
And say I soon shall die.

M. E. BRADDON.

# A SKETCH FROM THE FAR WEST

#### BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

DIDN'T Julius Cæsar colonise Dacia? "Ha, ha!" I hear Vennemosables the great critic cry, "the ignoramus, the unlettered, unsupined, ungerunded oaf, who never was educated at the University of Oxbridge! Julius Cæsar, indeed! the idiot!" Well, Vennemosables, if Casar didn't colonise Dacia, perhaps Trajan sent some of his legionaries thither, where to this day they persist in having black hair and eyes and Roman noses, talking bastard Latin (better than yours, O my Vernemosables!), and calling themselves Roumans. Personally I care little as to what "J. Cæsar of Rome" (as the irreverent Mr. G. F. Train calls that conqueror) did or did not do. What I know and am certain of is that Elisha K. Styles (generally called "Huckleberry Styles," from his fondness for that fruit in the form of a pie), together with Nathan C. Edwards, Joel Z. Seefar, and a goodly company of hard-headed and harder-fisted Yankees, colonised Barmagill in the wilderness, which will in time, so its New-England founders guess, make more noise in the world than ever Tadmor did. Germans, Irish, and Middle-Statesmen

are now among the citizens of Barmagill; but its nucleus was Yankee. This region now abounds with patches of improved land, and great tracts of "snags" or raw stumps, over which the pioneer has just passed with his axe. Every year new patches of land are brought under cultivation, and bring forth the fruits of the earth in their season, and every year the stump-studded tracts grow wider and wider; yet is Barmagill still in the oasis stage, and all around it, for many, many miles, sweeps the wilderness. It may be called, without hyperbole, howling wilderness, for it is tenanted by many small animals and birds, making at unsuitable seasons the most disagreeable noises. they'll all have to come to terms with civilisation some day, and promise not to do so any more, or civilisation will be down on them, and "improve' them—as it does Indians, and other impracticable folks—off the face of the land. Even so I have heard that down Asia and Africa way the tigers and giraffes are often forced to send in messages to the resident sheik in camp, saying that really they can't stand this sort of thing any longer, and that they would be glad of an engagement in a caravan, with regular meals and an allowance for breakages.

The wilderness round Barmagill is a first-class one. It is not a thicket, not a dense mass of timber, nor a swamp, but a vast rolling expanse of rolling prairie—I have sometimes heard it called a "roaring"

prairie\*—interspersed with heavily-wooded flats towards the rivers. This wilderness extends no one can tell how far. The pioneers will find out some day when they begin to think that Barmagill is growing too civilised for them, and so yoke their oxen, shoulder their axes, and tramp away in quest of fresh wildernesses to reclaim. I have heard of one pioneer who always moved "up country" so soon as a printing-office was established in the township he had helped to found. "Those darned noosepapers," he was accustomed to remark, "allers made his cattle stray so."

The rivers watering these wastes were of the grandest, and flowed from still grander solitudes towards the great lakes. The bison, moose, and bear drank from the sources of these rivers. They had been driven upwards by the clank of civilisation; and yet into this enormous terra incognita Christian men had ventured generations before the pioneers had begun to hack at their boundaries. It was up these streams that the indefatigable Jesuit missionaries, more than a century ago, paddled their own canoes, built their camp-fires beneath the stars, and told their resaries at sundown to the astonishment of the screaming wild-fowl. When they met an Indian they converted him; and to the honour of the poor red man, he has always shown himself willing and eager to be con-In South America there are millions and millions of docile, affectionate folk, of the hue of copper stewpans, whose ancestors were converted by a few Jesuit Fathers; but in the North and the West rum has always followed closely in the wake of true religion; the missionary walked arm-in-arm with the pedlar; and fire-water, cheap gunpowder, and the small-pox have soon neutralised all the good that was done by the Bible.

This, then, was the wilderness in the midst of which undaunted Yankees had made the township—it will presently be a city—of Barmagill. For trees in the "openings" there were oak and aspen, hickory and soft maple, dogwood and spice-bush. The woodland harvest was spontaneous. To give you an idea of its richness, I must quote a passage from a sermon from one of the most noted divines in Barmagill, Rev. Buckeye T. Starr (New Connection, Pt. xxx.). "The pawpaw shed its fruit; the mandrake stood up all over the forest, like an umbrella loaded with Newtown pippins; the wild cucumber became humpbacked from top-heaviness; the bark of the hickory and the beechnut was broken; the acorns wobbled in their cups; and the fragrant grape joggulated in its juiceous skin: universal natur' slopped over with fertility, and I wur thar to see it."

It need scarcely be said that the great cause of education—that

It need scarcely be said that the great cause of education—that cause for which all Americans battle so stoutly, and adherence to which

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Dickens has enumerated no less than four distinct modes of pronouncing the word (manifestly of French origin) prairie. The most commonly accepted one in the West is, however, "paryrah." Did you never eat prairie-hen? If you have failed to do so, you have not yet lived.

has enabled them to make such tremendous strides in progress never lost sight of in Barmagill. The newspaper editor is, to begin with, a kind of schoolmaster in the West. If adults whose education, as the saying is, has been neglected—a location which generally means that they have had no education at all-find themselves, when they return to their log-cabin after a hard day's work at felling trees or ploughing or sowing, somewhat too fatigued to attend an evening school, supposing such an establishment to be at hand-if the wives and daughters of the settlers find that they have quite enough to occupy them during the day with washing and ironing, cooking and pickling and preserving, and looking after the young ones, to make it a matter of inconvenience to attend any school at all—there is still no reason why their "education" should remain "neglected." The newspapera local one, or else "mailed" to them two or three times a week by relatives or friends at the North—comes to them in the evening as a Rural newspapers in America are generally much better edscators than the journals published in such great places as New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. In the large centres of population, federal and state and city politics—usually discussed in the most passionate and acrimonious manner-absorb half the space at the command of the editor; the rest is given up to advertisements. But in remote districts and newly-settled territories, although local politics may run high, local squabbles be frequent, and local scandal bitter, there is rarely enough of either to fill the bi-weekly or tri-weekly sheet. So the editor, having raked up all the old Joc-Millers, all the Mrs.-Partingtonisms, all the David-Crockettisms, all the Josh-Billingsisms, all the Prentisisms, and all the Artemus-Wardisms he can recollect, copy, or invent,\* and having exhausted all his treasury of invective in abuse of the editor of the opposition paper, is often fain to fall back upon really sound and improving literature. Newspapers, like nature, abhor a vacuum; and I have seen the yawning columns of a Far-West Pioneer or Intelligencer filled with, say, the whole of Tennyson's Enoch Arden, or Keats's Eve of St. Agnes, or Shelley's Cenci, or Byron's Giaour, or lengthened excerpts from Macaulay or Carlyle, or Frere or Grote, or even with translations from Strauss, or Hegel, or Schopenhauer, or Heine, or Victor Cousin. No one but those who have lived in the wilderness in all but entire solitude can tell with what an eager and hungry absorption of interest the settler, when his labour is over, will read anything, be it his Bible, or a letter from home, or Jack the Giant-killer, or an old railway guide. He will read it over and over again, until he knows it by heart. newspaper becomes not merely a thing of the moment, to be carelessly skimmed and then flung aside, but a real work to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. And it is mainly owing, I apprehend,

<sup>\*</sup> The verbal waggeries, usually of a sententious and axiomatic kind, of the humorists above named form the staple "padding," or rather the oking-out, for newspaper "corners" in America.

to this odd teaching they have gotten from the newspaper that one is so frequently astonished to hear American rail-splitters and lumber-floaters and blacksmiths and tailors, fresh from the backwoods, when they come North and mount a platform to talk about the Public Thing, introduce into their discourse—rough and uncouth as that discourse frequently may be—the aptest quotations, say from the Wealth of Nations, or Sartor Resertus, or Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, or Buckle's History of Civilisation. They have had no access to well-stored libraries; they never had at any time so many as half-a-dozen volumes on the rough pine-shelf which they themselves sawed from the log they had felled and trimmed from the primeval forest. They might count on their fingers the weeks during which they have attended school. The newspaper has been their school and their schoolmaster, their university and their college-tutor.

Barmagill, when it was first hewn out of the forest and fashioned out of the prairie, had passed through this educational stage. But Bermagill is now "quite a place." Its settlers are "citizens." When I last heard of it, Barmagill possessed a Literary and Scientific Institute and a Young Man's Christian Association. There was a spiritual Athenseum, of course; and they were talking about building a Glyptotheka and a Philharmonic Hall. As for schools, public and private, they abounded. There was a Military Cadet Academy, preparatory to West Point; Rev. David D. Domdaniel had just opened a Theological Seminary (Benighted Methodists: no connexion at all); and Professor Poofs—you remember he was a dancing-master at Nashville, lectured on electro-biology at Portland, Maine, and then kept a candy-store at Cincinnati—has started, in conjunction with Mrs. Poofs, a Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, where the higher humanities are taught, such as Sanscrit, political economy, decalcomanie, crystallography, Roman law; gymnastics, and pisciculture.

At the time, however, to which this brief sketch refers, Barmagill had not got quite so far as cadet academies or collegiate institutes. The settlers were content with a Common School. Now, a common school-for an exhaustive account of the economy of which, and its relations to the state, and ultimately to the federal republic, see M. de Tocqueville passin—is said to be one of the engines of popular liberty in America. The common-school system is the same throughout all the states, but its administration varies according to the exigences of locality. Thus, in some townships boys may be taught by women, and in others girls and young women may be taught by men. Most Englishmen but very superficially acquainted with Transatlantic institutions are aware that, prior to the unhappy disruption of the Union, the American government was a most harmonious piece of mechanism, made up of wheels within wheels; and that while these wheels were in one sense thoroughly independent, and stood still or turned just as they were moved or let alone, yet their action indirectly affected the entire machine. In other words, the scheme of government resembled a Chinese concentric ball; the spheres were curiously wrought within, and detached from, each other, and yet, after all, it was but one ball. The construction and operation were exceedingly beautiful to behold. This globe would never have fallen to pieces of its own inherent rottenness. It was violently smashed to pieces, as you know. A school district was one machine, a township another, a county a third, and a state a fourth,—all independent organisations, not worked from afar off by some central power over the heads of the people, but guided by the people themselves and for themselves. Some of the states yet retain this happy wheel-within-wheel economy; others have gotten Military Commands and Freedman's Bureaux.

The county in which Barmagill is situated comprises numerous school-districts; and if the annual meeting of the boards of schoolsuperintendents did sometimes end in a "row," I do not think that these occasional outbreaks of temper among the authorities in any way militated against the educational progress of the school-children. business of these meetings was all settled by the statutes—pronounced "statterts" and "stattits"—and the "rows" were generally about allowing the accounts of the board for the last school-year, voting contingent funds for the next, determining whether a school should be taught by a male or a female, and the election of new officers. On one occasion Huckleberry Styles, as chairman of the board, wished to have some accounts passed for which the clerk to the board could produce no vouchers. This functionary pleaded that the documents had been taken away for perusal by Joel Z. Seefar, who had got "tight" and lost them; at which uprose Colonel Josh Pugglecherry, a newly-arrived settler from Buffalo, who objected to the passing of the accounts without vouchers as contrary to the "statterts." Hereupon Mr. Styles remarked that he gave his word for their correctness, and that "his word was as good as anybody's writin', or 'stattits' either." Colonel Pugglecherry retorted that "it warn't right; that the board had been goin' on anyhow these last six months; and that he'd be clam-chowdered if he'd stand it." To this the clerk of the board (who was not kept under very strict discipline by his superiors) made answer that the honourable gentleman was an owdacious liar; an assertion indorsed by an emphatic "Bully for you!" from the worthy chairman. At this Colonel Pugglecherry arose in great heat, and remarked that he had the highest respect for That Board, but that if he didn't kinder revere That Board he would punch That Board's head and kick That Board out of doors, with That Board's clerk (whom the colonel further qualified as a mean, store-clothes-wearing, fish-ball-eating, rough-cider-drinking, free-lunchspunging "cuss") to keep it company. Affairs at this conjuncture began to assume a very serious aspect, for the gentleman from Buffalo began to make generally disparaging remarks on the New-England States and their inhabitants, and to observe that he was a Lake man, he was, and that Lake men knew what things were, and what things weren't. He proceeded also to fumble very ominously in his coat-pocket, and to murmur, "If you air from Massachusetts, why don't you shoot?"which, when a Western and a Northern gentleman are having words, may usually be considered as a defiance to mortal combat. How far matters might have gone is uncertain; but, fortunately, Morphine P. Zoetrapple was a member of the board. The rare presence of mind of this distinguished man at once threw oil on the troubled waters. He rose, cut a mighty chew of big-lick tobacco (having previously deposited his "old soldier," or exhausted quid, in the huge gutta-percha "receiver" provided for the use of the board at the cost of two dollars twenty-five cents), and in slow and dignified accents demanded to know if this was a deliberative assembly or a Bar. "Air the eyes of the country upon us, or air they not?" pursued Mr. Zoetrapple. "If they sir, let us be calm and temperate; equally defiant of the envious foreigner without as of seditious Hoosiers and Buckeyes within. Air we Blood Tubs? Air we Plug-uglies? Is this a meeting of Dead Rabbits, or a symposium of intelligence and reason? Let us rather burn our ships, break down our bridges, build a golden cestus for the flying enemy, pass bogus dollar bills, fergit to pay for our board, and foreswear our glorious heritage of liberty, than meanly waste our time in gross personalities and irritating recriminations. I, sir," Mr. Zoetrapple went on, "am from the State of New York. I am a Cosmopolite. I am above paltry local perjudices. My father was a Jew, and my mother a German; my uncle was a Pilgrim Father, and my grandmother an Injun. Let us see if we can't settle this little matter. To what, sir, does the account to which my honourable friend objects foot up?"

The so fiercely-discussed account turned out to be a quarter of a dollar, charged for a pane of glass which had been broken, out of sheer cussedness, by young Zeke Scallywag, the son of the proprietor of the Wild-Cat Hotel, Barmagill.

Mr. Morphine P. Zoetrapple drew a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, and flung it on the table. "This is the first meetin' I ever knew blocked by twenty-five cents," he remarked. And there was peace at the meeting of the Board of Superintendence of the School District of Barmagill.

### ON THE TEETH

CIVILIBATION, whatever its defects, is usually conducive to beauty; but in respect to human teeth there is a marked exception. The ugliest savage races—the snail- and snake- and caterpillar-eating Australian savage, the man-eating New Zealander of a past generation, the Fejee cannibals of to-day, the Esquimaux, the Calmuck, whatever the savage or half-savage race we may choose for illustration-have finer teeth than have human beings nursed in luxury, fed delicately, clad and housed comfortably. The fact is plain to sight, but the To say—as many are content with saying—that the planation varies. deteriorated teeth of civilised races are referable to the habits of civilised life is, in point of fact, to evade explanation; the question being, what are the habits and usages of civilised life to teeth so detrimental? Some hold to the belief that sugar is the cause—an opinion I conceive to be untenable, as in the sequel will more appear; others would refer to vinegar the teeth-deterioration of civilised humanity—a verdict irreconcilable with the subsidiary  $r\hat{o}le$  fulfilled by vinegar amongst the constituents of human food. I believe that, more than to any other cause, the inferiority of teeth in civilised to those in savage life, is referable to the swallowing of hot food and drink; often in rapid alternation with cold. Be that as it may, failure of teeth seems a part of the price civilised humanity must pay for the boon of civilisation; hence the due economy of teeth becomes of high importance, whether as a matter of beauty or of utility. Childhood past, a natural tooth lost is usually lost for ever. The cases in which a third set of teeth have been produced are so extremely rare, that the event is looked upon, when occurring, as one of Nature's wayward freaks. of teeth has more than a local meaning: it is a sign in itself of lowered vitality, and it is a cause of further constitutional defect. In the negro slave-market soundness of teeth is relied upon as a sign of sound health and general bodily competence. "He who has lost a tooth," wrote Haller, "may consider that he has begun to die, and already taken possession of the next world with part of his body." Although the teeth-economy of human beings is that which especially concerns us here, still, comparative examination of the teeth of different animals has so much of interest that one ought not to pass it by. rule, all animals of the mammalia class have teeth. To this, however, there are some exceptions; thus, the northern or whalebone whale is devoid of teeth, though the warm-sea sperm-whale has tremendous fangs, as those whom he has attacked in his fury long ago discovered.

All the ant-eater tribe again are devoid of teeth; appendages that would be useless to these animals; even in the way, the habits of their life regarded. A few remaining exceptions might be cited, were one to run the animated kingdom through; the rule is, as common experience makes known, that mammalian animals are all teeth-provided. Not all, however, with teeth on the same pattern and prin-Among mammals the elephant is most peculiar for the mode of teeth formation and development. About the tusks of an elephant little need be written; they are simply long and large teeth, which grow pretty much after the manner of other teeth. It is the short or grinding-teeth of an elephant that are the most peculiar; they are developed in a sort of bony trench, and in growth continually advance brwards. The teeth of rodent animals are, again, peculiar. example, if the teeth of a rat be examined, they will be found to terminste each in a cutting, chisel-like edge; and the arrangement of parts is such that, gnaw as much as the creature will or must, the sharpness of these chisel-edges can never be lessened. The result comes to pass in this way: The obtside surface of the tooth of a rat contains the hardest materials; wherefore it follows that the inner portion of each tooth is soonest to wear away. From this arrangement, d due to the operation of this cause, it follows that the outer crust death of a rat's front-teeth will extend in length, and form a cutting edge. In order to make this arrangement effective in rodent animals, the longitudinal growth of these chisel-teeth is made very rapid; so rapid that if an opposite corresponding tooth be drawn, whereby no bearing-point shall be left, the unopposed tooth will continue growing circularly until, curling round, its farther development is stopped by pressure of the animal's own skull. A preparation illustrative of this may be seen in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Teeth, regarded as to material, are composed of a hard outer covering known as enamel, and an inner portion of soft bone furnished with bervous branches; as in toothache we discover. Chemically, toothemsel is remarkable in the circumstance of its holding a considerable portion of chloride of calcium, the material of fluor, or Derbyshire spar, in point of fact. The full complement of human teeth is thirty-two, four of which, however, coming late, are called wisdom-teeth. Everybody who is of suitable age remembers that, when a child, his first teeth fell out, these having been the first set, or milk-teeth.

The coming of those milk-teeth belongs to those oblivious days of infancy and early childhood which, going, leave no memory behind. That order, however, was the following: the milk, or decidnous, teeth were twenty in number, and they made their appearance thus: first came the four central incisors, about the seventh month after birth, but occasionally earlier or later, those of the lower jaw appearing first; text in order came the lateral incisors, the lower jaw again having precedence. Those teeth usually appear between the sevent! and tenth

month. Then there was a short period of rest, after which the front molars came forth soon after the twelfth month; these were followed by the canines, which appeared between the fourteenth and twentieth months. The posterior molars were the last, and being the most uncertain as to time, one cannot specify when they came for any particular individual, say any time between the eighteenth and thirty-sixth months.

The second dentition consists in the replacement of the deciduous, or milk, teeth by the second or permanent set. It usually commences about the seventh or eighth year. The gums of the new teeth, however, are prepared; ready, and waiting, a long time before this. The middle incisors are first shed and renewed; then the lateral incisors. Next are shed the anterior or milk molars, to be replaced by the anterior bicusped. About a year afterwards the posterior milk molars fall out, being replaced by other bicusped. The canines are the last of the milk-teeth to be exchanged. Next year the second pair of true molars will appear; but the third pair, or dentes sapientia—otherwise wisdom-teeth—may come at any subsequent period.

It has been already stated that, in exceptional cases, a third set of teeth has been known to come. Looking over the records of extreme old age, it will be remarked that any considerable extension of life beyond ninety has often been accompanied by the growth of one or more of a third set of teeth. A remarkable instance of this I find narrated by Dr. Slare, in a book written by him in advocacy of a saccharine diet, and published in 1715. Most of us are aware that amongst certain people sugar has the evil repute of destroying the teeth of persons much addicted to it, unjustly as the writer believes, and as he has already recorded. He is not aware that the imputation rests on any firmer basis than that of the economical spirit of thrifty housekeepers. In the early days of sugar the teeth-destroying prejudice against sugar was much stronger than now. As an aid towards confuting that prejudice, Dr. Slare—the great sugar-advocate of the last century—published the case of Mr. Malory, his grandfather by the mother's side. This very old gentleman led, testifies the doctor, an active, but sober and temperate life: loved hunting, a gun, and a hawk; was very regular in his eating and drinking; did make three meals a day, but did only eat flesh at dinner; drank every morning near a pint of good soft ale; then walked in his orchard as many turns as did make a mile; seldom drank wine, but when he did 'twas Canary: did this in the even of his old age. eyesight was so good that, when between eighty and ninety, he could take up a pin from the ground. His stomach never failed him to the last, and—what concerns us most—when this old gentleman was past eighty-one, his hair did change somewhat dark, and certain of his teeth coming out they were replaced by new ones, and so did they continue to come until he had a new set quite round. He delighted in all manner of sweetmeats; used in the morning to spread honey upon his bread; at other times to strew sugar over his bread-and-butter. He loved to have all his sauces very sweet, especially his mutton, hashed or boiled, or any other sort of meat that would bear sauces.

The utility of teeth needs no expatiation; yet they are not in most cases treated judiciously, not with the respect the memory of "gone once for ever gone" demands. Amongst the evil habits most to be reprobated is the use of hard toothbrushes. The opinion prevails in some circles of injudicious people that some latent virtue, some strengthening power, resides in the bristles of a hard toothbrush. A greater error than this it would be difficult to imagine. The teeth, though bony, are organised. They have to receive their due blood-supply from vessels of the gums. When, from any cause, the blood-supply is cut off, then do the teeth loosen in their sockets, decay, and ache. Far from hardness being a quality desirable, the bristles of a toothbrush cannot well be too soft. If hard, they infallibly denude the gums after a time. When this has come to pass, decay and pain are not far off. In respect to dentifrices again, much error prevails. They are pretty often mechanical, often chemical. Some are compounded of hard, gritty materials, that wear away the enamel and mechanically abrade the gums; others hold chemical agents, that whiten the enamel-surface of teeth indeed, but at the price of destruction. Long before any admonition conveyed by pain, caries will set in. The fact can only be determined by examination by some intelligent dentist. Now is the time for preservation by filling, and not when toothache has established itself. A dentist is not a mere cosmetic- or beauty-artist, as he is too commonly regarded; he is a physician who works by giving effect to ordinary powers of digestion instead of physic. The importance of mastication as a preliminary to digestion can hardly be overstated; and, of course, the perfection of this mechanical act will be correlative with the perfection of teeth. The remark is common enough that dentists are not what they should be; not reliable as men of honour; more chiefly intent on running up long bills. The opprobrium is far too sweeping ; there are honourable and dishonourable dentists, as there are honourable and dishonourable dectors and lawyers. Wherever many opportunities for cheating exist, many provocatives to dishonour, there some men will be found to take advantage of them. As regards dentists, the proposition may in a geneal way be laid down, that the higher-priced men are in the end the cheapest. The work of such may ever be relied upon as the best; and to patients who may be unable to pay the full honorarium, such gentlemen are ever considerate. One class of dentists are to be scrupulously woided-those who exhibit specimen-cases in druggists' shops, and put brass-plates on druggists' doors. These practitioners vaunt themselves a being economical. They are the very reverse; they are really most expensive; and it could not well be otherwise, seeing they have to divide profits with the exhibiting druggists. In teeth-economy the principle should be established of keeping a tooth as long as it is useful, but no longer. When a tooth has ceased to be good for mastication, or for ornament, the sooner it is removed the better. When removed, m artificial tooth should be established in its place. The time has gone by for natural artificial teeth to have preference; and the consideration of this fact should do away with the hesitation that some people have for using false teeth. Sentiment is a very powerful influence in this world. Reason about it as we like, sentiment is a feeling that must and will be But for sentiment, the utilitarianism of life might attain to respected. a wider development. We might eat cat's-meat to make flesh and blood; we might convert our dead into smelling-salts, prussian-blue, lucifermatches, skin door-mats, gloves, boots and shoes, and perhaps a hundred other useful products. Sentiment restrains us—even the most philosphical; and the sentiment against fixing the teeth of dead human beings in the mouths of living ones is undoubtedly potent. There is now no need for doing this, so many excellent materials of non-human origin Taken all in all, artificial teeth of hard enamel standing in aid. chiefly to be recommended, and those of American manufacture are the very best known. The particular sort of teeth, however, will depend a good deal on the shape of the palate and the number to be set in a block. Excellent sets are made of hippopotamus ivory; that of the phant is too soft, and stains too rapidly, to be of any great use to the dentist. As a matter of sentiment, the advantages of enamel or porcelain teeth, as we may call them, need no expatiation. Being wholly non-absorbent, they never stain or otherwise change colour. This leads up to an observation and a precept; one that wearers of this sort of artificial teeth should more frequently remember than they do. It is this —natural teeth are never white. Except sometimes in early childhood they have not the faintest claim to whiteness. A miniature-painter, or others having a discriminating eye for colour, would not fail to discover in by far the majority of natural teeth those mingled tints of green, blue, yellow, &c. that, taken together, go to make up a general result of grayness of some preponderating shade. If this be so of natural teeth naturally, by how much more will the tint of teeth be varied from white by the thousand contingencies of coloured food and drink, of physic, and perhaps of smoking?

A common failing with middle-aged and elderly, nay too often young, people is, that they choose artificial teeth of the most brilliant whiteness they can find. Nothing can be more absurd. To commit this error is to reveal to any apprehension of ordinary acuteness the secret of false teeth. Another common error is that of having artificial teeth more regular and more block-like than is ever seen in nature. If the most regular set of naturally-grown teeth be examined as to absolute mechanical evenness, they will be found deficient in this quality, and still that very defect shall conduce to the general result of beauty. The fact is certain, though the foundation of it lies too deep for easy revelation—maybe for any—that some degree of irregularity of feature is needed to awaken in an appreciative mind the highest senti-

ent of beauty. Few of us but can remember to have seen faces so bolly regular, so feature by feature unexceptionable, that the result all tame and unimpressive on the eye. As regards the teeth, it will enerally be found that the most pleasing expression, male and female, -nay, the highest types of male and female feature-beauty,-is corelated with some sort of irregularity in the teeth. In one the precise rregularity is, perhaps, that a tooth slightly overlaps; in another the ront teeth are slightly parted, it may be. Of whatever sort the natural peculiarity may have been, the dentist should be allowed to follow it in his copy. Here, too, in a general way, the remark may be made, that if by any chance a set of teeth gives admiration for its pure white tint and general evenness of run, when seen on a table or under a case, that set will not be satisfactory when placed to do duty, for beauty and utility, in the mouth. Persons who foolishly select artificial teeth of greater whiteness than is ever seen in nature will perhaps be surprised to learn at what cost of trouble and ingenuity varying tints are imparted by the manufacturer of artificial teeth to naturally white materials. Yellow tints are given by titanium; blue by platinum; bright blue by cobalt; bluish yellow by titanium and platinum mingled. It would be altogether too technical to particularise here the exact composition of mineral teeth. The best general exposition will consist in the statement that they are made up of a material holding felspar, borax, clay, occasionally flint-glass-though that is not advisable-and silica. They are moulded either in plaster-of-paris, porous stone, or metal; the last being preferable. They are next burned in a farnace like any ordinary porcelain. Sometimes whole blocks of this latter material are moulded, gums included; but whether blocks or single teeth, the process of enamelling is necessary. It closely resembles the enamelling or glazing of porcelain, especially real porcelain, of which New Sèvres is typical, and it is conducted in the same manner as the glazing of porcelain, but more delicately. If the very whitest natural tooth be carefully examined, three distinct shades of tint at least will be noticed upon it. First there is the tint belonging to the general body of the tooth; then that of the crown, or bearing-edge, or surface; lastly, of the part running into the gum. All these three tints must be imitated and indicated by the true dental artist. Occasionally entire blocks-several teeth, gums, and all-are made in one piece of this porcelain or enamel material. In this case, besides the three tints appertaining to the teeth proper, the roseate aspect of the gum must be represented. To accomplish this the colouring-matter used is gold; to which also are due the lovely red tints we admire so much in certain pieces of Bohemian glass. On the whole, block-teeth are not to be recommended, whatever the material of them may be. Far more efficient we teeth mounted on either metal or vulcanite. The metals used for this purpose are gold, palladium, and sometimes platinum—the only objection to which last is its extreme weight. Silver, considered as a

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metal for dentistry purposes, would be wholly objectionable, on account of the facility with which it blackens when brought into contact with sulphur, or things holding sulphur. In saliva there is much of this element; no inconsiderable amount in many varieties of food. Among condiments, mustard teems with sulphur; and perhaps, with the single exception of salt, no article of either food or condiment is wholly devoid of sulphur. From all this it follows that silver would not serve the dentist's purpose at all. Occasionally teeth are filled with silver instead of gold-leaf; concerning which practice all the chemist can record is—pity dentists don't know better.

In respect to gold, whether employed in mounting dentistry, or for any other constructive purpose, the fact need hardly be explained that the noble metal is never used pure; absolutely pure gold is scarcely more rigid, hard, and mechanically enduring than absolutely pure lead. It needs alloy to give mechanical hardness and impart endurance. The gold coins of this realm are composed of twenty-two parts gold to two parts copper in twenty-four. Hence, in technical language they are said to be twenty-two carats fine. No gold for dentistry purposes should have a lower quality than twenty carats; in other words, should hold more than four parts of copper or other alloy in the twenty-four. Gold-foil for filling teeth should be made of absolutely pure gold; in technical language, gold of four-and-twenty carats fine.

Toothache one needs must touch on. Why the two fell tortures of gout and toothache are so commonly regarded as ailments absolved from pity, I know not of my own knowledge, and never found anyone who did. Toothache has this advantage over gout, that it is always alleviable, and that in most instances without removing the tooth. Few, very few, aching teeth will resist the application of aconite judiciously used; and though aconite be a poison, and the treatment sounds poisonous, yet in any but the most careless hands it may be used to stop toothache with impunity. The best mode of application is this: having immersed some cotton-wool in tincture of aconite poured into a dish and set in a warm place, wait until the tincture has evaporated and left the cotton-wool impregnated with aconite paste. This paste-mixture of cotton and aconite is what the tooth is to be filled with. Pain usually departs in about ten minutes. It is not intended that the patient shall swallow any part of this aconite paste or its products; but even if deglutition do occur no poisoning will ensue, the quantity of the active principle of aconite thus capable of finding its way to the stomach being insufficient to develop any bad conse-There is an incorporation of arsenic and morphia slightly more efficacious than aconite for alleviating toothache; but it is altogether too dangerous for domestic or private use.

## DEAD-SEA FRUIT

# A Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

# CHAPTER XXXVII. HIDDEN HOPES.

Upon Mr. Jerningham the tidings of his wife's death came suddenly, but not unexpectedly. He hastened to arrange that all honour should be paid to the ashes of this fair scion of the house of Jerningham. The ponderous doors of the vault which had not been opened since his father's death unclosed to receive his wife's coffin. The bells which had rung a merry peal of welcome when she first came to Greenlands tolled long and dismally upon the day of her burial. All deference and ceremony that could have attended the burial of a beloved wife attended the funeral rites of her who had been only tolerated by her husband. Harold Jerningham was chief mourner at that stately yet quiet ceremonial. His own hand had addressed the invitation that summoned Laurence Desmond to the funeral.

"The world shall read how we stood side by side at the door of the vault," thought Mr. Jerningham; "and the lips of Slander shall be mute about the poor soul's friendship for her father's friend."

Mr. Desmond understood and appreciated the delicacy of mind which had inspired the invitation. Even in that last dread ceremonial it was well that there should be some votive offering to Society. That deity has her shrine in every temple, and must be propitiated alike at wedding-feast or funeral. She is the modern successor of those nameless goddesses whom the men of old called amiable, and worshipped in mortal fear.

Theodore de Bergerac was present at the opening and closing of the vault, and invited Laurence Desmond to dinner when they left the church; but his invitation was declined.

"I will run down to dine with you in a week or two, if you will allow me," he said; "but to-day it is impossible. I have business that will take me back to town."

And so they parted; Laurence to go back to his chambers and spend the evening in dreary meditation, looking over the letters that had been written to him by that hand which now lay cold in the Berkshire vault. He had a photograph of the never-to-be-forgotten face, a few water-coloured sketches of the river-scenery about Hampton; and these were all his memorials of the dead.

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He packed them carefully in white paper, sealed the packet with many seals, and laid it in the most secret drawer of his desk.

"Thus ends the love of my youth," he said to himself; "God grant the love of my manhood may come to a happier ending!"

The first few months of his widowhood Mr. Jerningham speak abroad. For some subtle reason of his own he preferred to be away from Greenlands, and from his friends at the cottage, during that period of conventional mourning. Perhaps he would have been less inclined to absent himself from that beloved retreat if Eustace Thorburn had still been a dweller in M. de Bergerac's household.

That gentleman's residence in Paris threatened to extend itself to several months. The work found for him amongst old manuscripts and rare Oriental books increased every day, and the notes of the great history seemed likely to become as voluminous as Gibbon's Rome. Like Gibbon, M. de Bergerac had bestowed the greater part of his lifetime upon the collection of materials for his great book; but the materials, when collected, were more difficult to deal with than those upon which the matchless historian founded his massive monument of human genius; or it may be that M. de Bergerac was something less than Gibbon. In earnestness, at least, he was that great man's equal.

"Do not leave Paris until you have completely sifted the Oriental department of the library," he wrote to his secretary; "and if it is necessary for you to have the aid of a translator, do not hesitate to engage one."

To this Mr. Thorburn replied modestly that his own knowledge of the Oriental languages was increasing day by day; that he had been fortunate enough to fall in with a learned, though somewhat shabby, pundit among the frequenters of the Imperial Library; and that he had induced this person to work with him for an hour or two every evening on very reasonable terms.

"I cannot tell you what pleasure it has been to me to conquer the difficulties of these languages," he wrote to his kind employer. And indeed, to this friendless young man every grammatical triumph had been sweet, every tedious struggle with the obscurities of Devanagari & Sanscrit a labour of love. Riches or rank he had none to lay at the feet of the fair girl he loved; but by such dryasdust studies as the could testify his devotion to that service which of all others was most dear to her affectionate heart.

Weeks and months slipped by in these congenial labours. The notes for the great book, and Eustace Thorburn's poem, grew side by side, and the young man had no leisure hour in which to nurse despondent thoughts. He was happier than he could have imagined is possible for him to be away from Greenlands. His work was delighted to him because he was working for her. Yes; for her! His patient industry at the library was a tribute to her. His poem was written for

er: since, if it won him reputation, he might dare to offer her the ame so embellished.

To Helen those autumn months seemed very dull. Her father's ecretary had made himself so completely a part of the household as o leave a blank not easily filled. Both father and daughter missed his bright face, his earnest, enthusiastic talk, his affectionate but unobrusive devotion to their smallest interests.

"We shall never have such a friend again, papa," Helen said naïvely; and the little speech, with the tone in which it was spoken, inclined M. de Bergerac to think that Harold Jerningham's fears had not been groundless.

"You miss him very much, Helen?"

"More than I thought it possible I could miss anyone but you."

"And yet he only came to us as a stranger, my dear, to perform a stipulated service. In France a young lady would scarcely care to express so much interest in her father's secretary."

The girl's innocent face grew crimson. What! had she said more than was becoming? Had she deserved a reproof from that dear father whom she lived only to please? After this she spoke no more of Euslace Thorburn; but her father's mild reproof had awakened strange misgivings in her mind.

Mr. Jerningham returned to Greenlands before Christmas, and spent that pleasant season at the cottage. A peace of mind which he had not known since boyhood possessed him in that calm abode, now that he was a free man, and Eustace Thorburn no longer exhibited before him the insolent happiness of youth.

"This is indeed home!" he exclaimed, as he sat by M. de Bergerac's hearth, and heard the carol-singers in the garden. "It is more than thirty years since Christmas was kept at the great house yonder. I wonder whether it will ever be kept there again within my life?"

"Why not?" asked his old friend; "you are young enough to marry

again."

"Do you think so, Theodore?" inquired Mr. Jerningham earnestly.

"Do I think so? Who should think so more than I? Was there over a happier marriage than mine? And I do not ask you to make bold a venture as I made in marrying a dear girl twenty years my junior. There are handsome and distinguished widows enough in your English society; women who, in the prime of middle age, retain the fresh beauty of their youth with all the added graces given by experience of life."

"Thanks," said Mr. Jerningham coldly; "I should not care to intrust the remnant of my life to a middle-aged person, however well preserved. I can exist without a wife. If ever I marry again I shall marry for love."

He stole a glance at Helen. She was sitting by the fire with an open book upon her lap, her eyes fixed dreamily. Where her wandering thoughts might be Harold Jerningham knew not; but he perceived they were not given to him. "Has the hour gone by?" he asked himself. "Has my hour gone for ever?"

"Nobly spoken, my friend," said Theodore; "you will marry for love. And why not? God gave me a fair young bride, and seven years of happiness more complete than a man dare hope for on earth."

No more was said upon a subject so delicate. But from this conversation Mr. Jerningham derived considerable comfort; for he perceived that his old friend found no incongruity in the idea of his seeking something more than a marriage of convenience in a second union.

After this he came to the cottage with something akin to hope in his breast. Helen received him always with the same sweetness. He was her father's friend, and had been her father's protector in the home of evil fortune. This fact was ever present to her mind; it imparted to her manner a sweetness which was fatal to Harold Jerningham.

Theodore de Bergerac watched the two together; and one day, as is by inspiration, the secret of his old friend's frequent visits flashed upon him. The danger that had existed for the young secretary existed also for the weary worldling, and girlish sweetness and simplicity had was a heart sated with life's factitious joys.

Within a week after the student achieved this brilliant discovery, Harold Jerningham made a full confession of his weakness.

"I know that at present I am no more to her than her father's of friend," he said, when he had told his story, and had discovered the M. de Bergerac was neither surprised nor shocked by the revelation but give me only sufficient time and I may win that pure heart which already half belongs to me by right of my affection for you. Earnest feeling in a man who is not quick to feel must count from that past if you can; for, as I live, I am a new man since I have loved your daughter. To love a creature so pure is a spiritual baptism. If I can win that innocent heart you will not stand between me and happiness, will you, old friend?"

"If you can win her heart, no; but I will not sacrifice my daughter or persuade her. I will confess to you that the uncertainty of her future is a constant perplexity to me, and that I would gladly see that future secured. I will say even more than this; I will admit that I should be proud to see my only child allied to a race so distinguished as your, the mistress of a home so splendid as your Greenlands yonder. But by no word of mine will I influence her to a step so solemn. The difference between your ages is greater than in the case of myself and my dear wife; but the world might possibly have augured ill for the result of our union. Again, I say, if you can win my child's heart, I will not refuse you her hand."

This was all Mr. Jerningham desired. A reluctant bride sacrificed on the altar of ambition would have been no bride for him. He was too

auch a gentleman not to have recoiled from the brutality involved in uch a union. All he desired was the liberty to woo and to win; to et his many gifts against that one obvious disadvantage of his fifty ears, and to triumph in spite of that stumbling-block.

"Time and I against any two," said Philip II. of Spain.

Mr. Jerningham's chief reliance was on time; time, which might first nder his society habitual and then necessary to Helen; time, which ould familiarise her with the difference between their ages, until that ference would scarcely seem to exist; time, which by demonstrating is constancy and devotion must in the end give him a claim upon elen's gratitude, a right to her compassion.

Time might perhaps have done all this for Mr. Jerningham but for it is small circumstance: the stake for which he was playing this itient game had already been won. It remained no more upon the ble for gamblers to venture its winning. The girl's innocent heart id been given unconsciously to a silent adorer; and while Harold emingham was hanging upon her looks and studying her careless ords, all her tenderest thoughts and dreams were wafted across the hannel to the industrious exile clearing his way through the great mgle of Arianism in the Imperial Library of Paris.

Winter passed, and the early spring brought news to Mr. Jerningam. A noble Scottish kinsman had died, leaving him a handsome state in Perthshire. It was necessary that he should visit this new equisition, and make all arrangements for its due maintenance; but he as sorely averse from leaving Greenlands and the simple household in hich he had learned to be happy.

"I suppose I must go," he said; "Lord Pendarvoch was a conrmed miser, and I know he kept the place in a most miserable condiion. When I was last in the neighbourhood, many years ago, there
me not a fence fit for a civilised country, or a boundary-wall that kept
at his neighbour's cattle. Yes, I suppose I must go and take possesion, and shake hands with my tacksmen, and establish my claim to be
arded as a scion of the true blood—though it comes to me zigzag
whion through a female branch of the old house. My mother's mother
me an aunt of the last lord."

Mr. Jerningham lapsed into reverie. It was early April; green and already bursting in the old-fashioned garden, and a wealth of peared plum-blossom, snowy white; but the rich red of the apple-trees not to opened. Tulip and hyacinth, polyanthus and primrose, were bright the borders; rich red wallflowers bloomed on the old wall; all the parden was gay with the fresh spring blossoms.

"Do you remember what you said about Switzerland, Helen?" Mr. Jeningham asked abruptly, after rather a long silence.

"I remember saying a great deal about Switzerland."

"And of your desire to see that country?"

"Yes, indeed; but that is too bright a dream. Papa confesses that

his book is the kind of book that never is finished. William Mure of Caldwell did not live to finish his book, you know, though the subject is a narrow one compared to the theme of my dear father's labours; and Müller's book was left unfinished. How can I ever hope to go to Swizzerland, since I should care nothing for the most beautiful land unless papa was my fellow-traveller?"

"We will persuade your father to publish the first two volumes of his book some day, and then we can all start for Switzerland together. But in the mean time allow me to inquire if you have ever thought about

Scotland?"

"I have read Sir Walter Scott's delightful stories."

"Of course," cried Mr. Jerningham with unwonted vivacity; "and those charming romances have inspired you with an ardent desire to behold the scenes which they embellish—the land of mountain and of flood, the land of Macgregor and Ravenswood, of heart-broken Luoy Ashton and weird Meg Merrilies. Do not think of Switzerland till you! have seen the Scottish highlands."

"But the snow!" urged Helen.

"Snow! In Scotland I will show you mountain-peaks upon which' the snows have never melted since the days of the Bruce; and from those snow-clad hills you shall look down into no dazzling abyss of awful whiteness, but out upon the waste of waters, with all their changeful play of light and shade, and varying splendour of colour and animated motion. In Switzerland, remember, you have no sea,"

"But the ice-oceans—the glaciers?"

"Better in the descriptions of Berlepsch than in reality; and ever he admits that they are dirty. Upon my honour, the highlands of Scotland are unsurpassable."

"And then?" inquired Helen, laughing. "Why this sudden enthusasm for Scotland, Mr. Jerningham? O, I forgot; you are now a proprietor of the northern soil, and I suppose this is only a natural burn of proprietorial pride."

This accusation Mr. Jerningham disdained to answer.

"Helen," he said with mock solemnity, "has it never occurred to you that your father must require change of scene—some relief from the monotonous verdancy of silvan Berkshire—some respite from those eternal spreading beeches which provoke from commonplace lips ever-recurring allusion to the hackneyed Tityrus? That you yourself have languished for bolder scenery—snow-clad mountain-top and wide blue lake—I am well aware; but do you think our dear scholar does not also require that mental and physical refreshment which comes from the contemplation of unknown lands and the breathing of unfamiliar breezes; or, in two words, do you not think that a brief spring holiday in the highlands would be of great advantage to my dear friend?"

The student came out of the porch in time to hear the conclusion of Mr. Jerningham's speech. The master of Greenlands and Helen de

Bergerac had been strolling up and down the lawn in front of the cottage during this conversation.

"What are you talking about, Harold?" asked the Frenchman.

Helen was prompt to answer his question.

- "O papa, Mr. Jerningham has been saying that you must require change of air and scene, and that a trip to Scotland would do you wonderful good. And so I am sure it would."
- "Yes, Theodore, I want you to go with me to Pendarvoch. The place itself is scarcely worth showing you, but the surrounding scenery is superb; and Helen informs me she languishes to behold the Scottish highlands."
  - "O Mr. Jerningham," cried Helen, "when did I ever say-"
- "Not a minute ago. And you know the advantage to your father will be unspeakable."
  - "But my book!" urged the student.
- "You will return to it with renewed vigour after your holiday. You told me only the other day that you had of late experienced a languor, a distaste for your work, which denoted physical weakness; and—"
- "O papa," cried Helen alarmed, "you do not confess these things to me! It is quite true; you have been looking tired lately. Nanon remarked it. Pray let us go to Scotland."
  - "Can you refuse her?" asked Mr. Jerningham.
  - "When did I ever refuse anything to this dear child?"
- "And when did she ever ask anything that you should refuse?
  -Come, Theodore, it is the first favour I have asked of you for a long time. I must go to Pendarvoch; and I cannot bear to leave this place, where I have been so happy, unless I can take those with me who have made the spot so dear."

To a woman of the world, the tone of these words and the look which accompanied them would have spoken volumes. To Helen they told nothing, except that Mr. Jerningham was sincerely attached to ber father and herself. She had always thought of him as her father's devoted friend, and it seemed to her only natural that she should be included in that friendship. She liked Harold Jerningham better than the liked anyone, except those two people who reigned side by side in her heart; and the line which divides the outer tokens of liking and loving is so narrow a demarcation, that Harold Jerningham might easily be betrayed into fond hopes that were without foundation. Her manner to this friend of her father's was all sweetness. tender accents, his fond admiring looks, she accepted as the natural gallantries of a man so much her senior. Her very innocence made her more dangerous than the most accomplished of coquettes. And at this notion of a trip to the Highlands she brightened and sparkled, and placed herself at once on Mr. Jerningham's side. For so many reasons the plan was delightful to her. First and chiefest of such reasons, it promised to benefit her father; secondly, she had long known and rejoiced in the romances of the northern enchanter, and the very sound of Scottish names conjured a hundred visions of romance before her mind's eye; thirdly, there had come upon Greenlands, upon her garden, her poultry-yard, her books, her piano, the river, the woods, nay, over the very sky that arched the woods and river, a shadow of dulness from the hour of Eustace Thorburn's departure. The old places had lost their familiar charm—the old pursuits had become wearisome. She fancied that amidst new scenes she would be less likely to miss her old companion; and then, in the next breath, said to herself, "How he would have liked to see Scotland!"

A great deal of argument was required to convince Theodore de Bergerac that it could be for his benefit to uproot himself from the spot he so dearly loved in order to travel to remotest regions of the north. He had the Frenchman's natural horror of foreign countries; and having once niched himself at his nest at Greenlands, cared not to stir thence, how fair soever might be the distant lands he was invited to visit. The argument which at last prevailed was that urged by Helen's pleading face. That entreaty the tender father was powerless to resist.

"My darling, it must be as you wish," he said; and the rest was easy. Mr. Jerningham did not suffer the grass to grow under his feet. He was prompt to make all arrangements, and three days after the subject had been mooted, the travellers were on their northward way, speeding to Edinburgh by express.

They were to spend three days in Edinburgh, then onward by easy stages, "doing" all the lions in their way, to the village and castle of Pendarvoch, which lay, half in Perthshire, half in Aberdeenshire.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

#### NORTHWARD.

THE travellers had not left Greenlands two days when Eustace Thorburn arrived there. He had finished his work in Paris a month sooner than he had expected, and had been glad to hurry home, in order to complete his arrangements with an eminent publishing firm who, after considerable hesitation, had agreed to publish his poem without hazard of capital on his part, though not without foreboding of los on theirs.

M. de Bergerac had not forgotten to write to his secretary, an nouncing the Scottish expedition; but he had only written an hou before starting, and the letter and the secretary had crossed each othe between Dover and Calais. Eustace came to Greenlands full of hopefu agitation. He had not forgotten the promise made his uncle. He had not forgotten that he was pledged to make a full confession to his kin patron, and to accept his banishment, if need were. His Parisian exil-

had only deferred the evil hour; it must come now, and speedily; and the decree would be spoken, and he and Helen must in all likelihood part for ever. But in the mean time he would see her once more, and it was for this unspeakable blessing he languished. For the last night of his sojourn in Paris sleep had been impossible. He could think only of the delight to which he was hastening—to see her once again. His love had grown day by day, hour by hour, during these long months of absence. As the train ploughed onwards through dusty flats, as the steamer danced across the sunlit waters, this one traveller counted the miles, and calculated the moments until he should near the beloved spot where his idol dwelt.

He knew that his uncle Dan would have been glad to see him, even for a brief exchange of greetings and shaking of hands; but he could not bring himself to spend the half-hour that it must have cost him to call in Great Ormond-street. Swift as a hack-cab could take him, he rushed from station to station, was so lucky as to catch a fast train for Windsor, and entered the shady avenues of Greenlands within fourteen hours of his departure from Paris.

How fresh and verdant the spring landscape seemed to him!—the cowslips and bluebells, the hawthorn buds just beginning to whiten the old rugged trees, gummy chestnut husks scattering the ground, and from afar the rich odour of newly-opened lilacs.

"And to think that for its master this place has no charm!" he said to himself wonderingly.

His heart beat fast as he opened the gate of the bailiff's garden. Here all things looked their brightest and prettiest. The birds were singing gaily in the porch. The deep voice of Hephæstus boomed from the hall, and the dog ran out to repel the intruder, but changed his bass growl of menace into a noisy demonstration of delight at sight of the traveller.

Even this welcome Eustace was glad to receive. It seemed a good omen. The door stood wide open; he went into the hall, with the dog leaping and bounding about him as he went. No one appeared. There was no sound of voices in any of the rooms. He opened the drawing-room door softly, and went in, prepared to see Helen bending over her books at a table in the window. But Helen was not there, and the room looked cold and dreary. Never had he seen the books so primly arranged, the piano so carefully closed. No cheery blaze brightened the hearth, no flowers perfumed the atmosphere. His instinct told him that a change had fallen upon the pleasant home. He rang the bell, and the fresh country housemaid answered his summons.

"Lor' a mercy, sir, how you did startle me!" she said. "I a'most thought it was ghostes, which they do begin sometimes with ringin' o' the bells."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Is your mistress away from home?" asked Eustace.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Yes, sir, and master too. They both be gone to Scotland for a

month or more. Didn't you get the letter as master sent you, sir? 'I heard him say as he'd wrote to tell you they was gone."

They had gone to Scotland! To find them absent from Greenlands was in itself a wonder to him; but it seemed to him a kind of miracle that they should have gone to Scotland, that country which he was bent upon exploring in his search for the scene of his mother's sor-

"What part of Scotland has your master gone to, Martha?" he asked the housemaid.

The girl shook her head despondently, and replied that she had not "heard tell." They were to travel with Mr. Jerningham, she believed. That gentleman had come into property in Scotland, and they were going to see it. ? This was the utmost she had "heard tell on."

With Mr. Jerningham! What should make that gentleman Helen's travelling-companion? A sudden pang of jealousy rent Eustace Thorburn's heart as he thought of such a companionship. What could have brought about this Scottish journey? Having possessed himself of Martha's slender stock of information on this point, Eustace went to the kitchen to question Nanon; but with little more success. The Frenchwoman was voluble, but she could tell him scarcely anything.

They were to visit many places, she said, but she knew not where. The names of those barbarous countries had slipped from her memory. It was far, very far; and they were to be absent a month. O, but it was dismal without that sweet young lady! Nanon had nursed her as a baby, and never before had they been so long asunder.

"For a month! It is frightful to think of it," shrieked Nanon. She invited Mr. Thorburn to rest and refresh himself—to dine, to sleep, to make the place his home as long as he pleased. M. de Bergerac had left instructions to that effect. But the disappointment had been too bitter. Eustace could not endure to remain an hour in the house which had been so dear to him, now that the goddess who had glorified it dwelt there no longer. He declared that he had particular business to do in London, and must return thither immediately. He was eager to arrange for the Scottish expedition which had been planned by himself and his uncle, eager to start for the country to which Helen was gone, as if he would thereby be nearer her.

Before bidding old Nanon good-day, he made a final effort to extort from her some information.

"Surely M. de Bergerac must have left you some written address," he said, "in the event of your having occasion to write to him?"

"No, sir; if I wanted to write I was to give my letter to Mr. Jerningham's steward; that was all. They will be going from place to place, you see, sir. It is not one place they go to see, but many."

With this answer Eustace was compelled to be satisfied. He could not push his curiosity so far as to go to Mr. Jerningham's steward, and ask him for his master's whereabouts. And again, what benefit could

it have been to him to know where Helen had gone? He had no right to follow her.

He hastened back to London, and to Great Ormond-street, where he was doomed to wait three dreary hours turning over his uncle Dan's books before that individual made his appearance, somewhat flushed from dining, and jovial of manner, but in nowise the worse for his dinner and wine.

"I have been dining in St. James's-street with Joyce of the Hermes and Farquhar of the Zeus," he said. "A thousand welcomes, dearest boy! And so you come straight from the station to find your faithful old Daniel? Such a token of affection touches this tough old heart."

"Not straight from the station, uncle Dan," the young man answered with a guilty air. "I have been down to Berkshire. M. de Bergerac and his daughter have started for Scotland with Mr. Jerningham."

- "What takes them to Scotland in such company?"
- "Mr. Jerningham has just succeeded to an estate in the north; that is all I could discover from the servants at the cottage. This scottish expedition must be quite a new idea, for there was no allusion to it in M. de Bergerac's last letter to me."
  - "Strange!"
- "And now, uncle Dan, I want you to keep your promise, and start for your Highland holiday with me."
- "What! we are to rush post-haste for the Highlands, in search of your Helen?"
  - "No; on a more solemn search than that."
- "Alas, poor lad! On that one subject you are madder than Prince Hamlet. Everyone has his craze, I suppose. But I pledged myself to be your companion, and I must keep my promise. You are really bent upon going over the ground on which that sad drama was enacted?"
  - "Fixed as fate, uncle Dan."
- "So be it. Your faithful kinsman has been at work in your absence, and has made things smooth for you."
  - "Is it possible, dear friend?"
- "There's nothing a man of the world can't do when he's put to it. A reperusal of Dion's autobiography enabled me to identify the divine Carlitz of that narrative with a lady who took the town by storm when I was a young man, and who afterwards married a nobleman of eccentric repute. Once possessed of this clue, it was easy for me to identify her ficus Achates, the amiable H., as Mr. Elderton Hollis, a gentleman connected with dramatic affairs for the last quarter of a century, and still floating, gay and debonnaire, upon the borderland of the theatrical world,—a gentleman with whom I myself have some acquaintance. To make a long story short, I contrived to throw myself in Hollis's way at the Quin Club; and after a glance at the theatrical horizon of to-day, drifted into the usual commonplaces about the decay of dramatic talent.

#### DEAD-SEA FRUIT

'Where are our Fawcetts, our Nisbetts, our Keeleys, our Carlitzes?' I sighed; and at the last familiar name the old fellow pricked up his ears like a hound at the huntsman's 'Hark forward!'

"'Ah, my dear Mayfield, that was a woman!' he exclaimed. 'You are of course aware that I was her secretary, her adviser, her treasurer, —I may say her guardian angel,—before her brilliant marriage; and now, sir, she cuts me, though I give you my word of honour that marriage could never have taken place but for my management of her affairs.'"

"This bears out the autobiography," cried Eustace eagerly.

"To the letter. I first sympathised with Mr. Hollis, and then pumped him. I found him somewhat reserved upon the subject of that northern expedition; but after some beating about the bush, I got from him the admission that the lady whom we will still call Carlitz was in Scotland just before her marriage with Lord V.; and by and by he let slip that the spot was in the extreme north of Aberdeen. This much, and no more, could I obtain. Examination of a tourist's map showed me a headland called Halko's Head, in the north of Aberdeenshire. This is likely to be the H. H. of Dion's book, and thither we must direct our steps."

- "My dear uncle, you have done wonders!"
- "And when you find the place, what then?"
- "I shall discover the name of the man."

"Who knows? The chase of the wild-goose is a sport congenial to youth; but April is a cold month in Scotland, and I wish the expedition could have been contrived later."

Eustace would fain have started next morning, had it been possible; but two days were necessary for Mr. Mayfield's literary affairs, and the agreement with the editors as to what contributions he was to send to the *Areopayus* and another journal during his absence, and so on.

"I must scribble en route, you see, Eustace," he said; "the mill will not stop because I want a holiday."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### HALKO'S HEAD.

A SEVENTEEN hours' journey conveyed Mr. Mayfield and his nephew to the granite city of Aberdeen, with only a quarter of an hour's pause at Carlisle, where the travellers were turned out upon the platform at the chillest hour 'twixt night and morning, and tantalised by the sight of blazing fires in a luxurious waiting-room.

The travellers arrived at Aberdeen at noon, and devoted the remainder of that day and the next to the exploration of the city, dismantled cathedral, and sparse relics of the old town; the narrow street where over a grocer's shop still exist the rooms once inhabited by the

boy Byron and his mother. They made an excursion to the old bridge of Don,—an easy walk from the city,—and loitered there for some time, leaning on "Balgounie's brig's black wall," and talking of the poet whose one line has made it famous.

To Eustace every hour's delay was painful. He longed to push on to that remote point of the shire where Halko's stormy headland showed grim and gray against the broad blue sea. They had made all inquiries about this culminating point of their journey, and had been informed that Halko's Head was a very wild place, where there were but just a few fishermen's cottages, but where folks sometimes went in the summer for fishing and such-like. Railroad to Halko's Head there was none; but the rail would convey them about two-thirds of the way, and thence they could doubtless obtain some mode of conveyance.

"We can walk if need be," said Eustace cheerily; and to this Mr. Mayfield assented.

"Though 'tis somewhat long since I have distinguished myself as a pedestrian," he added doubtfully.

"You can take your ease at your inn, uncle Dan, and spin copy for your ravening editors, while I push on to that place."

"Perhaps it would be best so, Eustace," answered Mr. Mayfield thoughtfully.

He divined that the young man was anxious that his first visit to that scene should be made companionless. The memories connected with that spot were too sad for sympathy—too bitter for friendly commune.

After an evening which the indefatigable essayist devoted to a review of a new translation of Juvenal for the *Areopayus*, and Eustace to meditations of the most sombre hue, they left Aberdeen at daybreak next morning, and went on to a small station which was their nearest point to Halko's Head.

This nearest point proved five-and-twenty miles distant from the fishing-village; but on inquiry the travellers discovered that there was a comfortable halting-place at a village or small town eighteen miles farther on, and only seven from the wild headland to which Eustace Thorburn's steps were bent.

Vehicles were not easily to be obtained at this remote station, and the travellers decided upon walking the eighteen miles at a leisurely pace, stopping to examine anything worth seeing which they might find on their route.

The day was bright and clear, and their road lay across the short turf of broad uplands overhanging the wide northern sea.

They reached the little town at set of sun, and found the chief inn a somewhat rude but not comfortless hostelry. Here they dined upon liberal Scottish fare, and sat long after their meal smoking by the wide hearth, where sea-coal and odorous pine-logs made a glorious fire.

Even his uncle Dan's talk could not distract the younger man's

thoughts from that one subject upon which he had of late pondered so deeply. Within seven miles lay the spot where his mother had lived and suffered something less than a quarter of a century ago. All day he had been thinking of her. The wild scene on which he gazed was the landscape over which her sad eyes had wandered wearily, looking for some faint star of hope where hope was none. The waves of this northern sea had sounded the monotonous chorus of her melancholy thoughts.

"O mother!" he said to himself, "and of all your young day-dreams, your girlish sorrows, there were none which you dared speak of to the son you loved so dearly! Even this bitter penalty you had to pay—the penalty of a lifelong silence. For your grief there was no sympathy, for your memories no confidant."

He left the mountain-shanty quietly at daybreak next morning. Host and hostess were stirring, but Daniel was sleeping profoundly his humble nest—a mere cupboard in the wall of the room where the travellers had dined. Eustace had occupied a similar cupboard, was not sorry to exchange so stifling a couch for the fresh breath of the north wind blowing over the red mountains.

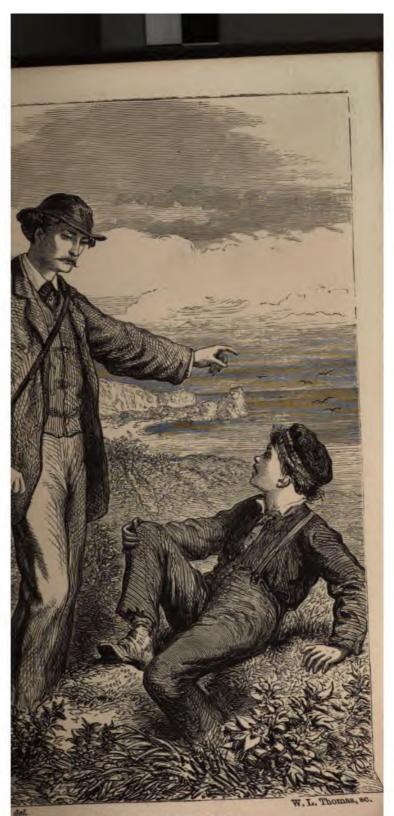
The path from Killalochie to Halko's Head traversed a wild and patturesque country, high above the sea. Eustace looked down from mountain-road, across the edge of precipitous cliffs, upon a broad sweet of sand—the sands on which his nameless father had walked full fear on the night of his mother's disappearance. Before noon entered the little village, if village it could be called; a straggeroup of rude stone cottages, inhabited by fishermen, whose nets hung on the low granite walls, and lay on the stunted turf before the doors. Two or three cottages of a better class were to be seen on the outskirts of the little colony, but even these presented small attraction to the eye of the English traveller.

This was Halko's Head. Eustace questioned a rough fisher-boy before he could convince himself that he did indeed tread the scene of his mother's sad experiences—of his father's selfish perfidy.

For artist or poet the place had ample charm, but for the ordinary pleasure-seeker it would have appeared as barren as it was remote. Wilder or less fertile landscape was not to be found in North Britain and to this untravelled wanderer the rough fishermen and brawny finite wives seemed as strange as the inhabitants of Central Africa.

How was he to find the house in which his mother had lived, the people who had known her, after the lapse of four-and-twenty years? This was a question which he had not asked himself until this moment when he stood a stranger amongst that scanty population, upon the headland he had come to explore.

He walked about the little place, descended a steep flight of steps out in the cliff, which he identified as the Devil's Staircase of Dion's narrative; walked about half a mile along the sands, and then saw glimmer-



EUSTACE VISITS HALCO'S HEAD,



ing in the sunlight high above him the little white temple, where his mother had so often sat alone and pensive, looking out at the barren sea.

From the sands where he was walking this classic summer-house was inaccessible; but Eustace had no doubt of its identity with the temple described by Dion. How such an elegant affectation as this classic edifice should exist among those barren moorlands, peopled only by grouse and ptarmigan, was in itself an enigma, and one which Eustace was anxious to solve.

As the temple was unapproachable from the sands, the traveller was fain to retrace his steps to the Devil's Staircase, and thence to the village. Here he found a humble place of entertainment, where he asked for such refreshments as the house could afford him, in order that he might use the privileges of a customer in the way of asking questions. A healthy-looking matron past middle life, neatly clad in linsey petticat and cotton bedgown, with snow-white muslin headgear and brawny bare feet, brought him his meal, and with her he began at once to converse, though the worthy dame's dialect sorely puzzled him, and but for his familiarity with the immortal romancer, would most probably have baffled him altogether.

Happily, his intimate acquaintance with the Gregoragh, and the Dougal Creature, his long-standing friendship for Caleb Balderstone and Douce Davie Deans, with many others of the same immortal family, enabled him to comprehend the greater part of the guidwife's discourse, though he had occasional difficulty in making himself intelligible to her.

The gist of the conversation may be summed up thus. Did gentlefolks from the south ever come to Halko's Head? Yes, some, but not many. There were but three houses suitable to such folks-Widow Macfarlane's, the cottage beyond the Devil's Staircase; Mistress Ramsay's, on the Killalochie road; and a shooting-box of Lord Pendarvoch's. But this latter had been suffered to fall into decay many years ago. It had been shut up for the last quarter of a century, except now and then, when my lord had lent it to one of his friends that came for the All the shootings round about, farther than you could see, shootings. belonged to Lord Pendarvoch. But he was just dead, poor old body! and little loss to any mortal creature, for he had been nothing better than a miser since his young days, when he was wild and waskeful enough, if folks spoke true. That "wee bit stone hoosie" on the cliff had been put there by my lord, who brought the stone "post in state of the stone of the st from foreign parts.

Here was the mystery of the classic temple fully explained. France, knew very little of the peers of the realm, and Lord Pendar very him only as other lords—an unfamiliar name.

"You have lived here many years, I suppose?" is noted to the bostess.

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She told him, with a pleasant grin, that she had never lived anywhere else. That pure mountain air she had breathed all her life. On Halko's Head her eyes had first opened.

On this Eustace proceeded to question her closely as to her recollections of any strangers who had made their abode at the fishing-village about four-and-twenty years before. He described the young couple—a gentleman and lady—"bride and bridegroom," he said, with a faint blush.

After much questioning from Eustace, and profound consideration upon the worthy dame's part, a glimmer of light broke in upon her memory.

"Was it at Lord Pendarvoch's they lived?" she asked.

"That I cannot tell you. But since you say there are only three houses suitable to strangers of superior condition, I suppose it was at one of those three the lady and gentleman had lived. They were here some months. The lady was very young, very pretty. She left suddenly, and the gentleman followed her a few days afterwards."

"Ay, ay, puir thing! I mind her the noo!" exclaimed the woman, nodding her head sympathetically.

After this she told Eustace how such a couple as he described—the lady "as bonny a lass as ye'd see for mony a lang mile"—had lived for some months at Lord Pendarvoch's shooting-box; and how the lady had been very sad and gentle, and much neglected towards the last by the gentleman, until she ran away one day, in a fit of jealousy, as it was thought, because the gentleman had been seen riding and driving with a strange foreign woman from London; and the gentleman had thought she'd drowned herself, and had been well-nigh mad for a night and a day, till news came that quieted him, and then he went away.

This much—full confirmation of Dion's story—the woman could tell Eustace; but no more. The name of these southern strangers she had never heard, or, having heard, had utterly forgotten. Of their condition, whence they came, and how they had obtained license to occupy Lord Pendarvoch's house, she was equally ignorant. Nor could she direct Eustace to any inhabitant of the village likely to know more than herself. There had not been for years any care taken of the shooting-box. Lord Pendarvoch was just dead. His old steward had died six years before, and a new man from the south—" folks were all for southrons noo"—had succeeded to his post.

Pendarvoch Castle was a day's journey off, on the other side of the country.

To obtain further information seemed hopeless; but Eustace was determined to leave no stone unturned. Why should he not go to Pendarvoch Castle before he left Scotland, see the old servants?—for old servants there must be in a large household, whatever changes time and death might have brought about in four-and-twenty years. Someone there might be who would remember to whom Lord Pendarvoch

### DEAD-SEA FRUIT

had lent his house in that particular year. It was at least a chance, and Eustace resolved upon trying it.

He questioned his hostess as to the way back to Killalochie. She told him that there were two ways, one by the sands at low tide, the shorter of the two, since there was an inlet of the sea between Halko's Head and Killalochie, which was dry at low tide. It was a place that strangers went to see, the dame told Eustace, because of a cavern dug in the face of the cliff, that a saint lived in once upon a time—"joost a wee bit cavey," the good woman called it.

Eustace thanked his hostess for her civility, paid her liberally for his humble refreshment, and bade her good-day, after inquiring his way to the disused abode of Lord Pendarvoch.

This dwelling he found easily enough. It was built in a hollow of the cliff, about a quarter of a mile from the village, midway between the fishermen's cottages and the classic temple. The house was small, but built in the gothic style, and with some attempt at the picturesque. "Decay's effacing fingers," however, had done their worst. The stucco had peeled off wherever there was stucco to peel; the stone was stained with damp, and disfigured with patches of moss; the woodwork rotted for want of an occasional coat of paint. A scanty grove of furs sheltered the house on its seaward side, and tossed their dark branches drearily in the spring breeze as Eustace opened the rusty iron gate and entered the small domain. No element of desolation was wanting to the dreary picture. A bony goat cropped the stunted grass pensively, but fled at sound of the intruder's footfall.

No barrier defended the deserted dwelling. Eustace walked round the house, and peered in at the casements, whereof the shutters gaped open, as if their fastenings had rusted and dropped off with the progress of time. Within the traveller saw scanty furniture of a remote tra, white with dust. He pulled the rusty handle of a bell, and a discordant jangle sounded in the distant offices; but he had no hope of finding any inmate. The abode bore upon its front an unmistakable stamp of abandonment.

After pulling the jangling bell a second time Eustace tried one of the windows. Half-a-dozen broken panes gaped wide, as if in invitation to the burglar's hand. He unhasped the sash, pushed open the spurious gothic window, and went in. The room in which he found himself had once been gaily decorated; but little except the tawdry traces of vanished colour and tarnished gilding remained in evidence of its former splendour. The furniture was battered and worn, and of the scantiest description. Lank, empty bookcases of painted and gilded wood stood in the recesses of the fireplace. He tried to picture his father and mother seated together in that dreary room; his mother watching by that dilapidated casement. The room might have been bright enough five-and-twenty years ago.

On the same floor there was another room, with less evidence of

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departed decoration; above there were four bedchambers, and here the furniture was piled pell-mell as in a lumber-room. The view from the windows was sublimity itself, and Eustace did not wonder that a Scottish nobleman should have chosen to build himself a nest on so picturesque a spot.

He walked slowly through the rooms, wondering where her aching head had lain, where her sad heart had stifled its griefs, where her penitent knees had bent to the Heaven her sin had offended. To treat these floors which she had trodden, to look from these windows where she had gazed, seemed to him worth the journey the barren privilege had cost him.

He lingered in the dusty rooms for some time, thinking of the one sad inhabitant whose presence had made the house sacred to him as the holy dwelling of Loretto to faithful pilgrims, and then soft and slowly departed, pausing only to gather a few sprigs of swell brier that grew in a sheltered corner of the neglected garden. With these in his breast he went back to the road leading to Killaloria and bent his steps towards that humble settlement. He looked his watch as he regained the road. It was three o'clock, and by the could be with his uncle, who would scarcely care to dine until that hour.

"I can take him to that house to-morrow," he said to himself "if he would like to see it. And I daresay it would be a mountain pleasure to him to see the rooms, as it has been to me. It is him looking at a grave."

# **FLOURISHING**

THERE was something wonderfully suggestive in a form of expression now quite gone out. In our school-books it used generally to be stated of distinguished men that they "flourished" at such and such a time, usually in somebody's reign. Senators and poets always "flourished," so did military heroes; but if my boyish impressions were right, moval heroes were, as a rule, unfairly debarred that privilege. In like manner, while the Arts flourished, the Sciences didn't; but it is satisfactory to be able to record that all the famous cities and countries chared alike in this respect, without invidious distinction. It would hard to say what there was in this particular word that should so impress a boy's mind; but it always gave me a sense of elation. meeting with it, I felt for the moment—as Keats expressed himself on ene occasion—"as if I were going to a tournament." Perhaps this smalted from the word being onomatopætic, and suggesting to the ear the exultant blast of the trumpet, at which, as Burns phrases it, "the blood sallies." As to flourishing being synonymous with achieving mccess, or being popular—nonsense! Anybody might succeed; but where was the man who would calmly propose to himself to flourish?

The glamour dies out of words as out of life, and this word has no longer any heart-stirring trumpet-tone in it. I have come to recognise the simple prose of the thing,—that the men who flourish are only the men who succeed. But that success! Heavens, what a glorious thing it is! Our lady-novelist has termed it "the wine of life;" and she should know, for she has quaffed of the mystic vintage. Yes, it is the wine,—the bright, feverish, intoxicating draught, rare as imperial Tokay, becious as Monte Pulciano,—which acts upon him whose lips are destined to touch it,

"As he on honey-dew had fed, And drunk the milk of Paradise."

But this effect only follows a deep draught. Little sips of success are all very well, very pleasant; but no delirium attends them. It was not in this fashion that the first Napoleon drank, though he was privileged to drain the cup again and again. To be truly appreciated, raccess should come as it came to Garrick that night at "the late theatre in Goodman's Fields," where, as the papers quietly recorded, "his reception was the most extraordinary and great that was ever known on such an occasion." It should have the suddenness with which it startled Byron, who awakes one morning and finds himself fa-

mous. Disraeli's success has been prodigious; but there is something mournful in the acknowledgment that half a lifetime has been spent in the House before its consummation,—between the night when he prophesied that the time would come when they should hear him, and the day on which he is "sent for" by his Queen. Sometimes, indeed, the moment of triumph arrives even at a later and less acceptable time; the wine is kept till it is dull and tasteless, and there is no stimulant in it. When Charles Metcalfe, Governor-general of India, after forty-five years' work and waiting, reached the pinnacle of his ambition—which was to be made a peer of the realm—he mournfully ejaculated that it came too late: it could not "add one jot to his happiness," which consisted then in a life of quiet retirement with his sister, the tones of whose harp were the only solace left him on earth!

Success would appear to be some men's heritage; they have it unsought. They are born to "flourish," and wealth or fame, or both, attend them through life. The father of the late Miss Mitford was one of those favoured few. Two fortunes came to him, and he squandered both with utter recklessness. Was he then reduced to penury? Not he with one of his last guineas he bought a lottery-ticket, as a present to his daughter on her birthday. It won the first prize; and there be was, set up again, and able, in comfort and composure of mind, to enjoy the reputation his famous daughter was achieving! The history of all professions is full of such men. They do not so much snatch the highest prizes, the most precious fruit; they simply open their mouths and the fruit falls into them. I am, however, disposed to think the in literature and the arts success generally bears some proportion to desert. Of course there are instances of men who have "flourished" on very little. It is not to be forgotten that Hayley took the town with his Triumphs of Temper, and that the Royal Academy believed it West; but men like these are the exceptions, and their flourishing is accounted for in this way,—accident thrusts them into a front place and a reputation once made takes a long while in the unmaking. mass of the public will believe in a name as a sign of power long after the power has gone away—if, indeed, it ever existed. This is, in part the secret of what Beaumarchais has remarked on in his famous mol "Rien ne réussite comme le succès." Still it is satisfactory to know the scarcely in a single instance has a factitious success been enduring Look at the poets and artists still living who have outgrown their re putations—who have become their own posterity, in a sense—and cal look back to the dim past-say a dozen years-when their names wer talismanic, and they enjoyed the supreme consciousness of "flourishing."

Closely interlinked with the intoxicating raptures of success, even at its best, are its pains and its dangers. The pains attending success are many. There is the misgiving as to its genuineness; there is embittering jealousy,—as where A would be quite contented with his success but for the greater success of B; there is the torture of appre

hension lest all may be lost as readily as it has been won, lest rivals should spring up "and push us from our stools." Worst of all, there is the awakened craving that ever demands more and more to satisfy it. Success is the true daughter of the horse-leech.

But besides its pains, it has its dangers. Ordinary people are incredulous on this point. Tell them that success is heavier to bear than failure, and they shake their heads. It is true, for all that. Shakespeare knew something of life; and there is a subtlety and profound insight into the human heart displayed in that one line—the first we hear from the lips of Lady Macbeth—with which the Thane of Cawdor's letter begins:

"They met me in the day of success."

It was not in moments of dejection or despair that the weird sisters wight him out to tempt him to his destruction; they selected a time for more opportune: it was in "the day of success," when his blood was hot, his hopes ardent, his imagination quickened, his ambition plamed and ready for any flight. It was because they were able to greet him "Thane of Cawdor!" that they could move him so deeply with the further greeting, "Hail, king that shalt be!" Had he not realised the first dignity, the promise of the second would have prodeced in him no "burning desire" to inquire farther. It was his mccess that paved the way to his ultimate ruin. Do such things never happen in life? Take the lowest form of success—the monetary. Who would venture to count the number of people whom a fortune has landed in a pauper's grave? History is full of fatal successes; so is literature. One does not greatly sympathise with Dryden when, at the close of a brilliant career, he says, "The same parts and application which have made me a poet might have raised me to any honours of the gown," because it is always puerile to maunder over possible successes that might never have been achieved; but there is something pathetic in the fact that all his greatness leads him to this,—that in his old age he is glad to enter into a contract to produce ten thousand lines at sixpence a line. However, the age had to do with that state of things; and I am afraid any moral to be drawn from Dryden's experience of verse-writing would be neutralised by that of Tennyson. The dangers of success, I take it, lie more in their effects on the man himself than on his destiny. Robertson of Brighton has a suggestive passage on the spiritual aspect of the question: "In some season of desertion, of solitary longing," he says, "you have seen the sky-ladder, ■ Jacob saw it, and felt heaven open even to you. That was not, I will venture to say, in moments of fulness, of success, or triumph." The truth is, success is demoralising. The intoxication is often fruitful in anything but good results. It begets a craving, a restlessness, a consuming fever, that robs the heart of its repose, and renders the calmer joys of life, the truer joys, distasteful to us. It is the Nessus' thirt that has scorched and destroyed many a Hercules. Under its

influence ordinary pursuits grow irksome; we have "eaten of the insane root," and the danger is that henceforth all our feelings, aspirations, and actions will bear the taint of it. The brilliant triumph which Burns achieved affords an instance of this. He goes to Edinburgh and becomes the lion of a season. Friends write and joke the ploughman on his over-intimacy with the beautiful Duchess of Gordon! He moves in a charmed circle, yet has full confidence in his power of keeping his footing there. "You are afraid I shall grow intoxicated with my prosperity?" he writes. "Alas! I know myself and the world too well." He thought himself proof against the evil influences of sudden elevation, and fully prepared for the time when "proud fortune's ebbing tide" should recede. And in a sense he was prepared. He returned to his plough quietly enough; but he did not calculate the effects of his success upon himself, and no one, I suppose, will venture to deny that these were injurious. He was not the same man after that Edinburgh visit. The ordinary complaint against the successful is that they grow proud and supercilious; that they reck lessly tear themselves from old friends, and are eager to trample out old associations. The reason often is that they are changed, absolutely changed in their very natures. They have entered on a new condition of existence; and that must be a strong mind which retains its old instincts—which remains as true to itself and others, in spite of these new conditions, as absolute as the poet's "sea-change," which transmuter the object of it "into something new and strange." Much more frequently the "sea-change" is pernicious; often the judgment is warped, the fine instincts blunted, and clear insight destroyed. Men "flourish' on the brink of a precipice; and, blinded by past triumphs and the craving for fresh ones, are always in danger of being tumbled over the edge to their ruin.

Let it be added, however, that the danger is common to all. Some natures ripen and grow mellow in the sunshine which to others is only a source of unwholesome acidity. Their innate nobility, or their natural sweetness, secures them from evil consequences; they neither deterior rate with such success, nor is it to them a source of pain or danger. On the contrary, the laurel only guards their brows from the lightning. These are the true favourites of Fortune, genuine heirs of Prosperity born to the purple and the "golden round of sovereignty," and predestinated to the distinction of flourishing.

# FATHER PROUT IN PARIS

FATHER PROUT trudging along the Boulevards, with his arms clasped behind him; his nose in the air; his hat worn as French caricaturists insist all Englishmen wear hat or cap; his quick, clear, deep-seeking eye wandering sharply to the right or left; and sarcasm—not of the sourest kind—playing like jack-o'-lantern in the corners of his mouth; —Father Prout was as much a character of the French capital as the learned Armenian of the Imperial Library, only a few years ago. He was of those voluntary exiles to the banks of Seine who loved their Paris well, and was as much part of Paris as Murger, Musset, Privat d'Anglemont, Méry, the great Theo, Lespès, Monselet, Dr. Véron, and a host of other notable strollers, were or are. Very scornfully, too, did the father look down upon the later strollers; for he could carry back his mind to the days of greater, more earnest men; when literary warfare was waged by soldiers with the souls of lofty gentlemen, and the tailor's son sang through the bars of Ste Pelagie—

"Lisette seule a le droit de sourire Quand je lui dis: Je suis indépendant, Je suis, je suis indépendant."

It was difficult to meet Father Prout. He was an odd, uncomfortable, uncertain man. His moods changed like April skies. Light, little thoughts were busy in his brain, lively and frisking as "troutlets in a pool." He was impatient of interruption, and shambled forward, talking in an undertone to himself, with now and then a bubble or two of langhter, or one short sharp laugh, almost a bark, like that of the marksman when the arrow quivers in the bull's-eye. He would pass Jou with a nod that meant, "Hold off-not to-day!" You had been with him in his entresol of the Rue des Moulins overnight, and had been dimissed in the small hours, when he had had gossiping enough. You had been charmed with the range of his scholarship, the case and raciof his wit, by the masterly skill with which he handled his literary tools, and the shades of the best of all good company whom he could summon before you in anecdotes which almost brought their breath again upon your cheek. To-day he is gathered-up closely within himself, and is holding company in solitude. He was very impatient if my injudicious friend or a passing acquaintance (who took him to be usually as accessible as any flâneur on the macadam) thrust himself forward and would have his hand, and agree with him that it was a fine day, but would possibly rain shortly. A sharp answer, and an uneere-

monious plunge forward without bow or good-day, would put an end to the interruption. Of course the father was called a bear by ceremonious shallow-pates, who could not see that there was something extra in the little man talking to himself, and shuffling with his hands behind him through the fine fleurs and grandes dames of the Italian Boulevard. There were boobies of his cloth, moreover, who called him a bore. He was forgetful at times of the bienseances, it seems, which regulate the use of scissors and paste. He made ill-timed visits. He was unmindful of the approach of "the hour for going to press." He lingered over the paper when a neighbour was waiting for it, while he travelled far of amid the vast stores of his memory, seeking to clothe some fact or truth of to-day in the splendour of a classic phrase, or in some quaint old When his brain was full-flowing to his tongue, he would Jesuit dress. keep you under a tropical sun by the Luxor obelisk, and tell you when he first knew Paris, and how he saw the scaffoldings of the Rue Royale, and what historic pageants he had watched progressing inwards or out-Apposite anecdote, queer figure, sounding wards by the Tuileries. phrase covering wretched littleness; lace-coats over muddy, petty hearts; Monsieur de Talleyrand, Béranger's de, everybody's de; Lewis Philip and his mess; the poet-president; and then the nephew of somebody who lives to rule the roast—better roast, too, than Monsieur Chose got by contract for his guests-ha! ha! the father laughed, unmindful of the heat, and gossiped on. Lewis Philip as Ulysses! the thread was a delightful toy: Ulysses as Leech could draw him, with bottle-nose, a cotton umbrella under his arm, and a market-basket in his hand going out for the Sunday dinner. The store of recollections would gape wide, and it would end with this: "You've nothing to do for an hour. Have a cigar." And away to the Rue des Moulins, one of those grand, ancient hotels, which the Baron at the Hôtel-de-Ville will not long leave with a roof. I am not sure that the Prout entresol is not already at this moment expropriated, to be covered by the straight white line that is to be the imperial route from the Tuileries to the new Opershouse. The father was proud of his hotel, with its Jacobin atmosphere, and would have writhed with "expropriation" written upon the dear walls.

This Rue des Moulins and hereabouts Father Prout loved—the Moulins and the New Street of the Little Fields of his friend Thackersy, whom he helped to perch in an apartment herein before Mr. Titmarsh had written his book on Paris—a book, by the way, which the father called "a very poor thing"—poor for Thackeray. Also, the father was a difficult critic to please when the subject was Paris. We have stood together, looking at the old Thackeray home, on the way to the famous entresol, and hence the conversation has been led far back to the days when Mr. Thackeray was a young man, and the incumbent of Watergrass Hill was his senior and literary mentor. They were a curious pair to meet in after-days, sallying radiant from Thackeray's hostelry

in the Place Vendôme. Both had gray hair; and the silver head of the author of Vanity Fair towered high above the little sharp face of the sometime mentor who had given up literary ambition, and retired to thread his beads of gold, as they might rise to his fingers, for his evening paper. Tender memories held the two together, and it was a holiday to the father when a few lines of the familiar, handsome little hand told him that his friend was round on the Place once more. Passing Vachette's (it was not Brébant's then) after dinner one summer evening, a voice said, "Brandy-and-water?" The father was seated in the shade, alone with his iced water and carafon. Not a word of salutation; no hand-shaking.

"Sit down."

I think Thackeray had just departed for America, after the great banquet; whereof there was much talk, spreading beyond literary circles, on account of the indiscretion and tasteless picture-painting of a correspondent for a provincial paper. In parenthesis, I would ask what English society would say to an Adrien Marx? The father was naturally led to talk of his friend and the splendid fortunes that had waited at length upon his genius. And so, back to the beginning. The mind, like the eye, loves a contrast; a little shade, as a relief from the shine. Hawthorne observes in his Blithedale Romance, "Human destinies look ominous without some perceptible intermixture of the sable or the gray." If not of sable, surely of gray, enough was spread over the life of Thackeray.

"The sable overspread him" was about what the father observed on this head. "I knew him well before you were born. I was his domestic friend in the early time, and got the little house together here for the young couple." The eyes of the father turned from me across the Boulevard—illimitably beyond that—as he spoke. Sad and playful memories traversed his brain, as plainly visible in eye and mouth as the clouds and sunlight are upon the water. He got up and marched off without notice, his hands tightly clasped behind him. I followed; and as I reached his elbow, without glancing at me, he said, in his own full time—somewhere about the Rue Vivienne—without preface (he was a man void of preface in speech, and like Siebenkäs, advocate of the poor, "he laid the egg of his act, or deep saying, without any nest, on the naked rock")—

"I introduced Thackeray to Maginn." He laughed, as the vision passed before him. "Thackeray was a young buck in those days: wanted to make a figure in literature. A figure in literature—la belle faire! So he thought he must help himself to a magazine. It is an expensive toy. A magazine wanted—in those days, I know nothing about these—an editor. I recommended Billy Maginn." A burst of that laughter followed this.

"It wasn't so easy to get hold of Master Maginn in those times. However, I did get hold of him, and made Thackeray's proposition to him. The deck must be cleared for action. You must put the women and the rest of it in a safe and comfortable place. Before Magina could go into the matter he must have 500l. for deck-clearing."

The father looked slyly round at me, seeming to say, "The old

story, you see. La belle affaire, this literary business!"

"This was a startling beginning; but Maginn was not to be had on any other terms. He was the only available man at the time. You were not born, remember."

The father chuckled over the little scratch.

"Now, there are so many geniuses, the difficulty would be in the choosing."

I ventured my little point—the mulberries of that day are the blackberries of this.

The father was somewhat prone to resent an interruption of this kind, as an incursion on his province. "No; the blackberries, to a single blackberry, believe they are mulberries, but they are just fit for gipsies' finger-and-thumb now, as blackberries were when the down was upon Thackeray's chin. Maginns are not running about the market-places, though Pat Lardner and the rest of them have veneered such a lot of ye.\* The impossibility of making a purse of silk out of a sow's car remains; but, a plague on 'em, they've contrived a silk cover, and the ear passes off unsuspected as the lining. Thackeray was obliged to come to Maginn's terms. Maginn got his five hundred; and where do you think I brought them together?"

Thackeray, the young man of fashion, and the man of the position when a magazine was to be started—I could make no guess.

"At the Crown Tavern, Vinegar-yard, Drury-lane!"

In Maclise's cartoon of writers in Fraser, anno 1835, Maginn is addressing the brilliant company from the chair. Thackeray is four removed from the president, between Percival Bankes and Churchill. A young man with plentiful hair, the deep stock of the time, and a glass in one eye, generally with the mark of fashion upon him—the parent of the Yellow-Plush Papers—faces his old friend Frank Mahony. And this is how my old friend of the Rue des Moulins looked three-and-thirty years ago! I could pick him out from the throng, as I could pick out Allan Cunningham from the close resemblance to his son Peter. Just so must the father, with the merry lip and the searching eye, have looked when all the world was young to him. I met and knew

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Modest distrust of his own power to please deterred Prout from obtruding much of his personal musings; he preferred chewing the cud of classic fancies, or otherwise approved and substantial stuff, delighting to invest with new and varied forms what had long gained universal recognition. He had strict notions as to what really constitute the belles lettres. Brilliancy of thought, depth of remark, pathos of sentiment, sprightliness of wit, vigour and aptitude of style, with some scholarship, were requisites for his notice, or claim to be held in his esteem a literary man. It is useless to add how much of recent growth, and how many pretenders to that title, he would have eschewed."—Preface, 1859.

him in his after-glow; here he is in the noontide of his fame, a man of greater mark than the future author of Vanity Fair. "The lone incumbent of Watergrass Hill" watched tenderly over young Mr. Thackeray in his literary go-cart days—when the fashionable youth about town thought it a great exploit and experience to get into the company of Maginn, and to be admitted to the mysteries of the public-house in Vinegar-yard. Prout, dating a preface to his Reliques from Paris in 1859, observes that he knew the great artist Maclise in his boyhood. It was in boyhood, then, that Maclise fixed the father's "true features in enduring copper."

The meeting at the Crown in Vinegar-yard was, of course, of earlier date than the cartoon by Maclise; for herein Thackeray is established contributor to *Fraser*, and is sitting at the board with the solid-browed sect who is contributing *Sartor Resartus*; and he may be taking wine with Coleridge, who looks the oldest of the company.

"It was a poor business, was the new magazine," the father resumed, thinking leisurely over it. "It wasn't likely to get on." chuckle. "They quarrelled. People always fall out over a failure. It's your fault, and it's mine, and it's t'other man's over the way. Maginn wasn't the easiest man in the world to deal with. about six months. Thackeray wanted to sell it; but Maginn had a there. Maginn conceived that he ought to be consulted. I brought them together: Maginn in a towering passion, but he was capital. the course of the meeting—at the old place, the Crown—he volunteered an Eastern tale. It was capitally done, with all the glow and draperies; a very good Eastern story, too, of two pashas, close friends, and how they divided their property in a manner which gave all of it to one of You will wonder, but Thackeray listened delighted to the end, and didn't see Billy Maginn's drift. The boys! the boys! was before ye were born.

"And then he came over here, did Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

John Barnett was here too."

We had turned down the Rue de la Paix—and the father's eyes wandered along the chimney-pots right and left—till we got to the Place Vendôme, when they fell on the column. They had pulled down the Little Corporal, and put up a bare-legged Cæsar. The father had a passionate admiration for "the great modern inheritor of the iron crown," anointed like Charlemagne by a Pope, "and like him the sole arbitrator of European kingdoms and destinies;" and the expressions on his face lightened and darkened in quick succession. He would have kept the gray coat and the cocked-hat crowning that column of gun-metal. Every street-corner gave him some memory of the past. He walked along, pointing with a nod of his head—for he seldom unchaped the hands that were folded behind him—to a window or a gateway. On his rounds he generally turned into Galignani's reading-room, in the ante-room to which he would possibly have a gossip.

Sometimes he passed through, saw everybody, but was not inclined to speak, or even be at the trouble of a gesture of recognition. At intervals old familiar faces beamed upon him as he entered; friends of the long time ago, passing to or from the continental holiday. Mr. Browning would suddenly appear, homeward bound from London. Admirable were the caricatures of Mr. Browning senior—who dwelt in Paris, and died there a few years ago—according to the father. When Prout was pondering a new edition of the Reliques—that of 1859—we find him in communication with the great man who wrote Pippa Passes.

"From Florence," the "lone incumbent" writes, "the poet Browning has sent for this edition some lines lately found in the Euganeian hills, traced on a marble slab that covered the bones of Pietro di Abano, held in his age to be an astrologer:

'Studiando le mie cifre con compasso, Rilevo che sarò presto sotto terra; Perchè del mio saper si fa gran chiasso, E gli ignoranti mi hanno mosso guerra.'

Of which epitaph the poet has supplied this vernacular, rendering verbatim:

'Studying my ciphers with the compass, I find I shall be soon under the daisy; Because of my lore folks make such a rumpus, That every dull dog is thereat unaisy.'"

The literary sympathy between the poet Browning and the translator of Béranger and the author of the Bells of Shandon is explained in this bit of correspondence. The translation delighted the father, who thereupon launched into his own theory of translation. He held that, "in the clear failure of one language to elicit from its repertory an exact equivalent, it becomes not only proper but imperative (on the law-principle of cestui après in case of trusts) to fall back on an approximate word or idea of kindred import, the interchange in vocabulary showing at times even a balance in favour of the substitute, as . happens in the ordinary course of barter on the markets of the world. He (Prout) quite abhorred the clumsy servility of adhering to the letter while allowing the spirit to evaporate; a mere verbal echo, distorted by natural anfractuosities, gives back neither the tone nor quality of the original voice; while the case and curious felicity of the primitive utterance is marred by awkwardness and effort; spontaneity of song being the quintessence." Spontaneity is that which is the charm of Prout's work in the way of translation. He waited till the corresponding idea came. In his Reliques, and in his newspaper correspondence, there are hundreds of bits of happy inspiration—for his translation was inspiration; witness his songs of France, whether of Millevoye, De Vigny, or Beranger. Drops of his scholarly humour in this way beaded the brim of his sparkling letters.

The manner in which these letters for his paper were produced was as original as the matter of them. They were put together like mosaics, on little scraps of paper, bit by bit, a tint being added wherever he could pick it up on his daily saunterings. The gossip of the day never failed to stir something good out of the full caldron of his brain. As he kept his pot-au-feu, his pignatta, his olla podrida, call it what you will, simmering in the Rue des Moulins, so he treated his brain, adding and still adding to the rare contents, so that the hazard of the fork was never risked without bringing something good to the surface. I take an example at random; it appeared in the Globe in 1850.

The father is roused by a foreign jargon, "un-English in sound as well as significance," about "rescript," "enthronisation," "jubilee," and "pallium." Since, it appears, they are to become "household words in merry England," they must be understood. The father takes up the pallium, and he is at home, merry with the wealth of erudition he can easily throw about the subject. He premises that it is an article of dress of which the Pope makes a present to archbishops; "but the shape and cut of the garment has undergone such a serious change that the original and primitive tailoring is lost altogether." The story is got through rapidly, with a crowd of passing references. "Certain it is, that when Tertullian wrote his treatise De Pallio no such gifts were flying about from Rome." "Originally a Greek dress (as opposed to the Roman toga), it was a distinction of scholars, rhetoricians, and men of letters, who were most of them foreign to Rome." Then again, "in the lapse of a few centuries it became by promotion a royal garb, and the name was exclusively given to a flowing robe of purple worn by majesty." Again, "in the celebrated forgery called the 'Donation of Constantine,' which has been long laughed out of court, and of which Rome is now thoroughly ashamed, there is a clause inserted about a special grant of the emperor to the pontiff, authorising him to wear this royal accoutrement. There is nothing about his right to communicate the privilege to others." Cardinals' hats were not yet invented. The power to grant licenses to wear "this peculiar uniform" was assumed by the Papacy, and turned to solid account, as the father shows when "in Henry I.'s time, his Archbishop of York got over bead and ears in debt to buy a pallium." The pallium is a "purely mundane affair," a "regular bit of fancy costume, and not to be confounded with pious usages in any way." The father is bold; "that it should be sought for so eagerly by sensible old men is only proof of human flunkeyism." It shrivelled from the folds of a robe into the proportions of a garter, as it appears in the armorial emblems and official seal of Armagh, Canterbury, and Dublin. The following is one of the father's happy uses of apropos knowledge:

"There stands about a mile outside the Porta Pia, on the road to Tivoli, an old convent of nuns attached to the still more ancient church of St. Agnes. These nuns are poor, and rarely do any of Rome's high-

# FATHER PROUT IN PARIS

born damaeia enter the cloister of this lonely and neglected sisterhood. They have got a small paddock attenant to the monastery, and therein keep a couple of sacred lambs, not necessarily of the merino breed, but still proud and happy ministrants of their wool for the texture of this noble decoration. The sisters spin it, not by any new-fangled jennies, but on the old patriarchal spindle, and weave it in a loom of which the pattern might date from the days of Penelope. Doubtless these simpleminded and angelic vestals feel inward happiness in the thought of working out an ornament for the chosen champions of their Church; a feeling akin to what in feudal ages animated the bosom of fair spinsters, who wove a scarf for some cherished and select model of chivalry:

Emblem bright! which to embroider While her knight was far away, Many a maiden hath employed her Fairy fingers night and day.'

No one will be so unreasonable as to quarrel with the Pope for decorating any Englishman with his pallium, especially as he no longer packets the fee, but allows it to go for the support of these poor nums."

The father, on the creation of Sir J. Brooke a rajah of Sarawak, continues-well, not in the ordinary "our own correspondent" style: "The ... Emperor of the flowery land may make Dr. Bowring of Hong-Kong & first-chop mandarin, presenting the doctor with a splendid button, though both these happy gentlemen would see the propriety of a referonce to their own sovereign on the occasion. Mr. Roebuck's constitutional law sees nothing, even in the creation of a Westminster mitre by a foreign prince, to warrant the notice of our Queen." The father is ready for the member for Sheffield. "Upon that point the following uphorism of old Guicciardini seems to us worthy of recollection: 'He that bears one blow at an enemy's hand asketh another; and he that endureth one contemptible neglect from his subject shall be sure of many. For not to have sense of a foreign affront, and be displeased at home bred abuses, and capable to redress both, are things much derenating from the honour of a prince; the first argues a pusillanimity of spirit, the other a debility of judgment. He, therefore, that will not be wronged the second time must remedy the first against a stranger by the lance, against a subject by the law."

In the back as 1833 the father boasted that he knew the French character thereighter yet he was not tired of studying its manifestations more than a content of a century later. I don't think his opinions of the mean were modeled by his latter daily studies. The French, among whom he was happy, were always to him a nation of bright of the means by all the freshmen wildness all the playful attractions of the playful attraction of days are the countries. He proposed his opinion with his plentic believing with the second of the playful attraction of days are to the countries. He proposed his opinion with his plentic believing with the second of the countries of the countries.

discusses in his Cours de Belles Lettres the question, 'whether a native of Germany can possess wit.' The phlegmatic dwellers on the Danube might retort by proposing as a problem to the University of Göttingen, 'An datur philosophus inter Gallos?' Certain it is, and I know them well, that the calibre of their mind is better adapted to receive and discharge 'small shot' than 'heavy metal.' That they are more calculated to shine in the imaginative, the ornamental, the refined, and delicate departments of literature, than in the sober, sedate, and profound pursuits of philosophy; and it is not without reason that history tells of their ancestors, when on the point of taking the Capitol, that they were foiled and discomfited by the solemn steadiness of a goose." "small shot" as he watched its wonderful play night and morning; as he listened to it in the salon and the café (not much in the salon of late years), Father Prout delighted. In zest and tone he was French. Over his fire, in his entresol, you would have said of him, 'some bright, lonely bachelor bibliophile, who can talk alone to the simmering pot, and let the world go topsy-turvy while he dwells on the learned glories of the Jesuits, and fumbles among their inexhaustible treasures.'

The sneer and the short laugh, the flash of the sharp eyes, and the impatient gesture, and the rude tongue, punished the audacious meddler with his theme. The father was ready to bury him under a mountain of books the dabbler had never seen. He ran his tongue along the bright roll of names which had issued from the desks of the Jesuits. "Forth from their college of Dijon, in Burgundy, came Bossuet to rear his mitred front at the court of a despot, and to fling the bolts of his tremendous cratory among a crowd of elegant voluptuaries." They cradled the genius of Corneille; Molière was the fruit of their classic guidance. "D'Olivet, Fontenelle, Crebillon, Le Franc de Pompignan-there is scarcely a name known to literature during the seventeenth century which does not bear testimony to their prowess in the province of education—no profession for which they did not adapt their scholars." The father is inexhaustible. He remarks that François Arouet issued from their college of Louis le Grand; and that they little knew to what purpose the subsequent "Voltaire" would convert his abilities. Vo. taire! Of Voltaire—of none so immediately and strikingly did Facia-Prout remind the visitors—they were rare—who penetrated his entree. And assuredly there never was a completer Frenchman than Meral and Prançois Arouet! Our friend had the Frenchman's playfaires a ... when he liked. I turned with him into a byc-street from in the River in Rivoli one evening, somewhere behind the Oratory Characteristics stepped aside from our direct path to have a goseip housewife, with whose boy and girl he appeared to be in second most cordial intimacy. The poodle Toto bounded his hands while he made his inquiries about his were at school. On another occasion he tapped at the very house. There was an instant commotion with

of a journeyman watchmaker, and the father was a friend of theirs; and he handed his watch in through the window to be regulated.

But in London Father Prout showed his kindly side. I was a boy when I first met him, delighting in the society of a crowd of law and other students who had formed a discussion club. He looked a little grim now and then among us, he who had supped with Coleridge and Southey, and been a guide to Thackeray in his youth. He was generous, however; full of spirits; bubbling over with anecdote and illustration; in short, he had that touch of the boy in him which has been marked so often in men of the highest stamp. He laughed his heartiest at our debates; warmed his heart, I think, in the fire of our youth; showed a most affectionate interest in any among us who gave the least promise of intellectual excellence; and, in a discussion, manifested that amiability which a big dog shows to a little one.

I never met Father Prout by Galignani's, or by the Café Cardinal, or in the Café Vaudeville on the Place de la Bourse (the café of the correspondents, or of many of them), that he did not, if we fell into a chat, ask me how 'the boys' were getting on. He had chosen a few from the hundred, and he held his impression of them fast, as he held the learning which he never ceased to accumulate.

I was not in Paris when he died; but I have heard of his closing days from an accomplished American lady, who sat often at his bedside, brightened some of his last hours, and bore with his roughnesses, knowing that they were as much an inseparable part of him as the brain Sometimes that lay under the thinly-scattered snow-flakes of his age. he would greet her, and bid his gracious visitor talk with him. Suddenly, she was dismissed—abruptly told to leave him alone. impatient about the delicacies which were sent to his sick-chamber; but there was a warm corner in his heart answering these kindnesses-The lady to whom I have referred was quite proud to tell me that the father had actually praised one jelly she sent, and hinted at another. She had first met him reading the papers in Galignani's room. She had referred to him in some difficulty of scholarship; and she said that nothing could exceed his kindness, nor surpass the readiness of his information. The strange lady with the scholarly mind had touched the glorious old man of letters; and, you see, ladies who are apt to sneer at penwomen, the blue who could comfort him with intelligent conversation could make him the most toothsome of the dainties which were pressed to his poor lips in the final hour. The blue-stocking adopted Jeffrey's suggestion, and wore long petticoats.

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

## A SUMMER-NOON IN TOWN

THE day is sunny, and the air is free
And joyous in the light. All, all is bright!
But where is She?
O, that I could but bear myself away
From these dry dusty streets, to be one hour
Within that far-off Dell, where sunbeams play
Upon a myriad cool green leaves and flowering spray;
And the brook gurgles on its way,
Trickling adown the rocks from pool to pool,
Fresh'ning the noontide hour with murmurs cool!

There is a light step in that Summer dell— The gentle rustling of a silken dress; And pausing in still loveliness, Sweet eyes look dreamily into the brook.

How would they look
Were mine to meet them in the mirroring wave?—
If, coming up unseen, I could but peep
Over her shoulder, and delighted trace
Bright on the pool the sunshine of her face?
Would she not startle with a troubled splendour,
As oft I've seen it breaking from her eyes,
Like the soft wild-fire of the summer-nights;
And, turning, smile and let my arm go round her,
And we be happy for one bright brief hour!

One evening, on the slopes above that Dell, I watch'd with her the dying of the sun,—
Looking across wide moor and sleeping woods
To where the Orb sank 'neath the far-off hills.
The golden light lay round us on the slope,
Fast ebbing upwards on the hill behind,
Chased by the rising flood of twilight shadow.
Below, lay slumbering woods and darkening dells,—
And in the air, and everywhere,
The hush of solitude and coming Night.
And so we stood, with interlacing arms,
And watch'd the bright Orb sinking—

VOL. VI.

#### A SUMMER-NOON IN TOWN

Slow-slow-but ebbing, waning ever-Inexorable! irresistible! Not all the strength, we felt, of all on Earth Could for one moment its glad light prolong! It touch'd the low range of the western hills, And on the far horizon seem'd to rest-A disk sublime of ruddy golden light; Then its bright face was segmented, as down-Down-down it sank, red-beaming to the last, Till the top rim was gone, and the black line Of Earth, like Death, had swallow'd all. And then we look'd into each other's face With bright eyes that grew sad; and neither spoke, But each press'd closer to the other's side. Two hearts then felt a fear they would not speak, And yearn'd to be together whilst they may!

Poor Hearts! it is an old, old story
You there saw pictured in the evening sky,—
All bright things die!
Love, even, has not immortality!
And young souls still must weep and part,
And old ones yearn for a sleep of heart;
For Time ingulfs our life's dreams one by one,
As Earth the setting sun!

And yet, as slowly home in that still night
We went, oft pausing, betwixt shadowy woods,
Lo! in the twilight clear the Vesper-star
Beam'd forth. And when I bade Her look, and said—
"Our sun is down, and yet Love's star is shining!"
She smiled, and press'd my arm,—and we went home.

Ah! then how sweet she look'd, There 'neath the Planet,—as her eyes, suffused, Beam'd back the radiance of Love's starry home!

O Sunshine! making all things glad,
As if thou wert the god of this fair world!
How is it that we prize
All bright things most when they seem near to die?
What light so loved as that of setting suns—
What rose so dear as the bright summer's last?
And Love, which else had borne itself in calm,
Grows madness as it nears the last adieu!
—— Ah me! so slow to learn this world's rule—
The Heart must be content, although not full!

# CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

# Book the Fifth.

THE FIRST ACT OF MR. SHELDON'S DRAMA.

## CHAPTER I. TAKEN BY STORM.

Two days after her interview with Gustave Lenoble, Miss Paget received a brief note from her father, summoning her again to Omega-treet.

"He has not gone back to Normandy," wrote the Captain. child, he positively worships the ground you walk upon. Ah, my love, it is something to have a father! I need scarcely tell you that his first idea of your excellence was inspired by those glowing descriptions of four goodness, your beauty, your heroism, which I favoured him with, n passant, during our conversations at Côtenoir, where the happy accilent of a business transaction first introduced me to him. The interests of my only child have ever been near and dear to me; and where a inlier man would have perceived only a wealthy stranger, my paternal nstincts recognised at a glance the predestined husband of my daugher. It needed my wide experience of life—and, as I venture to believe, my subtle knowledge of the human heart—to understand that a man who had lived for five-and-thirty years buried alive in a French province—a charming place, my love, and for your refined taste replete with interest—never seeing a mortal except his immediate neighbours, would be the man of men to fall in love with the first attractive young woman he met among strangers. Come to me this afternoon without H. N. C. P." fail, and come early.—Yours,

Diana obeyed this summons submissively, but still troubled by that strange sense of bewilderment which had affected her since her stormy interview with Captain Paget. She was not quite certain of herself. The old dreams—the sweet, foolish, girlish fancies—were not yet put away altogether from her mind; but she knew that they were foolish, and she was half-inclined to believe that there had been some wisdom in her father's scorn.

"What do I want more?" she asked herself. "He is good and have and true, and he loves me. If I were a princess, my marriage would be negotiated for me by other people, and I should have reason

to consider myself very happy if the man whom the state selected for my husband should prove as good a man as Gustave Lenoble. And he loves me; me, who have never before had power over a man's heart."

She walked across Hyde Park on this occasion, as on the last; and her thoughts, though always confused—mere rags and scraps of thought—were not all unpleasant. There was a smile, half shy, half tender, on her face as she went into the little sitting-room where Gustave was waiting for her. She had seen his hat and overcoat in the passage, and knew that he was there waiting for her. To this poor desolate soul there was something sweet in the idea of being waited for.

As she stood but a little within the doorway, blushing, almost trembling with the sense of her changed position, her lover came across the room and took her in his arms. The strong brave arms held her to his breast; and in that one embrace he took her to his heart, and made her his own for ever.

In every story of life-long affection there is one moment in which the bond is sealed. Diana looked up at the frank, tender face, and felt that she had found her conqueror. Master, friend, protector, husband, adoring and devoted lover, gallant and fearless champion—he was all; and she divined his power and his worth as she glanced shyly upward, ashamed to be so lightly won.

"M. Lenoble," she faltered, trying to withdraw herself from the strong encircling arm that held her, as if by right.

"Gustave, now and for ever, my Diane! There shall be no more Monsieur Lenoble. And in a few weeks it shall be 'my husband' Your father has given me to you. He tells me to laugh at your refusals, your scruples; to assail you like your Shakespeare's Petruchio assails his Katherine—with audacious insolence that will not be denied. And I shall take his advice. Look up into my face, dear angel, and

Happily the dear angel looked only downwards. But M. Lenoble was resolved to have an agreeable response.

"See, then, thou canst not defy me!" he cried, in the only language he spoke; and the "tu" for the first time sounded very tender, very sweet. "Thou canst not tell me thou art angry with me. And the other—the imbecile!—he is gone for ever, is he not? Ah, say yes!"

"Yes, he is gone," said Diana, almost in a whisper.

defy me to take his advice."

"Is he quite gone? The door of thine heart locked against him, his luggage thrown out of the window?"

"He is gone," she murmured softly. "He could not hold his place against you—you are so strong, so brave; and he was only a shadow. Yes; he is gone."

She said this with a little sigh of relief. It was in all sincerity that she answered her suitor's question. She felt that a crisis had come in her life—the first page of a new volume; and the old, sad, tear-blotted book might be cast away.

"Dear angel, wilt thou ever learn to love me?" asked Gustave, in a half-whisper, bending down his bearded face till his lips almost touched her cheek.

"It is impossible not to love you," she answered softly. And indeed it seemed to her as if this chivalrous Gaul was a creature to command the love of women, the fear of men; an Achilles en frac; a Bayard without his coat of mail; Don Quixote, in his youth, generous, brave, compassionate, tender, and with a brain not as yet distempered by the reading of silly romances.

Captain Paget emerged from his den as the little love-scene ended. He affected a gentlemanly unconsciousness of the poetry involved in the situation; was pleasantly anxious about the tea-tray, the candles, and minor details of life; and thus afforded the lovers ample time in which to recover their composure. The Frenchman was in nowise discomposed; he was only abnormally gay, with a little air of triumph that was not unpleasing. Diana was pale; but there was an unwonted light in her eyes, and she had by no means the appearance of a victim newly offered on the sacrificial altar of filial duty. In sober truth, Miss Paget was happier to-night than she had been for a long time. At three-and-twenty she was girl enough to rejoice in the knowledge that she was truly loved, and woman enough to value the sense of peace involved in the security of a prosperous future.

If she was grateful to her lover,—and the affection he had inspired in her heart had grown out of gratitude,—it was no mercenary consideration as to his income or position that made her grateful. She thanked him for his love—that treasure which she had never expected to possess; she thanked him because he had taken her by the hand, and led her out of the ranks of lonely dependent womanhood, and seated her upon a throne, on the steps whereof he was content to kneel. Whether the throne were a rushen chair in some rustic cottage, or a gilded fauteuil in a palace, she cared very little. It was the subject's devotion that was new and sweet to her.

She went to Charlotte's room that night, when Mr. Sheldon's small household was at rest; as she had gone on Christmas-eve to renounce her lover and to bless her rival. This time it was a new confession the went to make, and a confession that involved some shame. There is nothing so hard to confess as inconstancy; and every woman is not so philosophic as Rahel Varnhagen, who declared that to be constant was not always to love the same person, but always to love someone.

Miss Paget seated herself at Charlotte's feet, as she had done on that previous occasion. The weather was still cold enough to make a fire very pleasant, though it was more than two months since the Christmas bells had rung out upon the frosty air. Diana sat on a low hastock, playing with the tassels of her friend's dressing-gown, anxious to make her confession, and sorely at a loss for words in which to shape to humiliating an avowal.

"Charlotte," she began abruptly at last, "have you any idea when you and Valentine are to be married?"

Miss Halliday gave a little cry of surprise.

"Why, of course not, Di! How can you ask such a question? On marriage is what uncle George calls a remote contingency. We are not to be married for ages—not until Valentine has obtained a secure position in literature, and an income that seems almost impossible. That was the special condition upon which Mr. Sheldon—papa—gave his consent to our engagement. Of course it was very proper and prudent of him to think of these things; and as he has been very kind and liberal-minded in his conduct to me throughout, I should be a most ungrateful person if I refused to be guided by his advice."

"And I suppose that means that your engagement is to be a long one?"

"The longest of long engagements. And what can be happier than a long engagement? One gets to know and understand the man one is to marry so thoroughly. I think I know every turn of thought in Valentine's mind; every taste, every fancy; and I feel myself every day grouing to think more and more like him. I read the books he reads, so a to be able to talk to him, you know; but I am not so clever as you Di, and Valentine's favourite authors do sometimes seem rather dry to me. But I struggle on, you know; and the harder I find the struggle, the more I admire my dear love's cleverness. Think of him, Di-three different articles in three different magazines last month! The paper on Apollodorus, in the Cheapside, you know; and that story in the ('haring tross-'How I lost my Gingham Umbrella, and gained the Acquaintance of Mr. Gozzleton.' So funny! And the exhaustive treatist on the Sources of Light, in the Scientific Suturday. And think of the fuse they make about Homer, a blind old person who wrote a long rigmarole of a poem about battles, and wrote it so badly that to this day no one knows whether it's one complete poem, or a lot of odds-andends in the way of poetry, put together by a man with an unpronounceable Greek name. When I think of what Valentine accomplishes in comparison to Homer, and the little notice the reviewers take of him, except to make him low-spirited by telling him that he is shallow and frivolous, I begin to think that literature must be going to the dogs."

And here Charlette became meditative, absorbed in the contemplation of Mr. Hawkehurst's genius. Diana had begun the conversation very artfully, intending to proceed by a gentle transition from Charlette's love-affairs to her own; but the conversation was drifting away from the subject into a discussion upon literature, and the brilliant young convist whose first adventurous flights seemed grand as the souring of Theban eagle to this tender and admiring watcher of his akyward progress.

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A after a panee, "should you be very sor!

"Leave me before my marriage, Diana! Is it not arranged that you are to live with mamma, and be a daughter to her, when I am gone? And you will come and stay with Valentine and me at our cottage; and you will advise me about my housekeeping, and teach me how to be a sensible, useful, economical wife, as well as a devoted one. Leave us, Di! What have I done, or mamma, or Mr. Sheldon, or any-

body, that you should talk of anything so dreadful?"

"What have you done, dear girl, dear friend, dear sister? Everything to win my undying love and gratitude. You have changed me from a hard, disappointed, bitter-minded woman—envious, at times, even of you—into your loving and devoted friend. You have changed me from a miserable creature into a contented and hopeful one. You have taught me to forget that my childhood and youth were one long night of wretchedness and degradation. You have taught me to forgive the father who suffered my life to be what it was, and made no one poor effort to lift me out of the slough of despond to which he had mak. I can say no more, Charlotte. There are things that cannot be told by words."

"And you want to leave me!" said Charlotte, in accents half-won-

dering, half-reproachful.

"My father wants me to leave you, Lotta; and someone elsesomeone whom you must know and like before I can be sure I like him myself."

"Him!" cried Charlotte, with a faint shriek of surprise. "Diana,

WHAT are you going to tell me?"

"A secret, Lotta; something which my father has forbidden me to tell anyone, but which I will not hide from you. My poor father has found a kind friend—a friend who is almost as good to him as you are to me. How merciful Heaven is in raising up friends for outcasts! And I have seen a good deal of this gentleman who is so kind to papa, and the result is that—chiefly for papa's sake, and because I know that he is generous and brave and true, I mean papa's friend, M. Lenoble—I have consented to be his wife."

"Diana!" cried Charlotte, with a sternness of manner that was alarming in so gentle a creature, "it shall never be!"

"What, dear?"

"The sacrifice! No, dear, no! I understand it all. For your cruel, mercenary, heartless, designing father's sake, you are going to many a man whom you can't love. You are going to offer up your poor, bruised, desolate heart on the altar of duty. Ah, dear, you can't think I forget what you told me only two short months ago—though I seem selfish and frivolous, and am always talking about him, and panding my happiness, as it must seem to you, reckless of the wounds to newly healed in your noble unselfish heart. But I do not altogether forget, Diana, and such a sacrifice as this I will not allow. I know you have resigned him to me—I know you have thrust him from your heart,

# CHARLOTTES INHERITANCE

as you sold me that night. But the hollow aching void that is left in mur inners heart shall be sacred. Di. No stranger's image shall polme in. You shall not sacrifice your own peace to your father's selfishness. No. dear, no! With mamma and me you will always have a icme. You need stoop to no cruel barter such as this marriage."

And hereupon Miss Haliday weps over and caressed her friend, as the confidence of Agamemnon's daughter may have wept over and caressed that devoted young princess after the divination of Calcha had become common talk in the royal household.

- \*But if I think it my duty to accept M. Lenoble's offer, Lotta?" reged Miss Pages with some embarrassment of manner. "M. Lenoble is as rich as he is generous, and my marriage with him will secure a happy home for my father. The foolish dreams I told you about on Christmas eve had faded from my mind before I dared to speak of them. I could only confess my folly when I knew that I was learning as he wise. Pray do not think that I am sordid or mercenary. It is nce because M. Lenoble is rich that I am inclined to marry him, it is terange -
- Because you want to throw yourself away for the advantage of vir selfit heartless father," interjected Charlotte. "He has negsected you all your life, and now wants to profit by the sacrifice of your harviness. Be firm, Di, darling; your Charlotte will stand by yea, and find a home for you always, come what may. Who is this M. Lencele: Some horrible ugly old creature, I daresay."

Miss Paget smiled and blushed. The vision of Gustave's frank handsome face arose before her very vividly as Charlotte said this.

"No, dear," she replied. "M. Lenoble is not an old man-five and-thirty at most."

- Five and thirty : repeated Charlotte with a wry face; "you don't

call that young? And what is he like?"

"Well, dear, I think he is the sort of man whom most people would call handsome. I'm sure you would like him, Lotta. He is so candid, so animated, so full of strength and courage. The sort of man to whom one would naturally look in any emergency or danger; the sort of man in whose company fear would be impossible."

"Diana," cried Charlotte suddenly, "you are in love with him!"

" Lotta!"

"Yes, dear, you are in love with him," repeated Miss Halliday, embracing her friend with effusion; "yes, over head and ears in love with him. And you are ashamed to confess the truth to me; and you are half-ashamed to confess it even to yourself-as if you could deceive an old stager like me?" cried Charlotte, laughing. "Why, you des inconstant thing, while I have felt myself the guiltiest and most selfcreature in the world for robbing you of quietly transferring your affections to t is very rich, and brave, and true, ar

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#### CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

all handsome! Bless you, a thousand times, my darling! You ade me so happy."

deed, Lotta?"

es, dear. The thought that there was a blank in your life made cloud in mine. I know I have been very selfish, very thought-t I could never have been quite free from a sense of self-re-But now there is nothing for me but happiness. O darling, g to see your M. Lenoble!"

ou shall see him, dear."

nd in the mean time tell me what he is like."

s Halliday insisted upon a full, true, and particular account of oble's personal appearance. Diana gave it, but not without use of embarrassment. She could not bring herself to be enic about Gustave Lenoble, though in her heart there was a of feeling that surprised her.

hat a hypocrite you are, Di!" exclaimed Charlotte presently. w you love this good Frenchman almost as dearly as I love ne, and that the thought of his affection makes you happy; and speak of him in little measured sentences, and you won't be astic even about his good looks."

is difficult to pass from dreams to realities, Lotta. I have long among dreams, that the waking world seems strange to

nat is only a poetical way of saying that you are ashamed of changed your mind. I will tell M. Lenoble what a lukewarm pour are, and how unworthy of his love!"

ou shall tell him what you please. But remember, dear, my nent must not be spoken about yet awhile, not even to your. Papa makes a strong point of this, and I have promised to lough I am quite in the dark as to his reasons."

3 Halliday submitted to anything her friend wished; only enthat she might be introduced to M. Lenoble. Diana promised privilege; but it speedily transpired that Diana's promise was that was wanted on this occasion.

some time past, in fact from the very commencement of Charngagement, Mr. Sheldon had shown himself punctilious to an 1g degree with regard to his stepdaughter. The places to which it, and the people with whom she consorted, appeared to be of supreme importance in his mind. When speaking of these he gave those about him to understand that his ideas had been a from the time of Charlotte's leaving school; but Diana knew is was not true. Mr. Sheldon's theories had been much less and Mr. Sheldon's practice had been much more careless, prior Halliday's engagement.

aly principal of a school for young ladies could have been lar as to the movements of her charges—more apprehen-

The same of saging or drawing - La La Caracter and the control of these latter days. Even The second secon in the second se

The second state of the se in the state of th and so a manufacture of first my own daughter at the same a soon is most ferideally forbid all oren na de a Areama Fariras. Por seu Loria, two girls # n a to me like inter and he to particular where you me to the total particular where you me to the total exercise. You can get The state of the state of same and a people in the service error which wilked

and the control of th The rest of the start of the start of the start father fooling m man and a man write were mainting fair that he had The matter of her empayement, and she had been as the matter of this kind.

The matter of her empayement, and she had been as the matter of this kind.

The matter of his dear and his dear some that so that so that's met mas been favoured with Mr. with a constraint of the companies of half an hour The control of the co

nowhere the coop men that the morning walks were that Mr. Hawkehurs of the service of the service and care

the said; - . - - - Little its - pin. Sich a girl as you oughtu't The state of the s The state of the state of the strangers."

A second of the state of the wanted to take his trace of the was told that Miss wither and timers of pictures. He was told that Miss till a worm, except sommyshied by her mamma; and are all the are bent pictures and found herself unequal to serve them with Letta on his arm. He pronounced The state of the s

drew the remark in a contrite spirit when Charlotte reminded him of that gentleman's generosity.

"Yes, dear, he has certainly been very kind and very disinterested —more disinterested than even you think; but, somehow, I can't make him out."

It was very well for Miss Halliday that she had submitted to this sovel restriction with so good a grace, inasmuch as Mr. Sheldon had prepared himself for active opposition. He had given orders to his wife, and further orders to Mrs. Woolper, to the effect that his step-lenghter should not be permitted to go out of doors, except in his two or her mother's company.

"She is a very good girl, you see, Nancy," he said to the old house-imper, "but she's young, and she's giddy; and of course I can't take mean myself to answer for Miss Paget, who may or may not be a good girl. She comes of a very bad stock, however; and I am bound to member that. Some people think that you can't give a girl too much liberty. My ideas lean the other way. I think you can't take is much care of a very pretty girl whom you are bound by duty to kotect."

All this sounded very noble and very conscientious. It sounded the even to Mrs. Woolper, who in her intercourse with Philip Sheldon hald never quite divest herself of one appalling memory. That meters was the death of Tom Halliday, and the horrible thoughts and have that had for a time possessed her mind in relation to that death. The shadow of that old ghastly terror sometimes came between her had Mr. Sheldon, even now, though she had long ago assured herself that the terror had been alike groundless and unreasonable.

"Didn't I see my own nephew carried off by a fever twice as sudden as the fever that carried off poor Mr. Halliday?" she said to herself; and am I to think horrid things of him as I nursed, a baby, because a pof greasy beef-tea turned my stomach?"

Convinced by such reasoning as this that she had done her master spievous wrong, and grateful for the timely shelter afforded in her seld age, Mrs. Woolper felt that she could not do too much in her benefactor's service. She had already shown herself a clever managing housekeeper; had reformed abuses, and introduced a new system of the and economy below-stairs, to the utter bewilderment of poor Georgy, for whom the responsibilities of the gothic villa had been an overwhelming burden. Georgy was not particularly grateful to the margetic old Yorkshirewoman who had taken this burden off her hands, but she was submissive.

"I never felt myself much in the house, my dear," she said to Lotta; the I same sure since Ann Woolper has been here I have felt myself a r."

"harp and observant, was not slow to permally anxious about his stepdaughter. She ascribed this anxiety to a suspicious nature, an inherent distrust of other people on the part of her master, and in some measure to his ignorance of womankind.

"He seems to think that she'd run away and get married on the sly, at a word from that young man; but he doesn't know what a dear innocent soul she is, and how sorry she'd be to displease anyone that's kind to her. I don't know anything about Miss Paget. She's more stand-offish than our own Miss, though she is little better than a genteel kind of servant; but she seems fair-spoken enough. As to our Miss, bless her dear heart, she wants no watching, I'll lay. But I daresay those City folks, with their stocks going up and going down, and always bringing about the ruin of somebody or other, go which way they will, get their poor heads so muddled with figures that they can't believe there's such a thing as honesty in the world."

This was the gist of Mrs. Woolper's evening musing in the snuglittle housekeeper's room at the Lawn. It was a very comfortable little room, and held sacred to Mrs. Woolper; the three young females, and the boy in buttons, who formed Mr. Sheldon's in-door establishment, preferring the license of the kitchen to the strict etiquette of the housekeeper's room.

This apartment, as well as every other room in the stockbroker's house, here the stamp of prosperity. A comfortable easy-chair reposed the limbs of Mrs. Woolper: a bright little fire burned in a bright little grate, and its ruddy light was reflected in a bright little fender. Print of the goody class aderned the walls; and a small round table, with a somewhat gandy cover, supported Mrs. Woolper's work-box and family Rible, both of which she made it a point of honour to carry about with her, and to keep religiously, through good fortune and through eril fortune; neither of which however, afforded her much employment She fall bered to be much nearer grace with the family Bible by her sale than she would have been without it; she felt, indeed, that the maintenance and due exhibition of the family Bible was in itself a kind of religion. But that she should peruse its pages was not in the North lies eyes were old and weak-sharp enough to discover the showeverings of Mr. Shelder's roung maid-servants, but too feeble eren de lenggemer.

As six liviked round that some little chamber of an evening, when her day's labours were embed, and her own particular Britannia-metal acque was basisting in the fredericher her own special round of toast friedling on the trivet six was very grateful to the man to whom she could also comforts.

What should be but for him? she asked herself, with a shudder; the same of that hardware above shut in by high black walls—the same had not know what work home arose before her. She did not know what have been seen to that drong asylum; the confidence of the same should be should be

master for the benevolence that had accepted the service of her failing

This was the servant on whom Philip Sheldon relied. He saw that she was grateful, and that she was ready to serve him with an almost slavish devotion. He knew that she had suspected him in the past, and he saw that she had outlived her suspicion.

"There is a statute of limitations for these things as well as for lebt," he said to himself. "A man can live down anything, if he

knows what he is about."

# CHAPTER II.

#### FIRM AS A ROCK.

AFTER that midnight interview between the two girls in Miss Halliday's bedroom, life went very smoothly at the gothic villa for two or three days, during which the impulsive Charlotte, being forbidden to talk openly of the change in her friend's position, was fain to give vent to her feelings by furtive embraces and hand-squeezings, sly nods and meaning becks, and mischievous twinkling of her arch gray eyes.

She talked of Valentine more than ever now, feeling herself at liberty to sing what pasans she pleased in praise of her hero, now that her friend

had also a fitting subject for pæans.

"And now it's your turn to talk of M. Lenoble, dear," she would say naïvely, when she had entertained Diana with the minute details of her last conversation with her lover, or a lively sketch of the delights of that ideal cottage which she loved to furnish and unfurnish in ac-

cordance with the new fancy of the hour.

Diana was pleased to listen to her girlish talk: to hang and rehang the ideal draperies, to fill and refill the ideal bookcase, to plan and replan the arrangements of that ideal existence which was to be all joy and love and harmony; but when her turn came, and she was taked to be rapturous about her own lover, she could say nothing: that which she felt was too deep for words. The thought of her lover was strange to her; the fact of his love was mysterious and wonderful. She could not talk of him with the customary frivolous school-girl talk; and love for him had so newly taken root in her heart, that there was yet no blossoms to be gathered from that magical plant.

"Don't ask me to talk of him, Lotta dear," she said. "I am not yet sure that I love him; I only feel that it is sweet to be loved by him. I think Providence must have sent him to me in pity for my

desolation."

This was almost the same fancy that had occurred to Susan Meynell five-and-thirty years before this time, when Gustave the first had record her from the suicide's unrepentable sin.

That chivalrous turn of mind which was hereditary in the race of Labele predisposed these men to pity loneliness and beauty, weakness

#### CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

and sorrow. This pity for helplessness may have been indeed only an element of their exceeding strength. Was not the rescue of weakings and women an unfailing attribute in the mighty men of old? Who so prompt as Hercules to fly to the rescue of Hesione? who so swift as Perseus to save Andromeda? And what sea-mounter more terrible than loneliness and poverty?

In a few days there came another letter from Captain Paget, containing a fresh summons to Omega-street.

"Lenoble positively returns to Normandy to-morrow," he wrote, "to see his girls, and, no doubt, break the news of his approaching marriage. He much wants to see you, and, as I have forbidden his calling on you at the Lawn, can only meet you here. He is to drink tea with me at the usual time to-morrow evening, and I shall expect to see you early in the afternoon."

This offered an opportunity for that introduction to which Miss Halliday looked forward with so much interest.

"If Mr. Sheldon and your mamma will let you come with me this afternoon, dear, I shall be very pleased to take you," said Diana; and she felt that she would appear less in the character of a lamb led to the slaughter if she could go to meet her betrothed accompanied by Charlotte.

But in this matter both the young ladies were doomed to disappointment. Mr. Sheldon showed himself a social Draco in all things relating to his stepdaughter. Being forbidden to reveal the existence of Gustave Lenoble, Charlotte could only urge a frivolous desire to accompany her friend in a pilgrimage dictated by filial duty. To the practical mind of Philip Sheldon this desire appeared altogether absurd and unreasonable, and he did not hesitate to express himself to that effect in a  $t\hat{e}te-\hat{a}-t\hat{e}te$  with his stepdaughter.

"What good on earth can you do by going to see a gouty old man, who has his own daughter to dance attendance upon him?" asked Mr. Sheldon. "Really, Charlotte, I am surprised to hear such a proposition from a girl of your good sense. Miss Paget is your companion, not your visitor. It is her duty to indulge your whims, but it is not your place to give way to hers."

"But this is a whim of mine, papa; I should really like to spend the afternoon at Chelsea. It would be a change, you know."

Mr. Sheldon looked at his stepdaughter with a sharp and searching gaze, a gaze in which there was suspicion as well as curiosity.

"It is a very discreditable whim for a young lady in your position," he said sternly; "and I beg that such a proposition may not be made to me again."

This was decisive. Charlotte submitted, and Diana went alone to Omega-street. She found Gustave waiting for her. He proposed a Land Captain Paget was enthusiastic upon the subject of fresh

ir, and the benefits arising therefrom. So the lovers went out in the leak winter afternoon, and wandered in the dreary Pimlico region as ar as St. James's-park—Gustave delighted to have Diana's hand upon its arm, and Diana almost bewildered by a sense of happiness, which seemed unreal by reason of its very novelty.

Gustave was all enthusiasm, full of plans for the future. He would have had the marriage take place immediately, if such a thing had been possible; but Diana showed him that it would not be possible. Her first duty was to the only friends she had ever known. Gustave

they made their way to the very gates of St. James's-park, but Diana

"Was more resolute still.

"What a tyrannical wife I shall have by and by!" said Gustave.

"I think you care for these Sheldons more than for me, Diane."

rgued the point resolutely for nearly an hour, during which time

"These Sheldons have been so good to me in the past."

"And I mean to be so good to you in the future," answered Gustave.
"You shall be the happiest wife in Normandy, if a foolish, doting husband's devotion can make you happy."

"What have I done to deserve so much devotion?" Diana mur-

mured wonderingly.

"What have you done? Nothing, less than nothing. You will not even run the hazard of offending your family of Sheldon in order to make me happy. But Fate has said, 'At the feet of that girl with the dark eyes and pale proud face shall poor Lenoble of Côtenoir put down his heart.' Do you know what I said to myself when I saw you first in the little parlour yonder? Ah, no! How should you guess? 'She is there,' said I; 'behold her! It is thy destiny, Lenoble, on which thou gazest!' And thou, love, wert calm and voiceless as Fate. Quiet as the goddess of marble before which the pagans offered their merifices, across whose cold knees they laid their rich garments. I put my treasures in your lap, my love; my heart, my hopes,—all the treasures I had to offer."

This was all very sweet, but there was a sting even mingled with that sweetness. Diana told herself that love like this should only be offered on the purest shrine; and when she remembered the many stains upon her father's honour, it seemed to her that a part of the shame must needs cleave to her.

"Gustave," she said presently, after an absent meditative mood, from which her lover had vainly tried to beguile her, "does it not seem to you that there is something foolish in this talk of love and confidence between you and me; and that all your promises have been a little too lightly made? What do you know of me? You see me sitting in my father's room, and because my eyes happen to please you, or for some reson as foolish as that, you ask me to be your wife. I might have been one of the worst of women."

"You might have been ?- yes, dear, but you are not. And if you

had been, Gustave Lenoble would not have flung his heart into you lap, even if your eyes had been sweeter than they are. We impulsive people are people of quick perceptions, and know what we are doin better than our reflective friends imagine. I did not need to be a hour in your company, dear love, in order to know that you are noble and true. There are tones in the voice, there are expressions of the face, that tell these things better than words can tell them; for, you see, words can lie, while tones and looks are apt to be true. Yes, me angel, I knew you from that first night. My heart leapt across a conventional barriers, and found its way straight to yours."

"I can see that you think much better of me than I deserve; be even supposing you not to be deceived as to myself, I fear you as much deceived as to my surroundings."

"I know that your father is poor, and that the burden of his povert weighs heavily on you. That is enough for me to know."

"No, M. Lenoble; it is not enough for you to know. If I am to be your wife, I will not enter your family as an impostor. I told you the truth about myself the other day when you questioned me, and am bound to tell you the truth about my father."

And then she told him, in the plainest, frankest language, the stor, of her father's life. She inflicted no unnecessary shame on Captain Paget; she made no complaint of her neglected childhood and joyles youth; but she told Gustave that her father had been an adventure keeping doubtful company, and earning his bread by doubtful means.

"I hope and believe that if a peaceful home could be secured for his declining years, he would live the rest of his life like a gentlems and a Christian; and that, the bitter struggle for existence being ended he would be sorry for the past. I doubt if the sense of shame every deserted him when he was living that wretched wandering life, leaving debts and difficulties behind him everywhere—always harassed and hunted by creditors, who had good cause to be angry. Yes, Gustave I do believe that if it should please Providence to give my father a peaceful home at last, he will be thankful for God's mercy, and will repent the sins of his life. And now I have told you the kind a heritage I can bring my husband."

"My dear love, I will accept the heritage, for the sake of her who brings it. I never meant to be less than a son to your father; and if he is not the best of fathers, as regards the past, we will try to make him a decent kind of father, as regards the future. I have long understood that Captain Paget is something—ever so little—of an adventurer. It was the pursuit of fortune that brought him to me; and without knewing it, he brought me my fortune in the shape of his daughter."

Diana blushed as she remembered that Captain Paget had not been so innovent of any design in this matter as the Frenchman imagined.

"And yo wen pape for my sake?" asked Diana.

- "With all my heart."
- "Ah, you are indeed a generous lover!"
- "A lover who is not generous is—bah! there is nothing in creation mean as the wretch whom love does not render generous. When one is the woman whom fate intends for one's wife, is one to stop to interest the character of her father, her mother, her sister, her cousin?—I there is no stopping when you begin that. A man who loves makes inquiries. If he finds his jewel in the gutter, he picks it out of the ud and carries it away in his bosom, too proud of his treasure to reember where he found it; always provided that the jewel is no counfeit, but the real gem, fit for a king's crown. And my diamond is 'the purest water. By and by we will try to drain the gutter—that to say, we will try to pay those small debts of which you speak, to dging-housekeepers, and tradesmen who have trusted your father."

"You would pay papa's debts!" cried Diana in amazement.

- "But why not? All these little debts, the thought of which is so itter to you, might be discharged for two or three thousand pounds. our father tells me I am to be very rich by and by."
- "My father tells you! Ah, then, you have allowed him to involve ou in some kind of speculation!"
- "He has involved me in no speculation, and in no risk that two or bree hundred pounds will not cover."
  - "The whole business seems very mysterious, Gustave."
- "Perhaps; it has to do with a secret which I am pledged to keep. will not allow your father to lead me into any quagmire of speculaion, believe me, dear one."

After this they went back to Omega-street in the winter gloaming, and Diana loved and admired this man with all her heart and mind. I new life lay before her, very bright and fair. There, where had been ally the barren desert, was now a fair landscape, shining in the sunight of hope.

"Do you think your children will ever love me, Gustave?" she sked, not without some sense of wonder that this impulsive, lightwarted lover should be the owner of children. She fancied that a repossibility so grave as paternity must needs have impressed some tamp of solemnity upon the man who bore it.

"Ever love thee!" cried Gustave. "Child, they will adore thee! They ask only someone to love. Their hearts are gardens of flowers; and thou shalt gather the flowers. But wilt thou be happy at Côtenoir, hou? It is somewhat sad, perhaps—the grave old château with the long sombre corridors. But thou shalt choose new furniture, new gar-uitures at Rouen, and we will make all bright and gay, like the heart of thy affianced. Thou wilt not be dull?"

"Dull, with you and yours! I shall thank God for my happy home day and night, as I never thought to thank Him a few months ago, when I was dissatisfied, wicked, tired of my life."

"And when you thought of that other one? Ah, how he was an imbecile, that other one! But thou wilt never think of him again; it is a dream that is past," said M. Lenoble.

That self-confidence which was an attribute of his sanguine nature rendered the idea of a rival not altogether unpleasant to him. He was gratified by the idea of his own victory, and the base rival's annihilation.

"Diane, I want to show thee the home that is to be thine," he said presently. "Your Sheldon family must give thee at least a holiday, if they refuse to let thee go altogether. Thou wilt come to Normandy with thy father. He is coming for a week or two, now that his got is better. I want to show thee Côtenoir—and Beaubocage, the place where my father was born. It will seem dreary, perhaps, to thine English eyes; but to me it is very dear."

"Nothing that is dear to you shall appear dreary to me," said

Diana.

By this time they had arrived at Omega-street. Again Miss Pages made tea for her lover. Strange to say, the operation seemed to grow more agreeable with every repetition. While taking his tea from the hands of his beloved, Gustave pressed the question of Diana's visit to Normandy.

- "About her Sheldon family she is adamant," he said to Captain Paget, who sipped his tea and smiled at the lovers with the air of an aristocratic patriarch. "There is to be no marriage till it pleases Mrs. Sheldon to set her free. I consent to this only as man must consent to the inevitable; but I say to her, can she not come to Normandy for a fortnight—say but one short fortnight—to see her home? She will come with you. She has but to ask a holiday of her friends, and it is done."
- "Of course," exclaimed the Captain, "she shall come with me. If necessary, I myself will ask it of Sheldon.—But it will be best not to mention where you are going, Diana. There are reasons, best known to our friend Gustave and myself, which render secrecy advisable just at present. You can say Rouen. That is quite near enough to the mark to come within the limits of truth," added Horatio, with the tone of a man who had never quite outstepped those limits. "Yes, Rouen. And you will come with me."

"With us," said Gustave. "I will put off my journey for a day or two for the sake of going with you. You have to meet Fleurus in Rouen, haven't you?"

"Yes; he is to be there on the fifth of March, and this is the last day of February. I had a letter from him this morning. All goes swimmingly."

Diana wondered what it could be which went swimmingly; but she was obliged to content herself with her lover's assurance that he had not allowed her father to involve him in any kind of speculation.

#### CHAPTER III.

#### AGAINST WIND AND TIDE.

BETWEEN Philip Sheldon and his brother there was at this time a state of feeling somewhat akin to the relations between a subjugated country and its conqueror. The vanquished is fain to accept whatever the victor is pleased to give, though discontent and impotent rage may be gnawing his entrails. George Sheldon had been a loser in that game in which the Haygarthian inheritance was the stake. He had held good cards, and had played them with considerable cleverness; but no play could prevail against his antagonist's ace of trumps. The ace of trumps was Charlotte Halliday; and as to his mode and manner of playing this card, Mr. Sheldon was for the present profoundly mysterious.

- "I have known a good many inscrutable cards in my time," the micitor of Gray's-Inn observed to his elder brother, in the course of faternal converse; "but I think for inscrutability you put the topper me the lot. What do you expect to get out of this Haygarth estate? Come, Phil, let us have your figures in plain English. I am to have a fath—that's all signed and sealed. But how about your share? What agreement have you got from Miss Halliday?"
  - " None."
  - " None!"
- "What would the world think of me if I extorted money, or the conise of money, from my wife's daughter? Do you think I could between her and me?"
- "Ah, I see; you go in for respectability. And you are going to have the settlement of your claims to your stepdaughter's generosity. You will let her marry Hawkehurst, with her hundred thousand pounds; and then you will say to those two, 'Mr. and Mrs. Hawkehurst, be so kind as to hand over my share of the plunder.' That is not like you, Phil."
- "Perhaps you will be good enough to spare yourself the trouble speculating about my motives. Go your way, and leave me to go mine."
- "But this is a case in which I have an interest. If Charlotte marries Hawkehurst, I don't see how you are to profit, to any extent that you would care about, by the Haygarth fortune. But, on the other hand, if she should die unmarried, without a will, the money would go to your wife. O my God! Philip Sheldon, is THAT what you mean?"

The question was so sudden, the tone of horror in which it was spoken so undisguised, that Mr. Sheldon the stockbroker was for one moment thrown off his guard. His breath thickened; he tried to speak, but his dry lips could shape no word. It was only one moment that he faltered. In the next he turned upon his brother angrily, and asked that he meant.

"You've been promised your reward," he said; "leave me to look

after mine. You'll take those papers round to Greenwood and Greenwood; they want to talk to you about them."

"Yes, I'll take the papers."

Greenwood and Greenwood were Mr. Sheldon's own solicitors—sirm of some distinction, on whose acumen and experience the stock-broker placed implicit reliance. They were men of unblemished respectability, and to them Mr. Sheldon had confided the care of his step-daughter's interests, always reserving the chief power in his own hands. These gentlemen thought well of the young lady's prospects, and were handling the case in that slow and stately manner which marks the handling of such cases by eminent firms of the slow-and-stately class.

Mr. Sheldon wished his brother good-day, and was about to depart,

when George planted himself suddenly before the door.

"Look you here, Phil," he said, with an intensity of manner that was by no means common to him; "I want to say a few words to you, and I will say them. There was an occasion, ten years ago, on which I ought to have spoken out, and didn't. I have never ceased to regret my cowardice. Yes, by Jove! I hate myself for it; and there are times when I feel as if my share in that wretched business was almost as bed as yours."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Of course not. That's your text, and you'll stick to it. But you do know what I mean, and you shall know what I mean, if plain words can tell you. You and I had a friend, Phil. He was a good friend to me, and I liked him as much as a man of the world can afford to like anybody. If I had been down in the world, and had asked him for a hundred pounds to give me a new start in life, I think he'd have said, 'George, here's a cheque for you.' That's my notion of a friend. And yet I stood by that man's deathbed, and saw him sinking, and knew what ailed him, and didn't stretch out my hand to save him."

"Be so good as to move away from that door," said Mr. Sheldon, livid to the lips with smothered fury, but able to put on a bold from nevertheless. "I didn't come here to listen to rhodomontade of this

kind, or to bandy words with you. Get out of my way."

"Not till I've said my say. There shall be no rhodomontade this time. I stood by, and saw my best friend murdered—by you. I kept my counsel for your sake, and when you had made your fortune—by his death—I asked you for a little money. You know how much you gave me, and how graciously you gave it. If you had given me twenty times the sum you gained by Tom Halliday's death, I would give it back, and twenty times as much again, to bring him back to life, and to feel that I had never aided and abetted a murderer. Yes, by God, I would! though I'm not straitlaced or over-scrupulous at the best of times. But that's past, and all the money in the Bank of England wouldn't undo what you did in Fitzgeorge-street. But if you try on any such tricks with Tom Halliday's daughter, if that's the scheme

you've hatched for getting hold of this money, as surely as we two live, I'll let in the light upon your doings, and save the girl whose father you murdered. I will, Philip, let come what may. You can't get me out of the way when it suits you, you see. I know you. That's the best antidote against your medicines."

"If you'll be so good as to say these things on Change, I can bring an action for libel, or get you put into a madhouse. There's no good in saying them here."

Philip Sheldon, even in this crisis, was less agitated than his brother, being of a harder nature, and less subject to random impulses of good or evil. He caught his accuser by the collar of his coat, and flung him violently from the doorway. Thus ended his visit to Gray's-Inn.

Boldly as he had borne himself during the interview, he went to his office profoundly depressed and dispirited.

"So I am to have him against me?" he said to himself. "He can do me no real harm; but he can harass and annoy me. If he should drop any hint to Hawkehurst?—but he'll scarcely do that. Perhaps I've ridden him a little too roughly in the past. And yet if I'd been smoother, where would his demands have ended? No; concession in these cases means ruin."

He shut himself in his office, and sat down to his desk to confront his difficulties. For a long time the bark which was freighted with Philip Sheldon's fortunes had been sailing in troubled waters. He had been an unconscious disciple of Lord Bacon, inasmuch as the boldness inculcated by that philosopher had been the distinguishing characteristic of his conduct in all the operations of life. As a speculator, his boldness had served him well. Adventures from which timid spirits shrunk appalled had brought golden harvests to this daring gamester. When some rich argosy upon the commercial ocean fired her minuteguns, and sent up signals of distress, menaced by the furious tempest, lifted high on the crest of mountainous waves, below which, black and fathomless, yawn the valleys of death,—a frail ark hovering above the avening jaws of all-devouring Poseidon,—Philip Sheldon was among that chosen band of desperate wreckers who dared to face the storm, and profit by the tempest and terror. From such argosies, while other men watched and waited for a gleam of sunlight on the dark horizon, Mr. Sheldon had obtained for himself goodly merchandise. The debentures of railways that were in bad odour; Unitas-Bank shares, immedistely after the discovery of gigantic embezzlements by Swillenger, the Unitas-Bank secretary; the Mole-and-Burrow railway-stock, when the Mole and Burrow scheme was as yet in the clouds, and the wiseacres prognosticated its failure; the shares in foreign loans, which the Rothschilds were buying sub rosa;—these, and such as these, had employed Mr. Sheldon's capital; and from the skilful manipulation of capital thus employed Mr. Sheldon had trebled the fortune secured by his alliance with Tom Halliday's widow.

It had been the stockbroker's fate to enter the money-market at a time when fortunes were acquired with an abnormal facility. He had made the most of his advantages, and neglected none of his opportanities. He had seized Good Fortune by the forelock, and not waited to find the harridan's bald and slippery crown turned to him in pitiles derision. He had made only one mistake—and that he made in common with many of his fellow-players in the great game of speculation always going on eastward of Temple-Bar—he had mistaken the abnormal for the normal: he had imagined that these splendid opportanities were the natural evolvements of an endless sequence of everydey events; and when the sequence was abruptly broken, and when the last of the seven fat kine vanished off the transitory scene of life, to make way for a dismal succession of lean kine, there was no sanguine youngster newly admitted to the sacred privileges of "The House" more astounded by the change than Mr. Sheldon.

The panic came like a thief in the night, and it found Mr. Sheldon a speculator for the rise. The Melampuses and Amphiarauses of the Stock Exchange had agreed in declaring that a man who bought into consols at 90 must see his capital increased; and what was true of this chief among securities was of course true of other securities. The pasis came, and from 90, consols declined dismally, slowly, hopelessly, to 85; securities less secure sank with a rapidity corresponding with their constitutional weakness. As during the ravages of an epidemic the weaker are first to fall victims to the destroyer, so while this fever raged on Change, the feeble enterprises, the "risky" transactions, sank at an appalling rate, some to total expiry. The man who holds a roaring lion by the tail could scarcely be worse off than the speculator in these troublous times. To let go is immediate loss, to hold on for a certain time might be redemption, could one but know the exact moment in which it would be wise to let go. But to hold on until the beast grown more and more furious, and then to let go and be eaten up alive, is what many men did in that awful crisis.

If Philip Sheldon had accepted his first loss, and been warned by the first indication that marked the turning of the tide, he would have been a considerable loser: but he would not accept his los, and he would not be warned by that early indication. He had implicit belief in his own cleverness; and he fancied if every other bark in that tempest-tossed ocean foundered and sank, his boat might ride triumphantly across the harbour-bar, secure by virtue of his science and daring as a navigator. It was not till he had seen a small fortune melt away in the payment of contango, that he consented to the inevitable. The mistakes of one year devoured the fruits of nine year successful enterprise, and the Philip Sheldon of this present year was no richer than the man who had stood by Tom Halliday's bed-side and waited the advent of the equal foot that knows no difference between the threshold of kingly palace or panper refuge. Not only did

he find himself as poor a man as in that hateful stage of his existence—to remember which was a dull, dead pain even to him—but a man infinitely more heavily burdened. He had made for himself a certain position, and the fall from that must needs be a cruel and damaging fall, the utter annihilation of all his chances in life.

The stockbroker's fitful slumbers at this time began to be haunted by the vision of a black board fixed against the wall of a place of public resort, a black board on which appeared his own name. In what strange places feverish dreams showed him this hideous square of painted deal!—Now it was on the walls of the rooms he lived in; now on the door of a church, like Luther's propositions; now at a street-corner, where should have been the name of the street; now inky-black against the fair white headstone of his own grave. Miserable dream, miserable man, for whom the scraping together of sordid dross was life's only object, and who, in losing money, lost all!

This agonising consciousness of loss and of close-impending disgrace was the wolf which this Spartan stockbroker concealed beneath his waistcoat day after day, while the dull, common, joyless course of his existence went on; and his shallow wife smiled at him from the opposite side of his hearth, more interested in a new stitch for her crochet or Berlin-wool work than by the inner life of her husband; and Charlotte and her lover contemplated existence from their own point of view, and cherished their own dreams and their own hopes, and were, in all things, as far away from the moody meditator as if they had been natives of Upper India.

The ruin which impended over the unlucky speculator was not immediate, but it was not far off; the shadow of it already wrapped him in a twilight obscurity. His repute as a clever and a safe man had left him. He was described now as a daring man; and the wise-acres shook their heads as they talked of him.

"One of the next to go will be Sheldon," said the wiseacres; but in these days of commercial epidemic there was no saying who would be the first to go. It was the end of the world in little. One was taken, and another left. The Gazette overran its customary column like a swollen river, and flooded a whole page of the *Times* newspaper; and men looked to the lists of names in the Wednesday and Saturday papers as to the trump of archangels sounding the destruction of the universe.

For some time the bark in which Mr. Sheldon had breasted those turbulent waters had been made of paper. This was nothing. Paperboats were the prevailing shipping in those waters; but Captain Sheldon's bark needed refitting, and the captain feared a scarcity of paper, or, worse still, the awful edict issued from some commercial Areopagus that for him there should be no more paper.

Once before, Mr. Sheldon had found himself face to face with ruin complete and irredeemable. When all common expedients had been

exhausted, and his embarrassments had become desperate, he had found a desperate expedient, and had extricated himself from those embarrassments. The time had come in which a new means of extrication must be found: as desperate as the last, if need were. As Philip Sheldon had faced the situation before, he faced it now—unshrinkingly, though with a gloomy anger against destiny. It was hard for him that such a thing should have to be repeated. If he pitied anybody, he pitied himself: and this kind of compassion is very common with this kind of character. Do not the Casket letters show us—if we may trust them to show us anything—that Mary Stuart was very sorry for herself when she found herself called upon to make an end of Darnley? In Mr. Swinburne's wonderful study in morbid anatomy there are perhaps no finer touches than those which reveal the Queen's selfish compassion for her own heartlessness.

## CHAPTER IV.

#### DIANA ASKS FOR A HOLIDAY.

Plana informed Mrs. Sheldon of her father's wish that she should leave Rayswater. Before doing this, she had obtained the Captain's consent to the revelation of her engagement to be married.

"I don't like to leave them in a mysterious manner, papa," she said. "I have told Charlotte a good deal already, under a promise of scorecy; but I should like to tell Mrs. Sheldon that there is a real mason for my leaving her."

When well my love since you are so amazingly squeam—honour-side," interposed the Captain, remembering how much depended on his distribute's marriage, and what a very difficult person he had found for. "Yes my dear, of course: I respect your honourable feeling; and one yes—you me, tell Mrs Sheldon—and that of course includes Mr Sheldon since the lady is but an inoffensive cipher—that you are about to be married—to a French gentleman of position. You see about as to where and how you met him; and, upon my word, a configuration where and how you met him; and, upon my word, a configuration where girl what I want to avoid, for the present, and have of a lister however the Sheldons and Lenoble."

Price of exclaimed Plans impariently, " why must there be all this selecting."

Mass Paper: tell them what you like!" cried the character agreement beyond emirrance by such inherent perversity.

Learness a characteristic woman who quarrels with her breadsolutions as blocky to come to dry bread; and very little of that,
process I wast my bands of the business. Tell them what you

" win my son there more than I feel to be actually necessary,

papa," the young lady replied calmly. "I do not think Mr. Sheldon will trouble himself about M. Lenoble. He seems very much occupied by his own affairs."

"Humph! Sheldon seems harassed, anxious, does he?"

- "Well, yes, papa; I have thought so for the last few months. If I may venture to judge by the expression of his face, as he sits at home in the evening, reading the paper, or staring at the fire, I am sure he has many anxieties—troubles even. Mrs. Sheldon and Charlotte do not appear to notice these things. They are accustomed to see him quiet and reserved, and they don't perceive the change in him as I do."
  - "O, there is a change, is there?"

"Yes, a decided change."

"Why the deuce couldn't you tell me this before!"

"Why should I tell you that Mr. Sheldon seems anxious? I should not have told you now, if you had not appeared to dread his interference in our affairs. I can't help observing these things; but I don't want to play the part of a spy."

"No, you're so infernally punct—so delicate-minded, my love," said the Captain, pulling himself up suddenly, for the second time. "Forgive me if I was impatient just now. You look at these things from a higher point of view than that of a battered old man of the world like me. But if you should see anything remarkable in Mr. Sheldon's conduct on another occasion, my love, I should be obliged if you would be more communicative. He and I have been allied in business, you see, and it is important for me to know these things."

"I have not seen anything remarkable in Mr. Sheldon's conduct, pape; I have only seen him thoughtful and dispirited. And I suppose anxieties are common to every man of business."

Georgy received Miss Paget's announcement with mingled lamentations and congratulations.

"I am sure I am heartily glad for your sake, Diana," she said; "but what we shall do without you, I don't know. Who is to see to the drawing-room being dusted every morning, when you are gone? I'm are I tremble for the glass shades. Don't imagine I'm not pleased to think you should settle in life advantageously, my love. I'm not so which as that; though I will say that there never was a girl with more natural talent for making-up pretty little caps than you. The one I have on has been admired by everybody. Even Ann Woolper this morning, when I was going into the butcher's-book with her—for I insist upon going into the butcher's-book with her weekly, whether she likes it or not; though the way that man puts down the items is so hevildering that I feel myself a perfect baby in her hands,—even Ann thired it, and said how young-looking it is. And then she brought the time in Fitzgeorge-street, and poor Tom's illness, and almost

upset me for the rest of the day. And now, dear, let me offer you my sincere congratulations. Of course, you know that you would always have had a home with me; but service, or at least companionship, is no inheritance, as the proverb says; and for your own sake I'm very glad to think that you are going to have a house of your own. And now tell me what he is like, Monsieur what's-his-name?"

Mrs. Sheldon had been told, but had not remembered the name. Her great anxiety, as well as Charlotte's, was to know what manner of man the affianced lover was. If Diana's future happiness had been contingent on the shape of her husband's nose or the colour of his eye, these two ladies could not have been more anxious upon the subject.

"Has he long eyelashes, and a dreamy look in his eyes, like Valentine?" asked Charlotte, secretly convinced that her lover had a copyright in these personal graces.

"Does he wear whiskers?" asked Georgy. "I remember, when I was quite a girl, and went to parties at Barlingford, being struck by Mr. Sheldon's whiskers. And I was quite offended with papa, who was always making sarcastic remarks, for calling them mutton-chop whiskers; but they really were the shape of mutton-cutlets at that time. He were them differently now."

Mrs. Sheldon branched off into a disquisition on whiskers, and Dissatescaped from the task of describing her lover. She could not have described him to Georgy.

By and by she asked permission to leave Bayswater for a fortnight, in order to see her lover's home and friends.

"I will come back to you, and stay as long as you like, dear Mr. Sheldon," she said, "and make you as many caps as you please. And I will make them for you by and by, when I am living abroad, and send them over to you in a bandbox. It will be a great delight to me to be of some little service to a friend who has been so kind. And perhaps you will fancy the caps are prettier when they can boast of being French."

"You darling, generous-minded girl! And you won't go away for a fortnight and never come back again, will you, dear? I had a cook who did that, and left me with a large dinner-party hanging over my head; and how I got through it—with a strange man-cook, who charged a guinea, and used fresh butter, at twenty pence a-pound, as if it had been dirt, and two strange men to wait—I don't know. It all seemed like a dream. And since then we have generally had everything from the confectioner's; and I assure you, to feel that you can wash your hands of the whole thing, and sit down at the head of your table with your mind as free from care as if you were a visitor, is worth all the expense."

Diana promised she would not behave like the cook; and two days after this conversation left the London-Bridge terminus with her father and Gustave Lenoble.

Mr. Sheldon troubled himself very little about this departure. He was informed of Miss Paget's intended marriage; and the information awakened neither surprise nor interest in his heavily-burdened mind.

"A Frenchman, a friend of her father's!" he said; "some swindling adventurer, no doubt," he thought. And this was as much consideration as he could afford to bestow upon Miss Paget's love-affairs at this present time.

## CHAPTER V.

#### ASSURANCE DOUBLY SURE.

Ox the day after Miss Paget's departure Mr. Sheldon came home from the City rather earlier than usual, and found Charlotte alone in the drawing-room reading a ponderous volume from Mudie, of an instructive and edifying character, with a view to making herself clever, in order that she might better understand that prodigy of learning, Mr. Hawkehurst.

She was somewhat inclined to yawn over the big book, which contained a graphic account of recent discoveries of an antiquarian nature. Her mind was not yet attuned to the comprehension of the sublimer elements in such discoveries. She saw only a dry-as-dust record of fatile gropings in desert sand for the traces of perished empires. inagination was not cultivated to that point whereat the gift which Mr. Lewes calls "insight" becomes the daily companion, nay, indeed, the ever-haunting and nightmare-bringing influence of the dreamer. For her the sands were only sands, the stones were only stones. whendour of fallen palaces, no glory and pride of perished kings, no clash and clamour of vanished courts, arose from those barren sands, with all their pomp and circumstance, conjured into being by half a word on a broken pillar, or a date upon a Punic monument. Miss Halliday looked up with a sigh of fatigue as her stepfather came into the room. It was not a room that he particularly affected, and she was surprised when he seated himself in the easy-chair opposite her, and poked the fire, as if with the intention of remaining.

"You shouldn't read by firelight, my dear," he said; "it is most

destructive to the eyesight."

"I daresay my sight will last my time, papa," the young lady replied carelessly; "but it's very kind of you to think of it, and I won't read any more."

Mr. Sheldon made no reply to this observation. He sat looking at the fire, with that steady gaze which was habitual to him—the gaze of the man who plans and calculates.

"My dear," he said by and by, "it seems that this money to which you may or may not be entitled is more than we thought at first—in fact, it appears that the sum is a considerable one. I have been, and till am, particularly anxious to guard against disappointment on your

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- I small never to miss. page. I should certainly like a fine edition of the Encycloradic Iriumnum for Valentine, by and by, as he says that a security for a interact man; and a large, for people say literary men much to take horse exercise. But legions that—"
- V: next search m into these details, my dear. I want you to understand the brand hors if the case. While, on the one hand, our success in incuming the inheritance which we are about to claim for will a innermal, in the which the inheritance is large. Of course, when I presented must with the same of five thousand pounds, I had no then it this possible inheritance.
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- \* In I now includes there is such a possibility as your becoming
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- In which case I may conclude that your mother would benefit in some measure from your good fortune."
- "Car was excite that, pape? There should be no measure to her benefit from any money obtained by me."
- I do not doubt that, my dear. And it is with that idea that I wish to make a proposition to you—for your mother's possible advantage."
  - "I shall be happy to do anything you wish, papa."
- "It must be done as a spontaneous act of your own, Charlotte, not in accordance with any wish of mine."
  - "What is it that I am to do?" asked Charlotte.
- "Well, my dear, you see it is agreed between us that if you do get this money, your mother is certain to benefit considerably. But unhappily the proceedings are likely to drag on for an indefinite time; and in the course of that time it comes within the limits of possibility that your decease may precede that of your mother."
  - "Yes, papa."
- "In which case your mother would lose all hope of any such advantage."
  - "Of course, papa."

Charlotte could not help thinking that there was something sordid in this discussion—this calculation of possible gain or loss, contingent on her fresh young life. But she concluded that it was the nature of business men to see everything from a debased stand-point, and that Mr. Sheldon was no more sordid than other men of his class.

"Well, papa?" she asked presently, after some moments of silest during which she and her stepfather had both been absorbed contemplation of the fire.

"Well, my dear," replied Mr. Sheldon slowly, "I hav

ing that the natural and easy way of guarding against all contingencies would be by your effecting an insurance on your life, in your mother's favour."

- "No, no, papa!" cried Charlotte, with unwonted vehemence, "I would rather do anything than that!"
- "What can be your objection to such a very simple arrangement?"
- "I daresay my objection seems foolish, childish even, papa; but I really have a horror of life insurances. I always think of papa—my own poor father, whom I loved so dearly. It seemed as if he put a price upon his life for us. He was so anxious to insure his life—I remember hearing him talk of it at Hyley, when I was a child—to make things straight, as he said, for us; and, you see, very soon afterwards he died."
- "But you can't suppose the insurance of his life had anything to do with his death?"
  - "Of course not, I am not so childish as that; only-"
- "Only you have a foolish lackadaisical prejudice against the only means by which you can protect your mother against a contingency that is so remote as to be scarcely worth consideration. Let it pass."

There was more anger in the tone than in the words. It was not that angry tone, but the mention of her mother, that impressed Miss Halliday. She began to consider that her objections were both foolish and selfish.

"If you really think I ought to insure my life, I will do so," she said presently. "Papa did as much for those he loved; why should I be less thoughtful of others?"

Having once brought Miss Halliday to this frame of mind, the rest was easy. It was agreed between them that as Valentine Hawkehurst was to be kept in ignorance of his betrothed's claim to certain moneys now in the shadowy under-world of Chancery, so he must be kept in ignorance of the insurance.

It was only one more secret, and Charlotte had learned that it was possible to keep a secret from her lover.

- "I suppose before we are married I shall be able to tell him everything?" she said.
- "Certainly, my dear. All I want is to test his endurance and his produce. If the course of events proves him worthy of being trusted, I will trust him."
  - "I am not afraid of that, papa."
- "Of course not, my dear. But, you see, I have to protect your interests; and I cannot afford to see this gentleman with your eyes. I am compelled to be prudent."

The stockbroker sighed as he said this—a sigh of utter weariness. Remorse was unknown to him; the finer fibres upon which that chord is struck had not been employed in the fabrication of his heart. But

there is a mental fatigue which is a spurious kind of remorse, and has all the anguish of the nobler feeling. It is an utter weariness and prostration of spirit—a sickness of heart and mind—a bitter longing to lie down and die—the weariness of a beaten hound rather than of a baffled man.

This was what Mr. Sheldon felt, as the threads of the web which he was weaving multiplied, and grew daily and hourly more difficult of manipulation. Success in the work which he had to do depended on so many contingencies. Afar off glittered the splendid goal-the undisputed possession of the late John Haygarth's hundred thousand pounds; but between the schemer and that chief end and aim of all his plottings, what a sea of troubles! He folded his arms behind his head, and looked across the girlish face of his companion into the shadow and the darkness. In those calculations which were for ever working themselves out in this man's brain, Charlotte Halliday was only one among many figures. She had her fixed value in every sun; but her beauty, her youth, her innocence, her love, her trust, made no unit of that fixed figure, nor weighed in the slightest degree with him who added up the sum. Had she been old, ugly, obnoxious, a creature scarcely fit to live, she would have represented exactly the same amount in the calculations of Philip Sheldon. The graces that made her beattiful were graces that he had no power to estimate. He knew she ws a pretty woman; but he knew also that there were pretty women to be seen in any London street; and the difference between his stepdaughter and the lowest of womankind who passed him in his daily walks, was to him little more than a social prejudice.

The insurance business being once decided on, Mr. Sheldon lost no time in putting it into execution. Although he made a point of secrety as regarded Mr. Hawkehurst, he went to work in no underhand manner, but managed matters after a highly artistic and superior fashion. He took his stepdaughter to the offices of Greenwood and Greenwood, and explained her wishes to one of those gentlemen in her presence. If he dwelt a little more on Miss Halliday's anxiety for her mother's pecuniary advantage than his previous conversation with Miss Halliday warranted, the young lady was too confiding and too diffident to contradict him. She allowed him to state, or rather to imply, that the proposed insurance was her spontaneous wish, an emanation of her anxious and affectionate heart, the natural result of an almost morbid care for her mother's welfare.

Mr. Hargrave Greenwood, of Greenwood and Greenwood, seemed at first inclined to throw cold water on the proposition, but after some little debate, agreed that extreme caution would certainly counsel such a step.

"I should imagine there was no better life amongst the inhabitants of London," he said, "than Miss Shel—pardon me—Miss Halliday's.

## CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

But as the young lady herself suggests, 'in the midst of life we are—'; and, as the young lady herself has observed, these things are—ahem—beyond human foresight. If there were any truth in the aphorisms of poets, I should say Miss Halliday cannot insure too quickly; for the remark of Cowper—or, stay, I believe Pope—'whom the gods love die roung,' might very well be supposed to apply to so charming a young lady. Happily, the secretaries of insurance-offices know very little about the poets, unless, indeed, Miss Halliday were to go to the Royal Widow's and Orphan's Hope, the secretary of which is the author of framas that may fairly rank with the works of Knowles and Lytton."

Mr. Greenwood, an elderly gentleman of the ponderous and portwine school, laughed at his own small jokes, and took things altogether pleasantly. He gave Mr. Sheldon a letter of introduction to the secretary of his pet insurance company, the value of which to that gentleman was considerable. Nor was this the only advantage derived from the interview. The lawyer's approval of the transaction reassured Charlotte; and though she had heard her own views somewhat misterpresented, she felt that an operation which appeared wise in the sight of such a lawyer, standing on such a Turkey hearthrug, commanding such gentlemanly-looking clerks as those who came and went at Mr. Greenwood's bidding, must inevitably be a proceeding at once prudent and proper.

The business of the insurance was not quite so easy as the interview with the lawyer. The doctor to whom Miss Halliday was introduced seemed very well satisfied with that young lady's appearance of health and spirits, but in a subsequent interview with Mr. Sheldon asked several questions, and shook his head gravely when told that her father had died at thirty-seven years of age. But he looked less grave when informed that Mr. Halliday had died of a bilious fever.

- "Did Mr. Halliday die in London?" he asked.
- " He did "
- "I should like—ahem—if it were possible, to see the medical man the attended him. These fevers rarely prove fatal unless there is to me predisposing cause."
  - "In this case there was none."
- "You speak rather confidently, Mr. Sheldon, as a non-professional man"
- "I speak with a certain amount of professional knowledge. I hew Tom Halliday for many years."

Mr. Sheldon forbore to state that Tom Halliday had died in his house, and had been attended by him. It is, perhaps, only natural that Philip Sheldon the stockbroker of repute should wish to escape identification with Philip Sheldon the unsuccessful dentist of Bloomsbury.

After a little more conversational skirmishing, the confidential Physician of the Prudential Step Assurance Company agreed to consider that Mr. Halliday's constitution had been in no manner comprosider that Mr. Halliday's constitution had been in no manner comprosider that Mr.

## CHARLOTTES INHERITANCE.

mised by his early death, and to pass Charlotte's life. The mofor effecting the insurance were briefly touched upon in Mr. Greenwletter of introduction, and appeared very proper and feasible in eyes of the directors; so, after a delay of a few days, the young found herself accepted, and Mr. Sheldon put away among his important papers a large oblong envelope, containing a policy of rance on his stepdanghter's life for five thousand pounds. He did however, stop here, but made assurance doubly sure by effecting a scinsurance upon the same young life, with the Widow's and Orp Hope Society, within a few days of the first transaction.

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# BELGRAVIA

AUGUST 1868

# BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY

OR THE

Adbentures und Misndbentures of Robert Binsleigh

CHAPTER V. I RISE IN THE WORLD.

If in my childhood I had regarded Hauteville Hall as a kind of enchanted castle of fairy legend, I had still better ground for the pleasant fancy after the coming of Lady Barbara Lestrange; for my life underwent a transformation as sudden and complete as that which befalls the prince who, after pining for years in the guise of some repulsive beast, is once more restored to his own image, and finds himself a prosperous and comely gentleman. As Robert the Nameless, dependent on an absent lady's bounty, I had endured extreme humilistion; as Mr. Robert Ainsleigh, my lady's cousin and favourite, I was courted and flattered in a manner which at once confused and amazed me. My late tyrant, Martha Grimshaw, was of all people most obsequious; and I perceived that, in her fear of my lady's anger, she would have stooped to any degradation in order to conciliate me. I received her advances with supreme coldness, and took occasion to inform her that she had nothing to fear from my malice or to hope from my regard.

"It was my misfortune to live with you for ten years," I said; and it is difficult for any man to beat out the memory of so long a period; but, so far as it is possible, I will forget the slights you have inflicted upon me, and the petty spite which has influenced your conduct towards me from the day of our first meeting. Your husband's kindness to me has, however, been as unvarying as your own harshness, and you may be secure that my respect for him will prevent me from injuring you."

Mrs. Grimshaw's dull gray eye shone with a pale fire as she assered me.

"I am much beholden to you, sir," she said in slow, measured tones, "that you should condescend so far as to refrain from injuring FOL. VI.

me in the opinion of my mistress, whose last caprice inclines her to patronise you. You are as yet a stranger to the whims and humour of a lady of rank, and I scarce wonder that your sudden elevation has turned your head. It is a new thing for a penniless dependent to be raised from the society of such low persons as my husband and myself to the company of an earl's daughter and an ambassador's son; but I would have you remember that it is easier to come downstairs than to go upwards, and that you may some day find yourself turned out of doors, as Mr. Roderick Ainsleigh was before you."

"My father was not turned out of doors!" I cried angrily.

"Your father! Who gave you an earl's nephew for your father! Pray where is your certificate of birth, or your mother's marriage-lines! You are quick to boast of your father; and I doubt not, if he has bequeathed you his face, you have inherited his wicked heart also."

"Why do you malign him?" I exclaimed; "he never can have injured you."

"Of course not," cried Mrs. Grimshaw bitterly; "what should there be in common between low-born dirt like me and such a gentle man as that? Why, nothing. But I tell you this, Robert Ainsleighnine it pleases you to borrow a bad man's name—your father brough sorrow wherever he came, and there were few who looked on his fact who did not live to rue having seen it."

The inconsequence of this speech mystified me, but I did not question Mrs. Grimshaw, who departed malevolent as ever, more malevolent, if possible, since I had repudiated her civilities.

In my new phase of existence, however, I saw but little of the severe Martha. For me there was to be no more of Mr. Whitefield's Calvinistic discourse, no more tracts of alarming import, no more prince o'clock dinners in the oak parlour, no more silent, comforted mea's beneath the baleful gaze of my persecutor.

From the little whitewashed chamber at the top of a narrow wooden stances, where I had slept ever since my first coming to Hauteville Ha", I found myself transferred to an airy and spacious tapestried approximent over the library, with an oriel window opening on the Italias greature I tarior from Warberough came to take my orders for several since of the preventing fastion, and Lady Barbara herself assisted me to solve trainers and colours, while Mr. Snip waited respectfully with have a controlled a ross his arm. My mornings were still given to the classes we't me kind master Anthony Grimshaw; but after we had that the control of a clock tractedly, or the funeral oration of Pericles, or and some occurred to the endinessi into the wicked romance of Petronius with your oll company; and unless I made it my **\** '. . the same of the same of the safter-timer pipe on the terrace, we and the state of the next day. In short, I was now a the control and my soften was the disaming-norm, where I sat by Lady New Annual County-was transported by her paichord, as

if I had been to the manner born. How shall I describe the kindness of my kinswoman, who, having chosen to assume the care of my fortunes, was determined to fulfil her duty to the uttermost!

"It seems cruel to have left you so long to languish in this lonely place," she said, during our first tête-à-lête; "but I could not get Sir Marcus away from Madrid, and it would have seemed ungracious to leave him; so I waited, almost hoping for some breach between England and Spain, in order to bring about my husband's recall. And then the years slipped by so quickly. I knew Anthony would be kind to you, and I did not think Martha would be unkind, which I fear she was, though you refuse to admit as much. In short, dear cousin, believe me, I was not so cruel as I must needs have seemed."

"You never seemed to me anything but my bountiful benefactress and friend," I replied; "I knew that I owed everything to you, and must have perished but for your charity."

"No, Robert, I will not have that word."

"Nay, dear madam, there is no other fits your goodness."

And again my lady gave me her hand, which I once more raised to my lips in grateful homage.

I was now installed as one of the family, with as little sense of dependence as it is possible for a dependent to feel.

I was agreeably surprised by the conduct of Mr. Lestrange, who treated me with a cordiality which I was far from expecting to receive from him, after his supercilious tone on the night of our first meeting. He was something of a fop and fine gentleman; but pronounced himmelf, nevertheless, delighted with the park and woods, the noble trouttheam which intersected the estate, and in which I was able to show him the deeps and shallows, the shadowy inlets where his fly might do most execution, and the reedy margins where he might be sure of a grantic jack. He suffered me to do the honours of Hauteville, and entertained me agreeably with his own adventures at home and abroad, which he was never tired of relating, and which were of a nature to induce me to believe that the descriptions of Petronius were not so entirely fabulous as I had hitherto supposed them. In plain truth, I discovered by and by that this gentleman, who was yet on the sunny ide of his twenty-seventh birthday, was past-master of the knowledge ef evil, and had long outlived his abhorrence of the vices and his respect for the virtues of his fellow-men.

I did not, however, make this discovery immediately, being too much unused to the society of fine gentlemen, and to the world in general, to be a skilled observer. Little by little these things revealed themselves to me; and I had been some months in Mr. Everard's company before I had learned rightly to estimate his civilities at to appreciate his value.

His father arrived at the Hall within a week of Lady Barbara's advent; and I was presented to that important personage with all

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due ceremony. He received me with a somewhat cold courtes, and I was quick to discover that my presence gave him little pleasure. Toleration was, evidently, all I must expect from him; but the kindness of my benefactress would have compensated me for worse treatment from Sir Marcus, and while I took care not to intrude myelf upon that gentleman, I rigidly refrained from any attempt to conciliate his good graces. My grateful affection for my protectress might be misinterpreted; but I was determined to eat no toads for Sir Marcus Lestrange.

Happily for me, however, the diplomatist was by no means a domestic character. He spent the greater part of his day in his study, and of an evening played piquet with my lady in her dressing-room, while Everard Lestrange, Miss Hemsley, and myself amused ourselves in the saloon, or strolled on the terrace and in the garden. He paid numerous visits to the seats of the neighbouring nobility and genty, travelling sometimes as many as thirty miles to a dinner, and altogether troubled us but little with his company. He was an elegant. and accomplished gentleman, of about fifty years of age, in person much resembling his only son, but of more perfect although colder Between himself and Everard there obtained a stately pomanners. liteness which did not betoken a very warm affection. It was rather the manner of skilled fencers on guard than of a loving father and son. My lady told me in confidence that Sir Marcus desired to see his son united in marriage with Dorothea, or Dora, Hemsley, not only the most amiable of women, but a considerable fortune.

"Whether this will ever come to pass I know not," she said is conclusion; "but I am bound to assist my husband's projects. Dom is a very sweet girl, and my only fear is that Everard should prove unworthy of her."

"They are not betrothed to each other, are they, madam?" I asked, perhaps more auxiously than the circumstances warranted.

"No, there has been no formal betrothal; but Dora can hardly be ignorant of her uncle's wish. She was left an orphan five years ago, and since that time has lived with me. I do not know what I should do without her. I have no children of my own, you see, Robert. There is a little grave in Spain that I cannot think of at this day without a heartache, though it is fifteen years old; but no child of mine lived to call me mother. Yes, Dora is very dear to me," she added, abruptly changing the subject.

This confidence occurred within a week of Lady Barbara's arrival. In after days, when I had suffered a bitter pain and languished under the burden of a secret serrow. I could not help thinking that my benefactions had told me these things thus early in order that no peril might arise from my daily companionship with Dora Hemsley-that there is one disease against which antidotes and preventives are administered in vain, and from this cruel fever I was doomed to suffer-

### CHAPTER VI.

#### I FALL IN LOVE.

DURING one of our earliest rambles in Hauteville woods, I introduced Mr. Everard Lestrange to the warrener's lodge, where the travelled gentleman soon contrived to make himself agreeable to honest dame Hawker and my sweet Margery, who had blossomed into rare beauty in the calm solitude of her woodland home. She was but just seventeen years of age, slim and graceful as the young fawns who had frisked around her and eaten from her rosy palm. Her beauty was that of a true wood-nymph, and had nothing in common with Dorothea Hemsley's white loveliness. Margery's skin was a pale olive, charmingly relieved by the deep crimson of cheeks and lips. eyes were hazel-brown, large, bright, and sparkling with the innocent vivacity of a pure and fearless soul; her hair also a rich nut-brown, tinged with gold—waving rippling hair, which defied her girlish vanity when she would fain have pinned and pinched it into some semblance of the two or three fashionable heads which she saw at church.

I had happened to tell my new acquaintance that Jack Hawker ms an excellent angler, and his daughter skilled in the fabrication of a famous trout-fly, whereupon Mr. Lestrange expressed himself eager to see my foster-father.

"A very bower of Arcadia!" he cried, as we approached the dear old white-walled cottage. "And so this is where you were reared? I declare, Ainsleigh, you were a lucky dog to have a scoundrel for your father."

"Scoundrel or no scoundrel, as he was my father, I would rather you called him no hard names," I answered somewhat sullenly; for I had no idea of suffering this gentleman to throw dirt at Roderick Ainsleigh's grave.

We found the cottage tenantless. Jack Hawker was doubtless absent on his rounds, and it was market-day at Warborough, whither my foster-mother went every week to make her purchases, and dispose of small produce in the way of honey and eggs, and vegetables from the fertile rustic garden. The doors being all opened, in the sultry mid-mmmer weather, we went into the kitchen, whence we beheld as fair a vision as painter ever perpetuated by the work of his brush.

At the end of a narrow garden-path, overarched by the straggling boughs of elder, quince, and hazel, stood Margery, in the centre of a little grass-plot, with the sunshine on her loose uncovered hair and light chintz petticoat. She was feeding her poultry, which swarmed eagerly round her, and did sturdy battle amongst themselves for the barley which her pretty hands shook down on them from a well-filled sieve. So busily was she occupied as not to be aware of our approach till we stood within a few yards of her; and then it was a pretty sight to

see her bashfulness and sweet blushing confusion when she glanced suddenly upward and perceived us watching her.

She came and shook me by the hand, and dropped a low curtsey to my companion. Her manner towards myself had much changed during the last year. She was no longer the familiar foster-sister who had been wont to hold up her rosy lips to receive the fraternal kiss, but a bashful maiden, whose eyelids drooped when we met, and from whom I had sometimes trouble to extort more than murmured monosyllable replies to my talk, yet who would by fits and starts be vivacious and animated, playful and capricious, as some forest elf.

This I took to be the natural shyness of maidenhood, that tender early dawn of life in which a woman is wholly surprised and halfashamed to find herself beautiful and admired.

I requested Margery to show us some golden pheasants of her own rearing, the feathers of which were of inestimable value to the angler; and she conducted us to a roomy, rough wire cage, embosomed among roses and seringa, proud to exhibit her favourites.

After these had been duly admired, Mr. Lestrange complained of thirst, and I begged a bowl of milk for him; whereon Margery led to her mother's dairy, a cool shadowy chamber paved with stone, and odorous with the perfume of eglantine and honeysuckle.

Here she made us welcome to such refreshment as the place could offer, and we loitered for some time drinking milk and eating cheescakes of a substantial quality. I was surprised to discover how quickly Everard Lestrange made himself agreeable to the rustic girl, contriving speedily to engage her in familiar conversation, and to amuse her by his talk of London, that marvellons city of which she knew less than she knew of fairyland.

We hade Margery good-bye after she had promised to make us some flies against our next visit; and as we walked away from the cottage, my companion complimented me upon my good fortune in owning policy lovely a foster-sister.

"Methinks thou wert born under a lucky star, Robert," cried the gentleman, in that affected style which I found afterwards to obtain between young men of his class.

"I do not know what you mean by good luck," I replied. "I love my foster-sister dearly; but I consider it no special good fortune that she should have grown up so handsome. Indeed, I doubt if beauty is the best of gifts for a cottager's daughter."

"Spoken like a true disciple of the saintly Noggers of Brewer's Yard. Warborough," cried Mr. Lestrange with a sneer. "Beauty is a delusion and a snare, brother Jumper,—do you jump in Brewer's yard meeting-house, by the way, or do you belong to the quieter folks who only preach and pray? Yea verily, comeliness of visage is but a snare to the wicked and a bait for fools; and its better to be a flat-faced and purg-newed damsel than a bright woodland siren, with great hazel eyes

in which the sunshine plays at bo-peep, and lips like ripe crimson rose-bads."

I did not care to hear these florid compliments; and though at this time I knew but little of Everard Lestrange, I resolved that I would take him to Jack Hawker's cottage as seldom as possible.

"One would think, by your raptures, you had fallen in love with

my pretty sister," I said somewhat coldly.

"Why, thou simplest of rustics, such raptures are the common language with a man of the world where women are in question. We think and talk of them in hyperbole, and the homeliest among them is angel or goddess before marriage. It is only after the honeymoon that we descend to the regions of fact, and confess that Lesbia is a slattern and Marcella a scold. As for your pretty woodland nymph yonder, it would fare ill with me should I lose my heart in that quarter; for so sarely as I am a skilled observer of womankind, here is already forfeited."

"To whom, pray?"

"To you, Mr. Demure; to you, who pretend to be unconscious of your power. Did you mark how ready the sly puss was to converse with me, and how bravely her beautiful eyes met mine, stranger as I am? But at a word from you the dark lashes droop, and the gipsy face reddens with a sudden blush. I would forfeit my chances of favour with the Duke of Newcastle to be in your shoes, were I free to wish."

I understood these last words to allude to his relations with Miss Remeley. I hastened to assure him that he was mistaken as to Margary's sentiments.

"We regard each other as brother and sister, but no more," I said.
"I have watched her cradle many a day when I was little more than a baby myself. We were together for nearly eight years,—constant playfellows and companions,—and the friendship between us has never been interrupted."

"And is that any reason that she should not love you?"

"The strongest. I don't believe that love is ever born of custom and affection. 'Tis the sudden sight of a sweet strange face that first tells a man he has a heart."

Mr. Lestrange stared hard at me, and I felt my cheeks crimson under his gaze.

"And what sweet strange face has Mr. Ainsleigh seen of late that has made him so wise?" he demanded with a sneer.

"I speak of love in the abstract," I answered, and hastily turned the conversation; but on several occasions after this I caught Everard Lestrange watching my face with a somewhat unfriendly expression upon his own.

"The sudden sight of a sweet strange face." The words had escaped be unawares, and they hinted at a secret scarce known to myself.

Twas the pale, wild white-rose face of Dorothea Hemsley that was in my mind.

And she was to marry this cold, cynical, supercilious worldling, with his sneers and affectations, because she had a fortune, and could advance her cousin's prospects! Remote and impossible a creature as she must ever be for me. I could but lament that family interests should assign her to so unfitting a partner; and I feared that so gentle a nature would never sustain any contest with the will of others, should the young lady's indinations be opposed to the match.

This I had some reason to conclude was the case. I had seen Miss Hemsley and her suitor together, and had seen on her part an avoidance which was something more than maiden modesty. She was polite and gentle in her demeanour towards her consin, as she was to the lowest servant in the house; but I observed that she artfully cluded all occasions of being alone with him. In order to do this she sometimes invited my companionship, and I was thus at an early stage of our acquaintance drawn into a dangerous intimary with her. She volunteered to teach me chess, and instructed me in the performance of the single symphonics and accompaniments in two or three easy bass songity Handel and Glack.

That these favours bestowed on me were displeasing to Mr. Lestrange. I had even at this period, no doubt; but he contrived to orderly his anger, and treated his cousin and myself with perfect an about.

I found it no easy matter to keep my lady's stepson away from the warreter's lodge, where he managed to make himself vastly agreeable to startly look Hawker and his simpler wife, who thought this town-look gord man the most perfect specimen of courtesy and good-workers. Margery brightened at our coming, and seemed always who he happens as nor was I well pleased to perceive the result of good with the receive us; nor was I well pleased to perceive the result of good with the superior of prainted with the loose ideas and the result of the content of the content of all womankind, from the looses which he entertained of all womankind, from the looses in the loose ideas which he entertained at to the dairy-maids whose the loose ideas to be loosed. To varie me my foster-sister's manner was a look of the dairy-maids whose was the loose ideas and the perfect freedom.

war need to be a saw no reason why his daughter and the saw no reason why his daughter as a saw no reason why his daughter as a saw no reason who had not be nothing of my cousing the saw no reason which was not they still regarded me as a saw no reason who had not be negatives.

Mr. Lestrange occasion for the strange occasion occasion for the strange occasion occasion for the strange occasion occasion occasion for the strange occasion occasio

gery, and to the last degree painful to myself. As the summer advanced I spent less time in the woods, and left my lady's stepson to go fishing by himself, while I read with Lady Barbara and Miss Hemsley in the Hauteville library. My benefactress was well pleased to resume her studious habits, and we formed a little company of students, with Anthony Grimshaw for our preceptor. Together we read Virgil, Dante, and Tasso, and my lady was so good as to express herself much pleased with my progress as a linguist.

"The dear boy has a rare talent for languages," said my gratified master, "and we have worked hard at the cultivation of foreign tongues, which of all accomplishments is the most valuable for a man who has to make his way in the world. For Greek and Latin I will match Robert against any lad of his age; he knows Italian thoroughly, and is a fair Frenchman; and he has, moreover, a smattering of Sanscrit, which may some day be useful to him."

"I doubt whether his knowledge of Sanscrit will ever serve him for much," my lady answered, smiling, "unless he should have a fancy for extending his travels as far as the court of the Great Mogul, or should turn Jesuit missionary and convert the heathens of Birmah or Thibet. But the habit of study is a good one, and I am proud to think my cousin has been so diligent a pupil."

While I did my best to improve Miss Hemsley's Italian, which was far from equal to the obscurities of Dante, that young lady was so kind as to instruct me in the Spanish tongue, of which she had made herself mistress during her five years' residence at Madrid. With this gentle instructress I speedily mastered the soft, sleepy syllables of that harmonious language, and read *Don Quixote* in the original before our studies were concluded.

For these studies Mr. Lestrange did not scruple to avow his contempt. He quoted Molière's Femmes Savantes, and christened my lady Bélise, and Dora Hemsley Armande. He spoke of us as the Hauteville Blue-stocking Club, and suggested that we should invite Lord Lyttleton and Mrs. Montague to join the party.

I for my part was too happy to heed his sneers; days, weeks, and months slipped by, and I well-nigh forgot that I had ever been solitary and almost friendless in that house where my life was now so pleasant. My acquaintance with Dora Hemsley had ripened into friendship. She talked to me of my lonely boyhood, of her own happy youth surrounded by friends so dear, and of the bitter grief that fell upon her with the loss of them. She told me of Lady Barbara's tender kindness, and of the affection which had gone so far to supply the place of the lost. But of her uncle's desire to bring about a marriage between herself and his son she never spoke; nor was she ever betrayed into expressing any opinion respecting Everard Lestrange. One day when Everard and she had been by chance alone together for some minutes, I surprised her in them. Mr. Lestrange quitted the room by one door as I entered by

another, and I found Dora seated on one of the window-seats, with her arms resting on the broad stone sill, and her head and face hidden in her clasped hands. I saw the tears trickling between the alender fingers, and had not sufficient command of myself to refrain from questioning her.

"Dear Miss Hemsley," I cried, "for God's sake tell me what distresses you!"

She lifted her head and turned her sweet face towards me, bathed in tears.

"That I can tell to no one," she answered; "I have my secret troubles to bear, Mr. Ainsleigh, though I am but just eighteen years of age, and I must endure them with patience."

I knelt at her feet, and begged her to believe that if the sacrifier of my life could have served her I would have freely given it. She turned her tearful eyes towards me.

"Yes, Robert," she said, "I think you would do much to save me from sorrow. But you cannot. I must bear my burden."

The sound of my Christian name spoken by her lips thrilled my soul like a strange sweet music. But at the same moment there came another sound that startled me. Twas the stealthy opening of a door. I looked up and saw Mr. Lestrange peering in at us through a narrow opening from the doorway by which I had seen him leave the room. Our eyes met, and he clapped-to the door; but in that one instant I had seen the expression of his face, and never did I behold more malignant hate upon the human countenance.

I would fain have pressed Miss Hemsley further, but she entrested me to refrain and I left her, sorely distressed by her grief, and only sole to guess at its cause.

"Electard Lestrange has been orging his suit with her," I thought; "his clear she does not love him."

And then I suffered my fancy to beguile me with a bright dress of what might have been if I had not been a penniless dependent, and U. S. Herrsey a fortune; and I cursed the wealth which made an in-

### CHAPTER VII.

## WOW I BECAME AN ORPHAN.

I was proving the long confidence the upper story in a despondent the control of which does of my lady's dressing-room opened, and have a seem of control of the usually sour of visage.

Note that the second of the state of seeing me. "I have seeing me. "I

have not very springing with advice that has not been invited," I

mewered; "but since I doubt if you have ever wished me well, I should be grateful if you would abstain from all interference with my affairs."

I knew that whatever influence this woman brought to bear upon myfate would be of an adverse nature, and I could not patiently brook her calm tone of patronage and superiority. She gave me a malignant glance, muttered something about a beggar on horseback, and passed on, while I went to Lady Barbara's dressing-room, a spacious and cheerful apartment, hung with prints and chalk drawings, and furnished with japanned cabinets containing shells, dried flowers, Indian china, and many valuable curios of the monster tribe. It was the room my lady had occupied as a girl, and which she preferred to any other spartment at Hauteville. A large embroidered screen in tent-stitch, representing the meeting of Joseph and his brethren, testified to Lady Burbara's girlish industry; and half-a-dozen dogs of the pug species sprawling on a rug before the sunniest of the windows, revealed the hobby of her childless matronhood.

She was writing as I entered, but closed her desk immediately, and looked up at me with an affectionate smile.

- \*Sit you down here, Robert," she said, pointing to a stool at her let; and I seated myself there, and took the hand which she offered let. Thus seated, we seemed like mother and son.
- "Robert," she began presently, "I think you know that I love you."
- "Yes, indeed, dear madam; and your affection has made me very happy."
- "Will you cease to believe in that affection if I should be obliged brake you unhappy?"
  - "I cannot believe that you will ever act unkindly."
- "Not willingly, Robert, God knows. But you remember what stakespeare makes his Hamlet say: we must sometimes 'be cruel, only to be kind.' Dear boy, I think we have all been too happy here; you and I and Dora Hemsley. Do you remember what I told you shout Dora when we first came?"
  - "I am not likely to forget it," I answered gloomily.
- "It was my manner of warning you, Robert. I cannot thwart my husband's wishes with reference to his niece and ward; I cannot, Robert, even to serve you. He was very generous when I asked leave to adopt you, poor orphan child; and it would ill repay his goodness if you became the instrument to bring about the disappointment of his favourite whene. He has set his heart upon his son's marriage with Dora, and it must take place; or, at least, you and I must do nothing to prevent it."
  - "God forbid it should ever come to pass!" I cried.
  - "Why, Robert, have you anything to say against Everard Lestrange?"
- "Not much, except that I do not like him; and I can scarce tell in wherefore. Non amo to, Sabidi, not possum dicere quare—"

# BUTYL II JUEN COMPANY

" Burnes of this that was said to first father! Ah, Robert, I unitationem as temberar interes latestica.

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\* Tok To term from most gro. It was be visest and best that you 41 to 1-2 to 1 and 1 to 2 fair fairne will be my care, dear boy, the property and so my pende lors has wen your heart? The one notes of the forest first more easily once than you can believe while the decise rapes. But it you know, Robert that I have heard

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" Single for the properties to find as logic to me as ever sister was to property of the site was more than that, Lady Barbara?"

- I tare been a monthing; but I have had hints."

States in the hitters madem! People who mean well can afford to stone that the I can guess who is at the bottom of this."

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The system to your dear madam, that Margery has never been more t will be. I know that she is er ny chan ny fasia-siste.

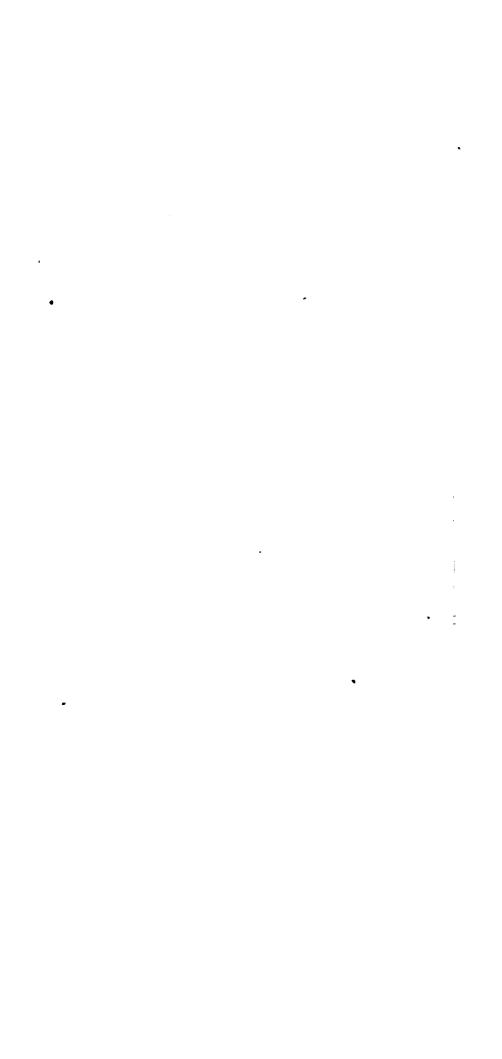
beautiful—lovelier than Miss Hemsley; but she has never touched my heart, as one look of that young lady's touched me on the first night of her coming here. I think there must be some element of magic in mch spells, innocent as they seem."

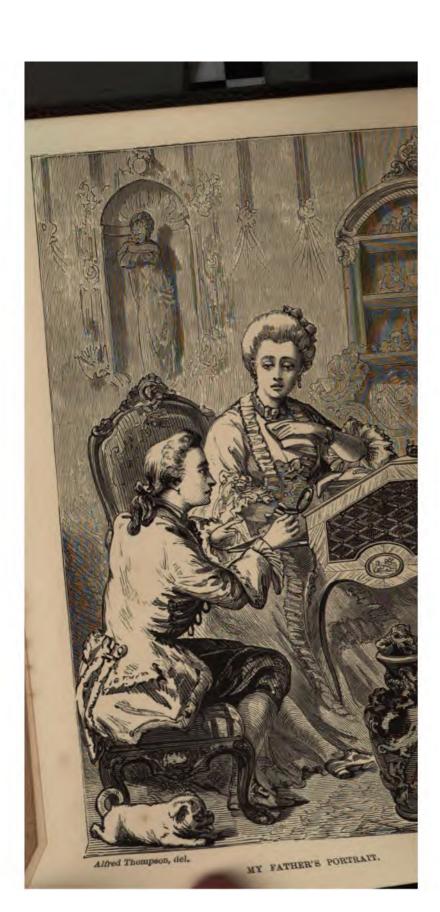
"I cannot doubt you when you speak so boldly. But O, Robert, at there be no broken hearts—no ruined lives. There has been too such of that already."

I looked at her wonderingly, and she answered my inquiring glance. "Your father's heart and mine, Robert-your father's life and mine -both broken, both ruined, for want of a little more candour, a little wre patience, a little more constancy. I loved him so dearly! nat is why you are as dear to me as ever only son was to doting I cannot tell you how happy we were as boy and girl together, how devoted he seemed to me. I know that in those days he was I truth, all goodness. There was no hidden evil in that proud young art. He had his faults, perhaps, but they were the failings of a sight-errant. Who can say that Sir Philip Sidney was faultless? id we know that Ruleigh was a sinner. His errors were ever those 'a great mind. O God, how easy it is for me to pardon and pity him w, I who was so unforgiving then, when my pardon could have wed him! When he came from the University I thought him changed, id there was one about me who took care to call my attention to the ange, and by and by to assign a cause for it. Martha Peyton, now artha Grimshaw, my conscientious, confidential, trustworthy maid, scovered an incipient intrigue of my cousin's, and brought me speedy ws of it. Mr. Ainsleigh was always hanging about Parson Lester's carage, she told me. Mr. Lester was a hunting-parson, renowned for is knowledge of horses and his veterinary skill, and this might fairly But my confidential the magnet that drew Roderick to his house. aid would not have me think this. Mr. Lester had an only daughter, pretty, empty-headed girl, and Martha hinted that it was for her the my cousin haunted the vicarage. I had seen the girl at church, and invited her to tea in my dressing-room, and given her a cast-off own now and then, to the aggravation of my confidential Martha, who as inclined to be jealous of intruders. I knew that Amelia Lester as weak, and frivolous, and pretty, and I believed my informant. I ed no civil word for my cousin after this, and would hear neither exlanations nor apologies, which at first he fain would have made. reach grew wider day by day. O Robert, I was madly, wickedly alons. I hated my rival, my false lover, myself, the whole world. me day I met Roderick and Amelia together in the park, the girl simering and blushing under her hat, my cousin with the conqueror's easy, disatisfied air. He did not even blush on meeting me, but passed by with a cool nod and smile of defiance, while Miss Amelia dropped ha low curtsey, with her eyes cast modestly to the ground. After sting I scarcely deigned to speak to my cousin, and suffered unspeakable torments with a haughty countenance. Women have a genius for self-torture. I would have given worlds to bring Roderick to my feet, to be assured that I alone was beloved by him. Yet I obstinately repelled his advances, and neglected every opportunity of reconciliation."

"Your mind had been poisoned, dear madam," I said; for I knew but too well Mrs. Grimshaw's hard, cruel nature, and could now perceive that her hatred was a heritage that came to me from my father, whom she had pursued with that fury which the poets tell us to be worse than the hate of hell.

"Yes, my mind had been poisoned," replied my lady; "my confidante, from pure conscientiousness, no doubt-but there are no people can wound like these conscientions friends—kept me informed of my cousin's doings. His visits to the vicarage were notorious. Miss Lester had boasted everywhere of her conquest. 'Everywhere' is vague word; but I was too angry, too miserable, to insist upon particulars. And then, was I not heiress of Hauteville? and should my cousin affect the most ardent devotion, how could I believe him? My confidante took occasion to remind me of my wealth; these prudent people have such sordid notions. Had I known the world then as I know it now, Robert, I should have valued your father so much the more for the pride that held him aloof from me after my numerous repulses had chilled and wounded him. But I believed myself deserted and betrayed for a person whom I considered my inferior; and when my father's anger was aroused by the discovery of certain debts which Roderick had concealed from him, I made no attempt to act : peacemaker. Then came a long and stormy interview, which resulted in my cousin's abrupt departure from Hauteville, never again to sleep beneath this roof. He went without a word of farewell. declared he would return, and I too hoped long in the face of despair. O Robert, for me those were the days of retribution. What a long heart-sickness, what weary agony! For a year I listened and watched for Roderick Ainsleigh's return. Every sound of a horse's hoofs in the distance, every sudden stroke of the great bell, every messenger or lettercarrier who came to this old place, raised a hope that was awakened only to be disappointed. My confidential maid fell ill of the small-pox soon after my cousin's departure, but that fatal malady passed me by, though I would fain have courted any death-stroke. Within six months of Roderick's disappearance Amelia Lester left her father's house, secretlyas it was rumoured, though the parson affected to know where she was-She had gone to some relations in Somersetshire, he said, and as no one but he had any right to be angry the assertion was suffered to pass mchallenged; except by Martha Peyton, who contrived to extort the truth from a servant at the vicarage. The young lady had been missing one morning, and the father had raged and stormed for a while, and themhad cursed her for a worthless hussy, saying that no doubt she





run after Roderick Ainsleigh, about whom her head had been turned for the last three years. This was the story Martha told me, and she wanted to bring the vicarage servant to confirm it. I told her I required no confirmation of my cousin's baseness, and that she need trouble herself no more about my affairs. But the blow struck none the less severely because I was too proud to show the pain. I was so presped in misery, that my father's sudden death shocked me much less an it would have done at any other time; and when it was suggested I should visit an aunt in London, I consented listlessly, with some hint sense of relief in the idea of leaving Hauteville."

"And there came no tidings of my father, even on the death of benefactor?"

"No; but I have since had reason to believe that Roderick atided his uncle's funeral. A black-cloaked figure appeared among group around the mausoleum in the park. The funeral was celeted at night, and the stranger, who kept aloof from the rest of mourners, drew upon himself the notice of the torch-bearers. One these afterwards declared that he had seen either Mr. Ainsleigh or

ghost."

And did you never see him again, Lady Barbara?"

No sign reached me to "Never, Robert, never. No sign reached me to tell if he were amongst the living. I will not enter into the manifold reasons prompted my marriage, which was never in any sense a love-L Sir Marcus knew that I had no heart to give, and was conto accept my esteem and obedience. Nor have either of us, I re, had reason to repent our union. Sir Marcus has ever proved a and indulgent husband, and my life has been happier than that my a woman who marries for love. But I have not forgotten girlhood, Robert, and all my old hopes and dreams and troubles back to me when I look upon your face."

the opened her desk and handed me an oval morocco-case, coning a miniature. I recognised the countenance I had seen in cal-painting shown me by Anthony Grimshaw, that dark stronglyked face which bore so close a resemblance in feature and comzion to my own.

"You grow more like him every day," said my lady. " That tisture was his only gift to me. 'Twas taken before doubt or anger **srisen between** us.'

"And did you never hear more of him, madam?"

"Yes, Robert. Six months after my marriage a letter reached me • letter from my cousin Roderick. It was long and wild, telling I had been beloved, and how my coldness had angered that heart. I have the letter in this desk, but every word of it is into my memory, ineffaceable as the graver's work upon metal. could not be happy with her I loved, I could at least be wretched one who loved me,' he wrote; 'and I found a faithful creature, VOL. VI.

Barbara, who was gladder to unite herself to my broken fortunes than a wiser woman would have been to follow a better man.' And then my poor proud Roderick went on to confess that he had fallen very low, so low that his sole hope for the partner of his wretchedness rested on my compassion. 'And you showed a great contempt for this poor creature once, Barbara,' he added."

- "He had married the parson's daughter, then?"
- "Ay, Robert, she was the sharer of his sorrows."
- "Will you let me see my father's letter, madam?"

My lady hesitated for some few moments, and then took the paper from a secret drawer of her desk.

"I know not whether I am wise, Robert," she said, "but perhaps it is best you should learn all that I can tell you."

She handed me the letter, written on tavern paper, in a bold clear penmanship, which was not without some family resemblance to my owa.

Together Lady Barbara and I read the faded lines:

"I stood amongst the crowd that watched your wedding, cousin," continued the writer, "as I had watched unseen on a former occasion. I needed not the confirmation of that ambitious alliance to prove that you had never loved me. You but yielded to your father's wish that his sister's son should share his daughter's fortune, and were but too glad to find an excuse for breaking my heart. Great heaven, what a wretch am I to reproach you!—a tavern-haunting, plotting reprobate to dare upbraid my lord ambassador's lady because she is cold and cruel, and severed from me by a gulf that fate, or her pride, or my folly has dug between us! Ah, Barbara, I am very tired of this wearisome struggle, this muddled dream of a drunkard, called life. If I should make a sudden sinful end of it, wouldst thou have pity on a poor faithful wretch starving in a lodging near St. Bride's Church, Fleet-street? 'Tis at a dyer's, 17 Monk's-alley, a narrow court betwirt the church and the Temple-hard for a fine lady's footman to find, but not beyond the ken of charity. Go to her soon, Barbara Lestrange, if thou wouldst have one poor woman and her infant snatched from the many who perish unknown under the gracious sway of our beneficent Hanoverian ruler. A helpless woman and an infant cry to you, cousin. The child is of your own blood. But the messenger waits, and my paper will hold no more. I bribe him with my last sixpence to carry this letter to St. James's-square. God grant he may be faithful! God grant Amelia and my child may find you kind! 'Tis perhaps the last prayer of your wretched humble servant,

"RODERICK AINSLEIGH.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Rose and Crown Tavern, Soho, November 15th, 1731.

<sup>&</sup>quot;N.B. Inquire for Mrs. Adams. I have spared the pride of my family, and am only known to the companions of my poverty as Roberd Adams."

"As our evil fortune would have it—and there seemed ever to interpose a cruel fate between Roderick and me—I was away from London when this letter was brought; and the shabbiness of the messenger bespeaking no respect from the porter who received it, the poor letter was laid aside with bills and petitions, and other insignificant papers, to await my return. The date of my cousin's appeal was a week old when I received it, and prompt as I was to seek Monk's-alley, I was too late to see him whose face I so longed to look upon once more. I found only a dying woman—the very ghost of that vain village beauty whom I had known as Amelia Lester—and a sickly child. This poor wretched soul was too far gone in fever to recognise me. She raved deliriously of her Roderick, and it was piteous to hear her imploring him to come beck. Even in this dying state she tried to nourish her child; but the dyer's wife, a decent charitable creature, who had received no rent for many weeks, took the babe into her care. For a week your mother lingered, Robert, and I visited her daily, and gave her such succour as was possible. She was past cure when I found her."

"And my father, had he deserted her?"

"No, Robert. From the dyer's wife I learned that your father had ever been kind to his companion in misery. He had come home intoxicated sometimes, roaring tipsy songs about wine and women, but had never been harsh to the poor soul, who watched and waited for him and loved him with unchanging fidelity. Sometimes he had stayed at home gloomy and brooding for days together. The woman believed that he had lived by writing political pamphlets for the cheap booksellers. Once he had written something treasonable, and had been threatened with a prosecution, and had lain in hiding for several weeks. For a year and a half he had lodged in this mean stifling alley, in this bare wretched garret, while all Hauteville, of which he was to have been master, lay dark and empty and desolate for want of him. There never was a stable-help in my father's service lodged so meanly as this oncebeloved nephew. Ah, Robert, the thought of this stung me to the quick. 'Let him come back, and I will share my fortune with him,' I mid to myself, forgetting that my fortune was no longer mine alone, and that I had given another the right to counsel, if not to dictate, my disposal of it."

"And he never came back?" I asked breathlessly.

"Never. He had been missing a week when I found Amelia. He must have disappeared on the very night when his letter to me was written. But the dyer's wife was not alarmed. He had often absented himself for two or three days at a time, it appeared. Yet 'twas strange, she owned, so kind a gentleman should desert a dying woman. He might have been taken to some prison, for debt, or libel, or treason. I caused the lists of every prison in London to be examined, but did not find my consin. I sent my agent to the booksellers to inquire for such a pamphlet-writer. One among them knew him well as Mr. Adams of

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# BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY

Monk's-alley, and had given him frequent employment, but had found no work for him. The town was beginning to tire of patr spiced with treason; Church and State had been reviled and rid till not a rag was left from which to spin an essay. If a new had arisen to write a new *Hudibras*, the book would scarce have I knew by this that Roderick's means of livelihood had failed him he had written to me; and taking this in conjunction with that I a sudden sinful end to his wretchedness, I could but fear that n happy coasin had destroyed himself."

- " Was he so miserable as to commit that sin?"
- "No. Robert, he did not perish by his own hand; yet I not if his end were less sinful. He fell in a midnight brawl tavera where his letter was written, and on the very night on it was dated—a most wretched, profligate haunt near Soho-s He had been buried ten days when my agents traced him; a wretched is the manner in which the poor and friendless are I in that wast wealthy city, that when I fain would have had the exhamed, that I might look on the familiar face once more, and ( the remains to some more fitting resting-place, I was told that was impossible. Into those festering charnel-houses where the o deal are threst it is death to enter; nor could the men who ! the rameiess stranger remember into which grave they had flu unknewn remains. It was only by means of a letter found upo that my wreached overing was traced. This letter-addressed to America of Monthsaller - had been preserved by the keeper of deal-doubt where the correct was carried after the miserable drun braviliz which were unhappy father perished. The man who him accepted in the confusion that followed his death. I doub that in such places they favour the escape of a murderer rather रेप उद्योग्ये का रेपक्र कांग्रास्थ्य का ग्रेस सांबंधी
  - \* And the server, their maders—this that tell you much?"
- No little. Twis only a few lines of farewell to the un Amelia. It convinced me, however, that my consin had left he the mountain of never returning. He bequeathed her and his is my compassion. Whether he had intended meditated self-slan is les letter limited or whether he had intended to seek new for already when heach by an assessin's hand evertook him, I know his sales rest among the longs of purpers in St. Anne's church Soles in which pured is the tayern where he fell; and all that our result is for his meaning was to put my a little tablet in the characteristic with his manne and the hate of his death."
- \* Officion for his memory has home more than that, dear has reposited his replical soul."
- The school a good standards. Robert, from her whose to list a local a locally from \$12.1 and the back to list section at my cont. \$1.7 and \$1.000 do not

for him, though but two short years before one word of mine might have saved him. This is what makes the burden of our sins so heavy—there is no undoing them. Pride is a luxury that is apt to cost us dear, cousin."

"Did you find a certificate of my mother's marriage amongst my ather's papers, madam, which I presume you examined?"

"No, Robert. I did indeed ransack an old leather portmanteau cammed with papers, and poor ragged clothing, and tattered books. The papers were for the most part rough proofs of pamphlets, and old pages of manuscript, so scored and blotted as to be almost illegible. Scattered amongst these were a few tavern-bills, and notes from boon companions, signed but with Christian names or initials, and all bespeaking the wild reckless life of him to whom they were addressed."

"And there was nothing more?"

"Nothing. Any more important papers your father had doubtless destroyed, not caring to leave the evidence of his former estate behind him. As he had suppressed his real name, it was natural he should do away with all documents revealing it."

"I am sorry you can give me no record of my mother's marriage," I answered sadly.

Lady Barbara was silent, and I knew thereby that she doubted whether any religious ceremonial had ever sanctified the luckless union to which I owed my birth.

I inquired presently where my mother was buried.

"In the graveyard of St. Bride's Church, near which she died," replied Lady Barbara. "Her father had been dead six months when I discovered the poor creature; and to have carried her remains to Pennington, where he had lived, would have been only to cause scandal. It was better that the poor soul should rest in the great city, where all private sorrows and domestic shipwrecks are ingulfed and hidden beneath the stormy public sea."

"All that you did was for the wisest, dear madam," I replied, kissing the beautiful white hand which was the bounteous giver of all my blessings.

"And now, dear Robert, I want to act wisely in the planning your future," my lady said gently. "I cannot give you a fortune, but I hope I may help you to make one. I have concluded that with your learning the Bar would be your best profession; and I would have you proceed to London without delay and enter yourself at the Temple, where you can study at your ease under the direction of a respectable gentleman to whom I can recommend you, and of whose kindness I have no doubt. I shall give you a starting sum of two bandred pounds, and will give you as much every year until your wession shall afford you a comfortable livelihood, since I wish you live like a gentleman, yet with strict economy. I will not weary

you with the hackneved warnings against the perils of London life, but I will only bid you to remember the sad end of your father's reckless career. If you will not take counsel from that awful lesson, you will be warned by nothing. But I hope much from your love of learning and the natural steadiness of your disposition."

How could I find words to acknowledge so much goodness! I knelt at my cousin's feet and kissed the dear hands, which I bedewed this time with grateful tears.

"Come, come, Robert, you take these things too seriously," cried my lady with affected gaiety. "Let us talk of your journey. Foolish bey. I am in haste to be rid of you! Shall you be ready to leave ns in a week?"

" It is my duty to be ready whenever you please."

"All. Reight, do you think it pleases me to banish you? But Sir Marcus would have no mercy if you came between him and his amilitien. Yes, in a week, dear child; it will be best and wisest."

I was still kneeling at the generous creature's feet. She laid her hand lightly upon my hair, and bent her stately head until her lips touched my firehead; and with a tender motherly kiss she dismissed m.

### CHAFTER VIII.

#### I PALL INTO PISCRACE.

Twis new late in Comber, and Heak autumn winds were fist sergion; the park and woods of summer foliage. For some time past had seen but both of Mr. Lestrange, who spent the greater part of bestemment of them and left Miss Hemsley free to follow her own pursons and to goe as much of her company as she pleased to Lady She seemed happy with us, after a subdued to lady with us, after a subdued to the was never begunted into gaiety; and I could not be a subdued to the sense oppressed by the sense to shake off.

see and easy politers with a free-and-easy polite-- - - Lette del in ter and bitter and biting were the come well sailtessed to her. His insults she in the second to the second than her second th

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Norwant of that ? she will marry me and I mean it, and when the time her legal guardian, . 4

and trustee to her fortune—and say no when he says yes? 'Tis all very well to give herself airs and graces with me, but she knows that her fate is as fixed as if she had been bought in the slave-market of Ispahan."

"That is a hard way to talk of a woman whom you pretend to love," mid I.

"Who says I pretend to love her? I make no pretence; but I mean to marry her. Mark that, Mr. Ainsleigh, and let no puppy-dog who values his ears come between her and me."

Upon this we came to high words, and might have perhaps promeded to blows, but were happily interrupted before we came to that extremity.

I cannot describe the contempt which I entertained for Everard Lestrange after this revelation of his character. I held myself as much shof from him as possible, whereupon he affected to treat me with a lengthy distance, and took no pains to conceal the fact that he considered me infinitely his inferior.

He had been absent from Hauteville several times during the summer and autumn, having business which compelled him to go to London, as he informed us; though I judged from his father's offended manner on such occasions, that these visits were by no means so necessary as Mr. Lestrange pretended.

He was absent at the time of my confidential conversation with lady Barbara, and did not return until the next day, when he affected extreme surprise on hearing of my intended departure.

"And are you going to mount a stool in a scrivener's office, or to by your fortune in trade, Master Bob?" he asked, with a supercilious gin.

"Neither," I replied; "I am going to read for the Bar."

"Indeed! with a view to becoming Lord-Chancellor, I suppose?"

"With a view to doing my best to prove myself worthy of the kindless I have received," I answered.

"Heavens! what a starched prig thou art!" cried Mr. Lestrange; "but I'll warrant when once thou hast thy liberty in London thou wilt waste more time in taverns, and run after more milliner-girls than the wildest of us. For a thorough-going rakehell I will back Tartuffe wainst Don Juan, with long odds."

Miss Hemsley also heard of my plans with surprise; and I could not but think that her manner betrayed despondency. Our Spanish studies were abandoned.

"It is not worth while going on," she said; "a week is so soon gone, and you must have so many preparations to make. I fear you will soon forget your Spanish."

"Never; nor yet the kind mistress who taught me," I answered was; and then we both stood silent, confused, and downcast.

- "I hope we shall see you sometimes in town; we are to spend the winter there, you know," she said at last.
  - "I hope so, dear Miss Hemsley."
  - "But surely you will come often to St. James's-square?"
  - "If Lady Barbara bids me, I shall be only too happy to come."
- "And you—my aunt's cousin—will wait to be bidden? How commonious you have grown all at once!"
- "Life has pleasant dreams, dear young lady; but sooner or later the hour comes in which the dreamer awakens."
- "What does that mean, Mr. Ainsleigh?" she asked, with a timid, half-conscious smile.
- "It means that I have been too happy here, that I have forgotten that the world is wider than this dear place, and that the time has come in which I must bid beloved friends farewell and go out to fight life's battle."

With this I left her, having already said more than I cared to say. The first half of my last week at Hauteville passed only too quickly.

I packed my trunks, which were amply furnished with the clothes supplied by the Warborough tailor, and a box of books, chiefly neat duodecimo volumes of the classics, which Lady Barbara bade me choose from the library.

My good Anthony assisted me to select these, and showed much regret at my approaching departure; while his sour wife expressed only one sentiment, and that a contemptuous surprise that a learned profession should have been chosen for me.

- "I suppose you would rather starve as a fine gentleman than grow rich in a city warehouse," she said.
- "I prefer a profession which befits my parentage, but have no more desire to become a fine gentleman than I have present fear of starration," I answered coldly.
- "You carry yourself with a high spirit, Mr. Robert; but I have seen prouder spirits than yours brought to the dust."

As the time for my journey drew near, I bethought me that I must bid good-bye to my old friends of the warrener's lodge, and I blushed as I remembered how small a place those kind, honest creatures had of late occupied in my thoughts; nor had I seen them many times during the last few months, since I had preferred to absent myself altogether from the cottage rather than to go thither accompanied by Mr. Lestrange, whose manner of "smoking" me, as he termed it, on a supposed secret attachment between myself and Margery was to the last degree unpleasant.

When my trunks were packed, and while Everard Lestrange was in London, whither he had gone suddenly and in hot haste a day or two before, I walked down to the dear old cottage where my childhood was spent. I found my foster-mother alone at her spinning-wheel, from which she rose to greet me. One glance at the familiar face showed

me that its natural cheerfulness was exchanged for an anxious gravity, which at once puzzled and alarmed me.

"O Robin, what a stranger thou art!" she cried, as we shook hands.

"And now I have come to bid you good-bye, dear mother."

The good soul was grieved to lose me, little as I had of late done to prove myself worthy her affection. She talked of the wonderful change of fortune that had befallen me, and rejoiced in my altered prospects, even though good fortune was to carry me away from old friends.

"I shall always remember thee a babe in my arms, Robin," she said tenderly. "I may call thee Robin still, may I not? though they tell me thou art called Mr. Ainsleigh at the great house. Jack and I always suspected as much."

"Suspected what, mother?"

"That thou wert Roderick Ainsleigh's son. Why, thou hadst his very face from a baby; and others suspected the same, or knew it, maybe. That is why Martha Grimshaw has always hated thee."

"Why should she hate me for being Roderick Ainsleigh's son?"

"Because she loved Roderick Ainsleigh. Yes, Robin, I was housemaid at Hauteville Hall in those days, and servants sometimes know more than their betters. Martha Peyton was mad for love of Mr. Ainskigh, and was fool enough to fancy he loved her. I'll not say that he did not make her a fine speech now and then, or steal a kiss when he chanced to meet her in the corridor, but 'twas no more than such court as any fine gentleman may pay to his sweetheart's waiting-maid; and Roderick Ainsleigh had neither good nor evil thoughts about Martha, who was no beauty at the best of times. But she took it all seriously, and was always hanging about wherever her lady's cousin was to be met, and would run a mile to open a door for him; and when his marriage with Lady Barbara was talked of in the servants' hall Martha would laugh and say nobody would ever dance at that wedding. one day she said something to Mr. Ainsleigh that let him know she thought he was paying serious court to her, and he burst out laughing, and told her the truth,—that he had given her kisses and compliments and guineas because he wanted her good word with her mistress. came upon him in the corridor as he was saying this, and saw Martha's face; 'twas black as thunder. She stood fixed like a statue on the pot where he left her, staring like one that was struck blind or solish, and after this time I never saw her speak to Mr. Ainsleigh. If she met him she dropped him a low curtsey, and passed on. And I think from this time she began to plot mischief against him. the found she couldn't have him herself, she was determined nobody else should have him."

"Why didn't you warn Lady Barbara?"

"I warn her? Do you think she would have suffered me to talk of business? and could I turn informer against a fellow-servant? You

don't know what the servants' hall is. Besides, I didn't think Martha could do much mischief, though I knew it was in her heart to try it. 'Twas only when Mr. Ainsleigh went away that I knew there was real harm done. Ah, Robin, 'tis a hard world we live in, and full of trouble."

She gave a heavy sigh, and I saw her eyes fill with tears.

- "Yes, dear mother, for some of us; but God forbid trouble should come to you."
- "It has come, Robin," she answered, gazing at me with an eager, scrutinising look that I had never seen in her face before. "I have but one child, and to see her sad is the worst of sadness to me."
- "Margery sad!" cried I; "when last I saw her she was as gay as a woodland fairy."
  - "When last you saw her? Do you see her so seldom, Robin?"
- "Except at church, I have not seen her for weeks. You must not take it unkind that I have stopped away; I have had good reasons."
- "Ay, Robin, good reasons I doubt not. But have you never met Madge by chance in the woods all this time? She spends much of her time in the woods. 'Tis hard to keep her indoors in fine weather, and she is not as easily managed as she once was. O Robin, my child is wretched, and I cannot find out the cause; and 'tis breaking this poor heart."

And here the good creature burst into tears. I tried to comfort her, but her tears flowed only the faster.

- "She is wretched, Robin, and will not tell her mother the cause of her grief. O, if thou didst not love her, why didst beguile and deceive her with fine words and promises?"
- "I beguile! I deceive! Mother, as God is my judge, I have never spoken to Margery but as a brother should speak to his sister. I have never loved her with more or less than a brother's affection, and I would not let the man live that should deceive or wrong her."
- "Ah, Robin, thou speakest fair, but I know the child loves thee. Her father and I have joked her about thee many a time, pleased to see her blushes and smiles. We did not think thou couldst fail to love her, and we did not know they would acknowledge thee for Roderick Ainsleigh's son, and make a fine gentleman of thee. Yes, Robin, she loved thee better than a sister loves a brother, and I thought she was loved in return; others said as much."
  - "What others?"
- "Martha Grimshaw and Mr. Lestrange. He told me thou wert mad for her."
- "He told a lie. Those two are my enemics both, and would be glad to do me a mischief. But, mother, I do love my little foster-sister, and if it will ease your mind to see her my wife I will marry her when you will. She is the loveliest creature I ever saw, and might turn the heads of wiser men; but 'twas my fate not long ago to see a

at bewitched me, and to give my love where it can never be re-Shall I waste my life in weeping for a shadow? No, dear ; give me Margery for a wife, and I will work for her honestly, as true a husband as ever woman had."

ay, Robin, I will not beg a husband for my daughter. Thou ot love her as we thought thou didst. 'Tis ourselves we must for judging amiss. All I know is that the child has some trouble mind, and I thought thou mightst be at the bottom of it."

ain she scrutinised my face with anxious looks, and then turned haking her head sorrowfully.

here is something amiss," she said, "but I know not what." ou spoke just now of Mr. Lestrange," said I. "Has he been g about this place of late?"

o, Robin; I'll have no fine London gentleman about my place. le two or three times without you, but I gave him sour looks ld him he wasn't wanted; and the last time he was here, full nths ago, he told me he was going to London for the rest of the

nd since then you have seen him no more?"

et he has not been all the time in town. He has run backwards wards, but has spent most of the time at Hauteville."

membered his broadly-declared admiration of the rustic beauty; lered his hideous code of morals, and trembled for my little infoster-sister.

od defend her from such a libertine!" I thought, and blamed fishness that had kept me so long away from the warrener's

ould fain have seen and talked to Margery before leaving Berknd so waited for some hours in the hope that she would return, did not come. Jack Hawker came home to his supper, but mer was cold and sullen, and I perceived that some dark sushad turned the hearts of these two friends against me. I left tage at last, disheartened and uneasy, and returned to Hauteville, spend a somewhat melancholy evening with my patroness and emsley.

enext day returned Mr. Lestrange, and soon after Sir Marcus, d been on a visit to a nobleman's seat in the adjoining county. t the morning lête-à-tête with Anthony Grimshaw, while Lady a and Miss Hemsley drove to the nearest town to pay visits and nurchases. It seemed sad to me to lose their company on this, the last day of my residence at Hauteville; but I felt it was a the accident which divided me from Dorothea Hemsley. In her is I found it hard to fetter my tongue, and Lady Barbara's chful looks often reminded me of my imprudence. Soon, too was I to be separated from her for ever; for I felt that, once

away from Hauteville, I should be as remote from her as if we had been inhabitants of different planets.

The day wore on; we dined in stately solemnity; and I was pacing the terrace alone, awaiting a summons to take tea with the two ladies in the long drawing-room, when I was accosted by a footman, who came to inform me that Sir Marcus Lestrange wished to speak with me in his study. It was the first time he had ever sent for me; but I concluded that he was about to offer me some parting advice, or to bestow upon me some farewell benediction. I therefore obeyed without any sentiment of uneasiness, regretting only that if the diplomatist should prove tedious, I might lose my privileged half-hour with the ladies.

The study in which Sir Marcus spent so many hours of his life was a dark and somewhat gloomy oak-paneled apartment, furnished with bookcases containing ponderous folios, and with numerous oaken cheeks and iron cases, which I supposed to contain papers. A carved-oaks desk occupied the centre of the room, and on this, though it was not yet quite dark, some half-dozen candles were burning in a brazen candelabrum.

My patron was not alone; a solemn assembly had been convoked in haste, and I found myself placed before these as a prisoner at the bar of justice. Lady Barbara sat opposite her husband, pale as deaths Miss Hemsley close beside her, with an anxious, distressed countenance. Next to his father stood Mr. Lestrange, and I thought he greeted me with a glance of triumph as I entered the room. At a respectful distance from the rest appeared Mrs. Grimshaw, and I knew her presence boded ill to me.

"Mr. Ainsleigh," began Sir Marcus, in a severe magisterial voice, "you have been rescued from abject poverty; you have been received into this house and liberally entertained for the last ten years of your life; you have enjoyed the education of a gentleman, and, finally, you have been admitted into the bosom of this family on a footing of equality, much to my regret, and all by the charity of Lady Barbara Lestrange yonder."

"No, Marcus," said my lady, "I will not have it called charity."

"By what other name would your ladyship call it? What claim, legal or social, had your cousin's bastard upon you?"

At sound of that bitter epithet, my lady winced as if she had been struck. "It ill becomes you to call him by so cruel a name," she said: "we have no knowledge that his mother was not lawfully wedded to my cousin Roderick."

- "Have we any proof that she was? Mr. Ainsleigh's reputation is against the probability that he would make an honest woman of a parson's runaway daughter, who left her home to follow him."
  - "I cannot stay here, sir, to hear my mother belied."
  - "You will stay here, sir, as long as I please."

"Not to hear you speak ill of the dead; that I will not suffer. I am fully conscious of the benefits I owe to Lady Barbara, and thank her for them with all my heart, and in my prayers morning and night; but I know not why I am called hither to be reminded of my obligations, or what I have done to deserve that they should be cast in my face with so much harshness."

"You know not what you have done!" cried Sir Marcus. "I suppose you are impudent enough to pretend not to know that John Hawker's daughter has left her home secretly, as your mother left her?"

"Indeed I know nothing of the kind, nor do I believe that it is so. I was at the warrener's lodge yesterday afternoon, and heard sothing of this."

"And the girl ran away last night. O, no doubt you laid your plans wisely, and now you act astonishment as naturally as Garrick limself. But Hawker is in the steward's-room; you will look otherwise when you see him."

Here Miss Hemsley would fain have left the apartment, but Sir Marcus forbade her.

"Indeed, sir, I have nothing to do with this," she said; "I beg be allowed to retire."

"No, Dorothea, I must bid you stay. This gentleman has been a favourite of yours, I hear; it is well that you should discover his that character."

"0 sir, you are very cruel," the girl murmured tearfully.

"If Margery Hawker has left her home, Sir Marcus," I said, "there is no one will regret it more than I; and there is no one less concerned is her leaving."

"What, you will swear to that, I suppose?"

"With my dying breath, if needs be. Yes, at the very moment then my soul goes forth to meet its God."

"I believe him," cried Lady Barbara. "It is not in my cousin's bod to tell a lie."

"You will have cause to change your opinion presently, madam," replied her husband coldly; and then, turning to me, he went on, "You are a perjurer and a blasphemer, sir, and your own hand is the ritness against you. Have you ever seen that before?"

He handed me an open letter, written in a hand so like my own, and with a signature so adroitly counterfeited, that I stood aghast, with the paper in my hand, staring at it in utter bewilderment.

"Come, sir, the play has lasted long enough, and 'tis time you movered my question. I think you'll scarce deny your knowledge of that handwriting."

"I know the handwriting well enough, Sir Marcus, for it is the most ingenious forgery that ever was executed; but I never looked upon this paper before."

"Great heaven, was there ever such an impudent denial! And you protest that you never saw that letter till this moment?"

" Never, sir."

"Perhaps you will be so good as to read it aloud for the benefit of the company, and for Lady Barbara, who believes in your innocence?"

"I am quite willing Lady Barbara should hear this vile forgery, sir," I replied; and then read the letter, which ran thus:

"Dearest Margery,—For fear there should at last be some mistake about the coach, I write in haste to bid you remember that it leaves the George at Warborough at nine o'clock at night. Your place is taken, and you have nothing to do but alight at the Bull and Mouth in the City, where you will ask for Mrs. Jones, who will meet you there without fail. She is a good motherly soul, and will take care of you till you are joined by one who loves you better than life, which will be in three days at latest. And then, beloved girl, far from those new grand friends who would divide us, I will teach thee how faithfully this heart, which has long languished in secret, can love the fairest and dearest of women.—Ever and ever thy fond lover,

"ROBERT AINSLEIGH."

"What think you now, Lady Barbara?" asked Sir Marcus.

"As I have a soul to be saved, madam," cried I, "no word of that vile letter was ever penned by this hand!"

"There are some folks to whom perjury comes easy, sir," said the barenet. "You did not think that letter would fall into my hands; it was unlended for your victim, who would have cherished the precious paper, and hidden it against her heart. I dare swear. Unluckly for your the post played you false, and the letter was delivered this meaning, twelve hours after the bird had flown. The wretched broken-bearted father of this weak and wicked girl brought it down to me and each upon me to punish the traiter who has ruined his child."

That, set I must you will do, if Providence helps me to find him," I considered to king straight at Mr. Lestrange, who received my grandount memory. Was he not, by his own account, steeped to the set where and past-master in the art of dissimulation? "But as fall the last time, the last time the last time, the last time the las

A livery, and is there sayone so much interested in your information. Whenever is to lake the tripble to counterfeit your hand-

Agin, we was a constructed of an enemy to work mischief, sir; and now are we come took as insertificant as to escape all enmity. Agin, and the company of that letter. The many as a construction the fight of this dear girl would be took a construct of the dear girl would be took a construct of the shouldest that the construction of the construction of the shouldest that the construction of the shouldest that the construction of the c

"I have not condemned you hastily, sir," said Sir Marcus. "Here is sheet of Spanish exercises in your hand, with your signature scribbled the bottom of the page. I have carefully compared the letter and a exercises, and I find the signatures agree to the most minute arve."

"Conclusive evidence that the letter is a forgery, sir," I replied oldly. "Experts in handwriting have agreed that no man ever signs is name twice alike; there is always some minute difference. A will as once pronounced a forgery upon that very ground—the several sigatures at the bottom of the several pages were all precisely alike."

"I see, sir, you have already learned to advance precedents and rgue like a lawyer. Perhaps you will be less eloquent when con-

ronted with the father of your victim."

Sir Marcus rang the bell, and ordered the servant to send John
Hawker There was a deed silence while we waited his coming. I

Hawker. There was a dead silence while we waited his coming. I heard the slow, shambling step of my foster-father on the stone floor of the passage, and my heart bled for him in his trouble.

He came slowly into the room, and stood amongst us, with his bare head bent by the first shame that had ever bowed it.

"Your foster-son denies that he wrote the letter which you brought me this morning, Hawker," said Sir Marcus, in his hard magisterial wice.

"I know naught of that, sir; I can't read writing myself. I took the letter to the parson at Pennington, and he read it to me; and when he came to the name at the bottom, I'd as lieve he'd put a knife through my heart as have read that name to me."

"It is clear that some person has tempted your daughter away. Is there anyone except Robert Ainsleigh whom you could suppose con-

cerned in her flight?"

"Nay, sir, the poor child had no acquaintance except Robin yonder,

"My son! Do you pretend to rank my son amongst your daugh-

ter's acquaintance?"
"Tis likely enough he'll do so," cried Mr. Lestrange, with a contemptuous laugh; "Ainsleigh took me to his cottage once or twice to get some artificial flies for our trout-fishing."

"Ay, sir, and you came many times afterwards without Robin, and won all our hearts by your pleasant, affable ways, till my wife bethought herself 'twas a dangerous thing to have a fine gentleman hanging about the place, and let you see that you wasn't welcome any longer."

"Why, fellow, it is three months since I crossed your threshold."

"And if you had crossed it but yesterday, Everard, I do not suppose this man would dare accuse my son," exclaimed Sir Marcus indignantly; "and that in the face of a letter which proclaims the real delinquent."

"I accuse no one, sir," replied Jack Hawker; "I only know that my child has left me and her mother, and broken two loving hearts."

On this I turned to my foster-father.

- "John Hawker," said I, "you yourself have had as much hand in this miserable business as I have. I have ever regarded your daughter as my dear foster-sister, and my conduct to her has always been that of a brother. I told your wife as much yesterday, before this trouble arose; I tell you so to-day. But if you can find her, and bring her to me, an honest woman, I will make her my wife, and cherish and honour herse such so long as I live; though I will hide from no one here that I have bestowed my heart elsewhere, where I have no hope that it can ever be accepted, and can never give her a lover's passionate affection."
  - "I protest that is an honest man's offer," cried Lady Barbara.
- "Ay," sneered her husband, "your hopeful protègé promises to marry the girl if her father can find her; rely on it, your honest man will take care she is not found; that good motherly soul, Mrs. Jones, will know how to guard her charge.—And now, sir," he continued, addressing himself to me, "understand that you are found out, and stand convicted under your own handwriting, and that no cry of forgery will serve you, however impudently persisted in. You will therefore oblige me by quitting this house to-night at your earliest convenience, and you will further comprehend that Lady Barbara washes her hands of you, and that any communication which you may hereafter take the trouble to address to her will be returned to you with the seal unbroken."
- "Honoured madam, my dear kinswoman, does this gentleman speak your will?" I asked, looking straight at my benefactress.
- "There are circumstances, Robert, in which a woman's will must needs be that of her husband," Lady Barbara replied.
- "In that case, dear madam, I submit. No unconscious wrong which you may do me in the present can cancel my debt of gratitude for the past. I was doomed to leave this dear place. That I leave in unmerited disgrace can add but one more pang to the anguish of parting."

I bowed low to my lady and to Miss Hemsley, and turned to quit the room; but before going I approached my foster-father.

- "Jack," I said, offering him my hand, "you cannot think me so base a wretch as this vile counterfeit letter would make me? Shake hands, and bid me God speed; and if it is possible for a man that's ignorant of the town, I'll find your daughter."
- "Ah, Robin, thou know'st but too well where to find her. 'Tis thy name that's wrote at the bottom of the letter. The parson said so, and he'd not tell a lie. I'll never shake thy hand again, Robin, for thou'r a villain!"

This stung me more sharply than the abuse of Sir Marcus. I lest the room hurriedly, ran to my own chamber, and packed a portmantest

with my immediate necessaries. The rest of my luggage was acked; but this I left to be sent after me, leaving it to Lady's pleasure whether I had the things or not.

n the small portmanteau in my hand, I ran downstairs. It was k; the lamps were not yet lit, and the great hall but dimly by a wood-fire. I was leaving the house, when a door in the softly opened, and I heard my name whispered.

as Lady Barbara who called me. She was standing just within of a small waiting-room near the grand entrance, which was ly used by footmen and humble visitors. She took my hands and drew me hastily into the room, which was lighted by one r. Even in that dim light I could see she had been weeping. ar child," she cried, "it is hard to part with you thus; but our are too strong for us, and we must submit. My little child he cemetery at Madrid, and I am not allowed to cherish my orphan son."

dear madam, you do not think me guilty? Say but that, and ppy."

ay it with all my heart, Robert. The letter is a forgery, and a base plot against you, because I am mistress of my own ford might bequeath it to you. What do I say? My husband is e of such infamy; but there are those who would hesitate at ny that would bring them wealth and power. You are my son, Robert; remember that. Nothing can sever that tie bes-no, not even ill-conduct or ingratitude of yours-for I am aritable now than I was when my pride slew your father. ver me, I have but a few stolen moments to give you. e-book; it contains all the ready-money I can command tond there is a letter in it, a few hurried lines of recommendation, ou will carry to Mr. Philip Swinfen, of Paper-buildings. You straight to London, and you must write and tell me how things Write to me under cover to Mrs. Curtis, at 49 with vou. re-she is my milliner, and a good soul. And now, good-bye. am to give you this from Dora: it is a book she has used for the

as a shabby duodecimo volume, which I put in my breast, too oved for words. If it had been some jewelled box containing so of St. Peter, it could scarce have exercised a more healing a upon the sore heart that beat against it.

d bless her and you, dear cousin, and farewell!" and with this my kinswoman's hand, and left her.

autumn night was chill and bleak, and the full moon rode high is sombre leafless woods as I left Hauteville. The little book com—a Spanish translation of the *Imitation of Christ*—and the

\*ady Barbara's goodness were the only consolers that I into the world of which I knew no more than an in

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Once, and once only, did I look back at the eld Elizabethan mansion; with lighted windows glowing in the distance. O God, how long before I was again to look upon those walls! What perils by land and perils by sea, what agonies of hope deferred and dull despair, was I to sufer before I revisited that familiar spot!

### LETTERS FROM LILLIPUT

## BEING ESSAYS ON THE EXTREMELY LITTLE

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

### VI. ON LITTLE WOMEN.

THE caustic essayist of the Sardonic Review has already, I am told, put forth an article on Little Women. Whether it be a recantation of his former slanders—which were made all the wickeder by the infusion of a certain admixture of truth—or a fresh count in his indictment against the sex, I know not. I have not read the latest production of the caustic essayist, nor is it likely that I shall perform the feat of reading him again for a long time. A course of Sardonic Review is, from time to time, useful as a corrective to any undue amount of saccharine matter a man may have in his blood. J'ai besoin de m'enconailler, Sophie Arnould—a frank, merry child of the gutter and the doorstep—ere she became sophisticated, used to say when she grew weary of the marquises with ailes de pigeon, and the abbés with petils collets, and the gentilhommes de la chambre with their high heels and their low bows, and the poets who sung her praises and borrowed her money.\* You may encanailler yourself very efficiently by a judicious spell of Sardonic Review. I speak relatively, of course, for the Sardonic is nothing if not genteel. It rakes up mud with a silver ladle, and flings it from white-kid-gloved hands. You will find, after a few doses, that you have very little sugar left in you—that your liver is enlarging, your heart shrinking and hardening, and that your kidneys are rapidly becoming devilled. But you mustn't go too far,—you must know when to stop: and the halting-point, I take it, is when you find that everything you look upon is assuming a deep-orange tawny hue, and that gall and wormwood are oozing out at your fingers' end, even to the inundation of your writing-paper and the overflow of your inkstand. Make haste, then, to buy a box of Cockle's pills, and unsardonicise Jourself, as quickly as you may; otherwise you might find that your ultra-sardonic state of mind had become perilous, and was likely to lead to your going about stealing ducks, or slaying your brother Abel, or Poisoning wells, or blowing up the Clerkenwell House of Detention.

I say that I have not read the caustic essayist upon Little Women; but you are entirely in error if you think I am about to make that fact

<sup>\*</sup> Lucifer is not so black as he is painted. No bad man was ever so bad as he is inspined to have been. Jeffreys had his good qualities, and there were those who wept for Nero. Fouché was a scoundrel no doubt, but he was kind to Sophie Arnould when she fell into poverty.

a pretext for criticising his criticism on the plan so dear to reviewers of the sardonic school in general—that of heartily abusing works of which they have never perused more than the title-page. I have no such intention. I assure you. I only mentioned the Sardonic's recent performance to explain that I had not plagiarised his title, and that a chapter on Little Women formed part of the original scheme of "Letters from Lilliput" which I drew up in the summer of 1866, being at that time a vagabond-not a rogue, I hope-wandering up and down the Austrian Tyrol, and following the fortunes of one Giuseppe Garibaldi, then of the tented plain-stay, we had no tents. I mean of the field of glory; alas! we gathered but few laurels between Brescia and Bezetts -and now of the island of Caprera. It was at a place called Rocca d'Anfo, I think, that I committed my list of Lilliputian subjects to paper, and was bold enough to think that I should make rather a smart article from Little Women. I was proceeding quite blithely to the post-office, designing to send the list to the Conductor of this Magazine, when cartain chi dien of Belial belonging to the regiment of Kaiser Jägers of the Emperor of Austria posted on the heights above—as a matter of comtesy the Garibaldians generally allowed the enemy to occupy commanding positions-legan a rather sharp course of rifle practice, the but for their exercitations being the people in the street—that is to my, ourselves. If my remembrance serve me correctly, I did not post my letter that morning. I hear what is called a retreat, at the pace known as the double-quick. Indeed, I went to bed, if a truss of dirty straw in a ruined barn could be dignified by that name, and I didn't get up to breakfast until late that day. Rink cowardice you may hint, perhaps. Not at all. A man's life is about the most valuable thing in the whole world, to himself, and to the creatures dependent upon him; of that inestinably valuable possession he is consequently entitled to take the greatest to selble care. To be killed in lattle, or even wounded, if you are a civilian, descriptor. Who weeps for you, save those who are beggared by your death? What reward can those you leave behind claim? A soldier sets his life upon a cast, to win or lose it all. He sets the chances of destrict mutilation against those of promotion, pension, body, glory, the praises of men, and the almiration of women He has semething to gain, even if he is hit and goes to the bad. But to what can the amateur look torward, save to a contemptuous query amount his friends, question of the contempt of the first some garless? There is the manager sign of a lot of more the movember of the strife," and all that kind of thing. I never felt in. When your cloud is up, it is natural that you should like to knock a nan down. We have most of us felt this when we have been in the discrepant addition I candidly own that I never extended and significant lister to go out and his resple who had never done means have, and who is I had never seen before in my life. When "wongles" to roth a vitaes and turns do this kind of thing and assimily perfect scrangers game as much to indulge their brutal passions

### LETTERS FROM LILLIPUT

is in the hope of robbing them, we cry out for the treadmill and the at-o'-nine-tails against the roughs; we call their little frolics of fisticulfs 'street-outrages." But when fifty thousand men in red coats go out with deadly weapons to murder fifty thousand perfect strangers in blue, or white, or green coats, we call that glorious war, and crown the surrivors with laurel, and make the head of the band of murderers a 3.C.B.

I am perfectly well aware that there is a class of persons in whom this "rapture of the strife," this love of fighting for mere fighting's sake, is inherent, and who, like the Irishman's wife who "grew mouldy for want of a bating," would break their hearts, and die of green and yellow melancholy if they could not from time to time "punch" somebody's head. I remember, in this same Tyrolese campaign, making the acquaintance of an English gentleman, an amateur like myself, and who was one of the mildest, meekest, most placable, most inoffensive souls breathing. He was a poet too, a scholar, a philanthropist, a churchman; all that you or Mr. Matthew Arnold could desire in the way of "culture, sweetness, and light;" and I, as a coarse, sneering, sceptical Philistine, really loved and admired the soft, suave sentimentalist. If from time to time I thought him rather "spoony," I reverenced his spooniness, and wished from the bottom of my heart that I could be as spoony as he. Well, the Garibaldini had a fight one day with the Tedeschi at a place called Monte Suello. For a wonder, I think we rather got the best of it, although Garibaldi contrived to get wounded in the thigh. According to my wont, I did not seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth during that conflict. It was no business of mine to seek it. I stuck to head-quarters; and head-quarters are, as you may be aware, even with a flying force, about the safest place a noncombatant can fix upon as a residence. When the fight was done, and our warriors came home to dinner, I was astonished to hear—not from his own lips, for my friend was as modest as that Kaiser of Germany of whom old Montaigne has related so droll an anecdote, but from the testimony of numerous Italian officers—that he had behaved with the valour of a paladin of old. Had he been the Ruy Cid Campeador, mounted on Alexander's Bucephalus, and wielding Arthur's Exalibur, he could not have done better service. He had trotted over to the lake on the shores of which Monte Suello was fought, just to see what was going on. A hardy little pony was his war-horse—not at all the kind of charger that would snuff the battle from afar off, and say among the captains, Ha, ha!—and a right alpen-stock was his only weapon. His object was simply to look at what was going on. by little his blood got up, and his brain began to simmer. The "rapture of the strife" came over him. Several corps of the Garibaldian volunteers, I blush to own it, displayed that day, as indeed they did on most occasions when there were any hard knocks going about, a surprising elective in running away. My mild and meek friend plunged into the

very thickest of the fray, and disgusted with the pusillanimity of the groups of fugitives who impeded his progress, he set to belabouring them over the head and shoulders with his alpen-stock, crying, "Avanti, ragazzi, avanti!" One of my informants averred that he had also heard him address the recalcitrants as "figli di cani;" but this, knowing him to have always been very precise, even to prudery, in his language, I was loth to believe. At all events, he succeeded in rallying one whole regiment, who cheered him lustily, and allowed him to lead them where The little pony was shot under him in an early glory waited them. stage of the affair; but my undaunted friend caught a big white horse, probably belonging to some killed or wounded staff-officer, which was wandering riderless; and being himself clad in a light holland blous and snowy pantaloons, with a white-felt hat and a far-floating puggree, he must have had, amidst the smoke and din of the conflict, something of an "eiry" or supernatural appearance. Perhaps the superstitious among the Garibaldini took him for St. Jago of Compostella, who generally puts in a timely appearance on the orthodox side when affairs at a battle are coming to a crisis. Or perhaps the classically-mindedfor we had a good many university professors and advocates in our ranks-imagined him to be one of the Great Twin Brethren who fought at the battle of Lake Regillus. He was immensely popular in the army for a whole week afterwards, and went by the name of " Il produ Inglese," or "L'Uomo bianco di Monte Suello." Ultimately, when it was discovered that he was only an amateur, and the correspondent of a London newspaper, he fell to a sad discount; and the Garibaldian guides in particular-they were the "swells" of our little force-were very angry indeed with "quest individuo inconosciuto," who had thrust himself into where he had no business to be. The drollest circumstance in the whole affair was, that so soon as my friend had covered himself with laurels, he scampered away, "as though he had rid post" to Brescis, and wrote me a few hurried lines, in which it was evident that his nerves were terribly shattered, expatiating on what a dreadful thing war was, and declaring that he would never witness another battle.

And my Little Women? I assure you that since I penned the first line of this paper I have not been digressing—at least wilfully; and that my Little Women all grew out of the six weeks' campaign I had with Garibaldi. Our force was said to be thirty-six thousand strong, of whom perhaps ten thousand went to the front, and proved themselves worthy of the red shirts they wore. We had very few campfollowers; for so long as we were in our own country, Italy, we did not feel inclined to plunder our own countrymen, and when we invaded the enemy's territory there was absolutely nothing to "loot." So far as my limited experience extends, the Austrian Tyrol, at least between Trept and the Lake of Garda, seems to produce nothing but fleas, rocks, sallow people in rags, deformed by huge goitres on their throats, waterfalls, and rifle-bullets. Garibaldi's army in 1866 paid their way wherever

and whenever the "hardy mountaineers" had a chance they ad of allowing us to rob them. But we had a few memsex with us. There was a sprinkling of saucy grian and Bergamo, who, loth to part with their sweetonned pantaloons and the camicia rossa, and passed the of recruits, who were not very particular in June '66, as cers. They were soon discovered, however, and gallantly escorted .ue places whence they came; or else they got footsore, and fell out It was very pitiable to see them sitting by the rugged of the ranks. med-side bandaging their poor feet, whimpering or fairly blubbering like school-girls who had lost their samplers; and more than once I have given them a lift in the little "trap" I had been fortunate enough to hire. Brave old Tyrolese "trap," what has become of you, I wonder? An Italian friend of mine made the campaign in a shandrydan which had cost him four pounds ten. It was quite a grand affair, having two herses, worth about three pounds fifteen apiece. One of these horses was blind, and he called him Homer; the other was a jibber, and could rarely be persuaded to advance in the proper direction. This horse he memod La Marmora. I noticed that all the grisettes who travestied themwhen in Garibaldian uniform were tall women—lanky, die-away damsels, who looked very preposterous indeed in the "pairs of tongs" they had -been adventurous enough to assume. We had a few regular baggagewagon women too—licensed sutlers, who, with little carts drawn by mules, blowed the army with groceries and tobacco and wine. One of these Italian Moll Flagons was as tall as a drum-major, and looked nearly strong. But there was no good in her. She soon "caved in" and "dried up," to use American parlance. She was never to the fore when she was wanted, and always hid herself under her cart when any sounds of firing were audible. At last she managed to get captured by a party of Austrian foragers—cart, mule, bread, cheese, polenta, Barolo wine, and halfpenny "cavours" and all, and we saw her no more. I hope the Tedeschi didn't give her the bastinado, or shut her up in the Spielburg. So much for the tall women; now just attend to me while I narmite what the little ones did, and of the good deeds that came from the Lilliputians. We had but a few, it is true; but their courage and their devotion were tremendous. They were full of pluck and "go." They trudged the very boots off their little feet, and then philosoplically swathed those members—which I have heard in domestic circles called by the playful name of "tootsies"—with haybands, or with scraps of matting, and trudged on as doggedly as before. they could catch a pony they rode him en cavalier, as English ladies mde before Bohemian Anne was Queen, providing themselves with knickerbockers after the sensible fashion introduced by the Unprotected Females in Norway. Our Little Women were by no means unprotected. The three I specially noticed were all married; and besides, were not

all Garibaldi's thirty-six thousand red-shirts their protectors? Blood

would have flowed had the slightest rudeness or even discourtesy been shown to those intrepid little Amazons. They never murmured, never grumbled, never repined, never declared that "they were not accustomed to this kind of thing." They were all female Robinson Crasces -just the kind of little women who should have colonised Mr. Charles Reade's island—or is it Mr. Dion Boucicault's?—in Foul Play. If there was nothing but salt horse and weevilly biscuit to eat, they fel and were thankful. I managed to procure about an ounce and a half of tea for one of these Little Women at Salo, on the Lago di Garda, which tea cost me five francs; and although more than half the compound seemed to be thyme, vervain, scammony, rue, and chopped birch-twigs, we made a famous brew, in a red earthern pipkin, covered with a sardinebox to keep the flavour in, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. and where the Little Ones attended to the duties of the toilette was a mystery; but they always looked fresh and tidy and clean when we men were dusty and ragged and as grubby as chimney-sweeps. Perhaps they hung up a waterproof-sheet in front of a cascade, while we were taking our midnight pipe and siesta, and converted that cool grot into a cabinet de toilette. They had an inexhaustible fund of spirits, and were the life and soul of the army. These three Little Women were ladies: two of them were English; and I am not justified so further to particularise their achievements as to make their identity easy. Their names once mentioned would be recognised as household words to But thus much I may without indiscretion thousands of English ears. record: that, after the battle of Bezecca, the closing engagement of the campaign, the church was full of wounded Garibaldini, who lay there for four hours without the slightest medical attendance. The doctors had not come to the front; the ambulances were not forthcoming; the medicine-chests had been mislaid; the surgical instruments could not be found; there was not even so much as a bandage or a tourniquet to be obtained. I know that one of these Little Women—an English lady of wealth, refinement, and position—marched into the midst of these human shambles where the poor Garibaldini lay on the bare pavement. many of them bleeding to death, and did then and there tear up every rag of linen she had on her body, down to her very shift, -- pardon me, madame, for using that vulgar word: the genteel term is, I know, a chemise; but in Lady Mary Wortley Montague's time the innermost garment of a lady was called a smock,—convert these needments into bandages, and bind up the wounds of those who were most sorely hurt The blood and muck in that church—it was midsummer, mind youcould have been equalled only by CAWNPORE. And then the Little Woman, with nothing but a stuff skirt and a woollen shawl to cover her —she had absolutely and literally nothing else,—went round the vil lage from door to door begging for more linen.

The villagers were a dunder-headed, priest-ridden race, who hated the Garibaldini, and they drove the Little Woman away with curses. She

othing daunted, went to the priest, snapped her fingers in his houseeeper's face, lugged the ecclesiastic away from his dinner-if she swore t him a little it would have done him and her no harm, and the reording angel might have put a red cross of approval against my aunt loby's name in the book—and positively coerced him to follow her from ne refractory cottager's hut to another. When his reverence—with great eluctance, for he was an Austriacante—commanded, his flock obeyed. The Little Woman knew well enough what command to give, and in wenty minutes all the women and girls in the village were hard at work scraping lint for the Garibaldini. I believe this Little Woman, who may be at this moment illuminating mediæval texts for a Sundayschool, or making lapdog-penwipers from floss silk and tailors' cuttings for a fancy-fair at St. James's Hall, was capable, had she met with a further denial, of breaking into the vestry of the church and tearing up his reverence's alb and all the choristers' surplices for additional bandages.

Tall women would have done the same thing, you may urge. possible. Grace Darling, the lighthouse heroine, was tall. So was the Countess Isabella, who so stoutly held her castle against the besiegers, and foreswore the ministrations of all washerwomen until her beleagured stronghold was relieved. Marie Antoinette, if we are to trust Paul Delaroche's picture, was tall; so was Mary Queen of Scots; and they both died heroically. Elizabeth had pluck enough for the whole 88th regiment, and I doubt not would have fought Philip II. and the Duke of Alva single-handed, had they landed at Tilbury Fort. Flora Macdonald was a lassie of considerable inches; the election eering Duchess of Devonshire was tall; so was Queen Caroline, who, whatever may have been her morals, certainly fought a good fight against George IV. But I hold the tall heroines to be exceptional; and when we have all humanity to deal with, the exceptions are relatively numerous. I told you in the outset of these papers that I preferred the Extremely Little. I adhere to the Little Women. Boadicea, you may depend upon it, was short. Zenobia was not of exorbitant stature. Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria is no giantess. The Princess of Wales is not colossal. Patti is diminutive, and Lucca quite a Lilliputian. So was Jenny Lind; so is now Madame Goldschmidt. Miss Nightingale is alight and slender; and where could you look for a more delightful Little Woman than Mrs. Keeley? I grant your exceptions; but for every ten tall heroines you bring me, I will cap them with a hundred little ones.

# PERSONALITIES OF A SCOTCH TOUR

To make a voyage of nearly five hundred miles WHY not go by sea? -from London to Dundee it is a distance of some one hundred and sixty leagues—is of itself no mean feat. And then one gets a good deal more than the advantages attending the inhalation of marine breezes for thirty-three hours. It is not merely that you have occur to left of you, ocean to right of you, during the whole of that time, but the contemplative mind is able to enjoy all the while a perpetual feast of meditation in the different developments of human character which are before it. For studying the vast genus of humanity, there are few places like the deck of a steamboat. The interior of an omnibus is good enough in its way, and there are less suggestive regions than those inside the railway-carriage; but if you would see human nature pure and simple, stripped of all its exterior trappings, which decorate and conceal, commend me to the afore-mentioned quarter. The mere fact of quitting for the nonce, utterly and entirely, the customary element of terra firma, is something. Dragged away from its usual haunts, "its terraneous appendages to felicity,"-to steal from Dr. Johnson,—humanity has nothing but its own essence upon which to rely for comfort or for merriment. "Out of sight of land on the breast of the rolling deep," to borrow the language of some one of a host of nautical bards, you see men, women, and children as they really are-not as they appear to be when surrounded with all their accustomed luxuries, comforts, and the like. Of course there are voyages and voyages; and weak human nature presents a very different spectacle on a steamer's deck, when the sky is cloudless, and the billows unflecked by foam, from that to be witnessed when the winds and the waves are entirely devoted to the engaging pastime of pitch and toss. In the one case the circumstances are favourable. Ozone is proverbially exhilarating, and with a maximum of sunshine and a minimum of tempest you get nothing but smiles, good-humour, and its concomitants. Cynics might indeed consider the circumstances so favourable as to be blinding, but as we are not cynics, never mind. In the other casewaves, storm, wind, steward, basin—to adopt the convenient phraseology of the renowned Mr. Alfred Jingle—you meet with a very different sight: frowns, sighs, puckered mouths, and a general loathing of everyone and everything. The moral of these remarks is obvious enough: if the weather be fair, go by sea; if not, don't.

It was with these considerations in his mind, that the present writer engaged the state-cabin on board one of the steamers that ply

bi-weekly between Hore's Wharf, London, and the celebrated Scotch port, Dundee—celebrated, that is, for its marmalade and its herrings. The weather was not only fine when he started, but continued to be so till he had reached his destination. Positively, the journey down to the above-mentioned wharf is in itself a little kind of education. You near the precincts of the Tower; your cab drives you through narrow murky lanes, lined on each side with rows of strange forms and stranger faces. It is, in fact, a marine omnium gatherum: tars of all nations are there; Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and the dwellers of Mesopotamia—to adopt a scriptural façon de parler—you may see them every one: Malays, Dutch, French, Italian, English. For the timid traveller there might be more reassuring visions. There is a ferocity in their game, an outspokenness in their conversation—to be euphemistical—that makes you think in this particular case you would sooner decline the Latin verb adsum than intersum—sooner say, "I can see you," than "I am staying with you." When you dismount at Hore's Wharf, you may not improbably experience a tremulous flutter in the region of your heart. Your luggage is seized upon, and you seem as if you would be compelled to reverse the recently-named process of conjugation, and cry intersum, not adsum. When I myself underwent the agreeable little operation, I happened to be somewhat of a profitable prey. My arm was in a sling, and I was but just recovering from the effects of a severe of rheumatism, and, as a consequence, I was feeling generally shaky. However, putting on a brave countenance, I defied the onsets of Tartar, Hindoo, Malay, et hoc genus omne; and having beckoned till my arm quivered again, and shouted till my throat was hoarse, contrived to secure the services of one of the regular porters—a step which, by the bye, I should advise everyone similarly circumstanced to take, unless he wishes to run a very fair chance of losing bag, baggage, and all else.

It was a curious spectacle, that steamboat's deck. By the bye, can Myone explain to me how and why it is, that in omnibuses, in secondclass railway-carriages, and in steamers, one meets with characters never thewhere to be found? Are they retained on the premises? Are they "preserved, in consideration of their past services, always to remain upon the establishment?" and if so, why? There were barely a hundred passengers aboard, but there was food enough for meditation for week. The predominant element was Scotch, very Scotch indeed; broad accents, canny comments, wary hints; these were the order of the day. The company was not select, but it was amusing. The passege-fare was so small that the majority of the passengers were first-class ones, full of the idea that, for the time being at any rate, their name had given them their nature. Love-making is always in great force upon such occasions, and the ordinary amount of love-making we accordingly had. Apropos of this topic, I saw a sight that amused me not a little. Chaperoned by an obvious aunt, there was a certain equally-obvious youthful Scotchwoman. The aunt was after the straitest sect of the establishment—a Presbyterian; the niece appeared to have been led astray by the gaudy exhibition of another religious communion. In these days one scarcely can see the distinction, in point of vestment, between Anglican and Catholic. The maiden was intent upon the pages of some exceedingly virtuous-looking tome. I am not quite certain whether it was not Foxe's Book of Martyrs; but, as events turned out, she was intent upon something else as well. Inadvertently she changed the volume from a slanting to a perpendicular position. A carte-de-visite dropped upon the deck beneath. Abomination of abominations! it was the effigy of no smaller nor greater person than of a youthful ecclesiastic, arrayed in his most gorgeous of official robes, belonging to I know not which of the foregoing denominations. The aunt had an eagle-eye and a nimble hand. In a moment she pounced upon the noxious photograph. Her eyes glowered upon the damsel, and a flood of vituperation—eminently Scotch—was poured forth in the broadest of accents. Hinc ire, hinc lacryme. As I have not quite succeeded in making myself master of the Gaelic system of intonation, I forbear from massacring secondhand what amused me infinitely first.

Drifting down the river we go. The air is scarcely stirred by a breeze; and so far as any motion of the steamboat is concerned, you cannot at all tell when you have left the river and entered upon the There is nothing to alarm the spirits even of the faintest of fainthearted. On such a day no one could be ill. There is something however, which everyone apparently not only could be, but is-vorsciously hungry. I am inclined to think that it is in direct opposition to the principles of the creed in vogue amongst a certain order of middle-class Englishmen to undertake a journey of a few hours without laying in a stock of provisions for as many days, and eating enough, were but their stomachs formed on the ostrich principle, to last them for as many weeks. We were fairly upon the genuine sea at last, and hampers were produced—such hampers! followed by such appetites! It was only one o'clock, and the regular dinner-hour on board was three but that made no difference. My fellow-passengers, with scarcely and exception, seemed to be drawn from one class—the small Scotch shop keeping class. In their own opinion, however, they were anything by small people. They made considerable pretensions to culture, an talked big about books. Suddenly it got noised abroad that there we a genuine Quarterly reviewer on board, and straightway he became lion. That he had ever written for the periodical in question I believ as much as that I myself am the veritable author of the Koran. noisy conversation attracting me, I looked hard at his face—once, twic and speedily recognised a shopman in a certain large grocery establish ment in the City, periodically visited by my wife. He did not recogni me. Carelessly I introduced the topic of Blank and Blank's warehous

His eyes fell, and the Quarterly reviewer at once gave place to the meaking snob, conscious of his own lie. A select band of half-a-dozen young counterjumpers, who seemed to think it their special mission to be noisy and generally objectionable, with the usual family groups, made up our human cargo. One group there was in particular that struck me. A stolid, apparently well-to-do tradesman, English himalf, his wife Scotch, accompanied by three singularly-ugly, unpleasant children—two daughters, one son, ages varying from seventeen to seven. I could not help overhearing their comments. They had but one idea -how best to secure their money's worth: "Eliza, you had better not eat now; it will be dinner-time in an hour, and let us have what we pay for." This is a fair sample of the spirit their conversation betrayed. The wife at any rate acted up to the instructions of her lord. time being she placed a knife to her throat. But O, the amount which the family disposed of at dinner! It was my fortune to sit opposite them. At the first sound of the bell they rushed in in a body, and in the universal scramble for seats, strove hard to secure, and succeeded in securing, those which commanded the greatest number of dishes. Such was the general style of my fellow-passengers. If, therefore, the intelligent reader asks himself the question which commences this paper, Why not go by sea? I would briefly reply: If the weather is fine; if you feel disposed, as I did, to lounge idly in the sunshine, smoking endlessly, lazily watching the languid wavelets chase each other in the distance, laughing in joy at their frolics; if you can do this, and can shake off from you the feeling that you are in the midst of a herd of rulgar, coarse, hard-minded passengers, go by sea by all means: if, on the other hand, you are dependent upon those around you for pleasant and

soothing, as well as edifying, thoughts, by all means don't. I am not going here to describe the magnificent coast-scenery visible during the greater portion of the voyage, for the simple reason that as the ea, far and near, was overspread by a haze of heat, I could discriminate nothing. In Edinburgh I had business, and Edinburgh accordingly I made for with all due speed. Edinburgh in August is entirely empty. It is the tourist season, and all the regular inhabitants of the Scotch capital have fled. Curiously enough, however, I had not been in the half-a-dozen hours before I saw at least as many old familiar faces. It seemed as if a certain select few of the tradesmen to whom I happen to be indebted had made it their special business to haunt me. first person almost I met was my tailor; the second, my wine-merchant; and on sitting down to the table-d'hôle dinner at my hotel, I found myself next door to my bootmaker, the renowned Lille of Regent-street. We chatted affably; but bearing in mind the faces I had already seen, could not help mentally registering the remark that, after all, one's Primary object in one's summer holiday is not to cultivate an unpro-Tessional acquaintance with one's duns.

0, the tourists of Edinburgh, and of Scotland! No place is free

from them. After my business was concluded I had still about fire days to spare; of course I must see something, and the only things which I could make up my mind to see were those which everyone sets. Mankind follow each other like a flock of sheep. I betook myself to the western highlands of Scotland, simply and entirely because I had heard that every person else went there. As a consequence I found myself incessantly pursued by the same faces that I had already me with on board the steamboat. There was the cautious tradesman, with his hungry spouse and spoilt children; and there were faces with which I was perfectly familiar in my business haunts in London. Beyond the scenery, which of course was magnificent; beyond the splendour of the mountains, the crystal glories of the lakes, the intensely-bracing air, I had nothing. What more could I want? it may be asked; was not that enough? I answer distinctly, No. For a holiday one wants something beyond all this. One must have not merely change of scene, but change of society. It does not do to be for ever brushing against precisely the same people with whom one is drawn in contact in the streets of London. One does not merely need for perfect mental refreshment fresh woods and pastures new; one needs to see them peopled with a strange race. It is when the surroundings of existence are altogether different from those which haunt the holiday-maker is his ordinary everyday life, that real recreation is gained; and gained it never can be except when the beaten track of the tourist is dillgently shunned. After all, it is not so difficult to do this. You have but to decline either to your left or right a very few miles, and you will come across clusters of natural beauties, new not only to you but to all else. You will see there none of those "old familiar faces," in the shape of your bootmaker or your tailor; you will meet with nevel and entrancing beauty on all sides; you will be rid of that being who perpetually tortured the present writer on his travels-the British tourist. Lastly, you will liberate yourself from the frightful swindles which beset the race of tourists, in the shape of tourists'-hotels. Go to Scotland by all means, and go by sea if you like the thought of it; but if you go for real relaxation and enjoyment, for real peace and pleasure, I should advise you to shun the regular rounds: rather seek some little village in the northern highlands-there are hundreds such to be found -where the race of tourists does not penetrate. Find for yourself lodgings in some farmhouse; stay there as long as your inclination prompts, and then go off elsewhere, and adopt the same plan. If you long for genuine satisfaction, this is the surest and the safest method of meeting with it.

Even in this way you sometimes come across—if the account given me is to be believed—a stray snob. A friend of mine told me that he had been staying for a week in some house into which he had managed to effect an entrance, in the immediate neighbourhood of Bonar Bridgein the north of Scotland. He happened one evening to be walking . It was dusk, and he overtook another foot-passenger, his gun s shoulder, followed by his dogs and by a Scotch gamekeeper. stered into conversation. He was civil, but pompous—talked, in altogether too showily; was dressed in a sporting-costume a little ) faultless. Somehow or other my friend's suspicions were aroused. t they passed a little highland inn; refreshments were proposed, 'by the light of the misty lamp" he discovered the features of f his tailor's shopmen. The rencontre was sufficiently ludicrous. 1ch little incidents as these make an isolated existence in Scot-Il the more amusing. And such an existence does for a time. But above all things the regular excursion-path; shun those crowds idon, Liverpool, and Manchester second-rate shopkeepers, "out eir holiday," determined to get all they can for the money which re driven to spend, and determined to let you know what their ice really is. Shun them; for, if not, their obtrusively noisy, talk will disgust you; their grins and laughter will turn all eetness of the scenery around you into ashes in your mouth, and ill begin to wish yourself far away from the herd of second-class s—even back in the comfortable smoking-room at your club, our select acquaintance around you.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

### HABET

THE noise of the fight grew faint afar; He took through the wood his homeward way; His plume had shone fair in the front of war, But he now was hurt in a border fray. The little bird sang so soft in the beech, The hawk's brood ceased in the pine to ser

The sunset shone through the oak's jagg'd leaves, Gilding the bark to a golden crust, As the knight rode slow with blood on his greaves, And blood on his cuisses red as rust. The little bird, &c.

For Christ and king, in the sight of all, His lance had many a broad field won; Courtiers throng'd full and fair in the palace-hall, No need of him when the fight was done. The little bird, &c.

Behind him followed two hounds, who ate Daily food from a fostering hand; They licked at the stones with his life-blood wet, And they suified at it on the sand. The little bird, &c.

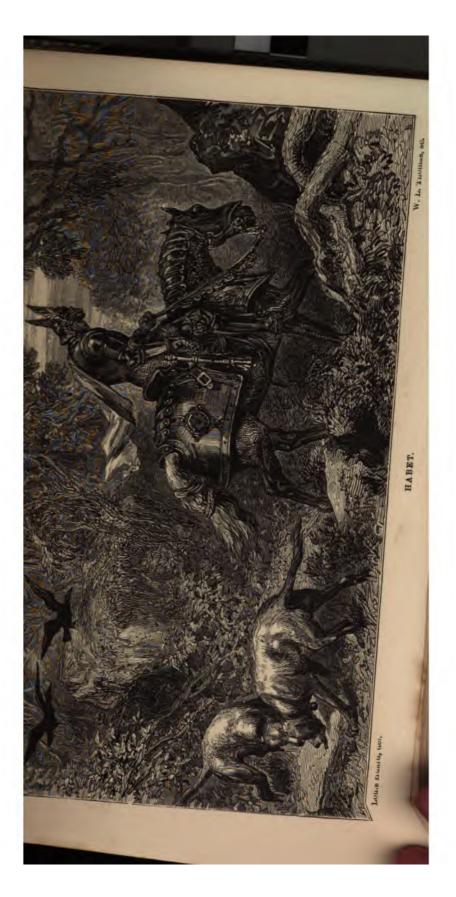
For the blood well'd free from a rift in his mail, To his spurs in a goodly flow; And his cheek grew momently ashy pale, Drooping lower o'er saddle-bow. The little bird, &c.

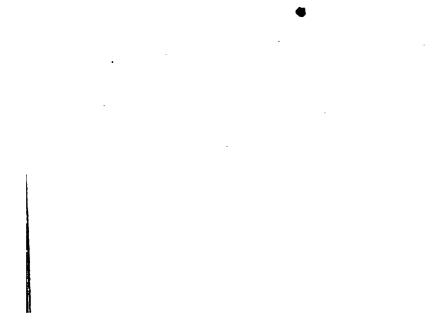
Three ravens watch'd sharp: by his side they flew, As they flitted from tree to tree-Till one cried, "He'll fall in a minute or two, And he'll dine us gran lly all three." The little bird, &c.

" And I will pack first his tongue from his lips, Ench of you take an cycla I dim: But, all s, his bear,'s if cold so freely drips, His hounds have the best of him?

The lattle bird, &c.

WILLIAM STIGAND.





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### LONDON CLUBS

BY WALTER THORNBURY

## Clubs Past and Present.

CLUBS PRESENT: No. II. BROOKES'S-WHITE'S.

In the annals of this venerable club, the name of that great orator, andaunted gambler, enlightened statesman, and reckless man of pleasure, Charles James Fox, occupies a regal place. I can never pass the door without seeing in imagination that squat, black-browed man with the little three-cornered hat, the slovenly collarless coat, the deepflap waistcoat, and the careless knee-breeches, enter greedy for piquet and ravenous for hazard. The great Whig orator, who spent half his wasted life knee-deep in cards at Brookes's, used to say that the greatest pleasure in existence was winning at hazard, and the next greatest pleamre losing at hazard. Mr. Thackeray says he squandered 200,000l. at play. Gibbon tells us of Fox once playing for twenty-two hours at a sitting, and losing about 500% an hour. Unlike tall, thin, ascetic Pitt, who liked his bottle of port, but despised "the devil's picture-books," For had a broad chest, and was a disorderly lion of a man capable of vast physical exertion. The fascinations of chance, and the semi-intellectual character of whist and piquet, had won his heart, and his fidelity to the green cloth was unwavering. At those games, into which he could throw his robust mind, Fox was so preëminent, that it is said he might, if he had restricted himself to them, and avoided the punters, have drawn a sum of 40001. a-year from his card-purse alone. But at hazard helost hatfuls of money. Of course he won occasionally: once, it is said, 50001. at a sitting, part of which he instantly paid away to his ravenous enditors,—noisy sedan-chairmen at the door, Jew bill-discounters long hoping in the strangers' room, pale anxious waiters from whom guineas had been borrowed in bad times: for he had been ruined at thirty. With the money left from these harpies and jackals Fox returned, sat down again at the fatal green cloth, and soon lost his spoil to those from whom he had won it half an hour before. How could such a des-Perado at cards rule a nation, or oust cold, cautious Mr. Pitt, whose whole life was one long restless fever of ambition? Yet so stalwart was the Titan of Brookes's, that he has been known to play, thoughtless bour after hour, and then stride off to the House to pour forth one of the most fervid of his generous speeches. No wonder that London men "Plied to him those quaint verses that General Fitzpatrick wrote on YOL. VI.

Stephen Fox, Charles's brother, also a gambler, and, as a natural sequence, a needy man:

"In gaming indeed he's the stoutest of cocks, No man will play deeper than this Mr. Fox.

That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox."

If he touches a card, if he rattles a box, Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.

He has met, we are told, with so many hard knocks,

In his misfortunes Fox was always calm and imperturbable as a ancient Roman. Go to Bloomsbury-square, and imagine that black bronzy man wincing at the loss of a few thousands: not he. Dr. Johnson's friend, Topham Beauclerk ("His wit, his folly, his acuteness

and maliciousness," says the Doctor, writing of Beauclerk to Boswell, April 4, 1786, "his merriment and reasoning, are now over; such another will not often be found among mankind"), left Fox one morning after a long night at the gaming-table. Fox was almost mad at his losses; he was miserable, hopeless, and dangerously despondent. Beauclerk, the next day early, went to call on him, feeling alarmed anxious at his broken spirits; to his surprise he found his burly friend.

comfortably stretched on a sofa, reading the *Æneid*.

"What would you have me do, my dear Topham?" he said; "Pw lost my last shilling."

Had it not been for his privilege as a member of the House, For

would have been half his life playing at piquet in sponging-house. Shortly after a dissolution, when Fox was seen in company with his ally, "the witty but dissipated Hare," the joke about town, when the ominous noses of Jew bailiffs loomed in sight at either end of St. James's-street, ordinarily was, "I wonder whether Mordecai Hare-hunting or Fox-hunting to-day?" So thoughtless and good-hemoured was Fox, that when his brother's house was on fire, he offered to bet the noble owner which beam, which chimney, or which partition would first fall to the ground; a magnanimity as great as that of Sheridan, who, when his theatre was burnt down, sat down and held his bottle at an adjacent tavern, saying to wonderers: "Mayn't a magnature of the same take a glass of wine by his own fireside?"

It was to the misdirected affection of his father Lord Holland (a theorist on education) that Fox owed the first development of his tast for gambling. When only fourteen he went to Spa, where his father allowed the precocious unchecked boy to squander five guineas every night at hazard. On leaving Oxford to make the grand tour he great still more reckless about money, and ran into debt at Naples alone to the amount of 16,000 l., though he was only entitled to 4000 l. a-year at his father's death. The infamous Seingalt describes meeting the black-browed young coxoomb at this time at some hotel on the great Alpine road. Fox, soon cleaned out, staked a sealed letter, whis

I received at Turin, but had not yet opened. It enclosed a r a large amount. There was a sauter la coupe, of course; and x the English milord lost, and had to borrow of Seingalt the ional gambler a few louis to hark him on as far as Paris. The ever shook off the vice that the boy had unhappily acquired, can be little doubt that Fox's incessant pecuniary difficulties led to many of those political inconsistencies which his truest friends ed, and for which his enemies bitterly reproached him. He was led to think of place when he should have thought only of printhese difficulties, which were his special snare, were chiefly the f gambling and that indolent neglect which blunted his faculties, his ambition, and made his life a wasted one.

have so many authentic records of Fox's behaviour and converthat we can almost photograph him as he sits at the card-table kes's. "The champion of the people" was heavy and silent till ne grew low in the bottle. He then woke up to silence the ith the sustained thunder of his Cyclopean laugh. Full of radiant ie, he thoroughly appreciated the wit of Sheridan and Selwyn; eridan never exerted himself so much as when Fox was present. speaks highly of Fox's lovable ways; and Rogers, who never too much, expresses admiration for his fine tact and feeling, n, gentlemanlike manner, so full of candour and diffidence, and lour and interest with which he always plunged into conver-

can fancy him looking from the window at Brookes's, and won-how his turnips were doing at St. Ann's. We are told all his how he would, for instance, perhaps forget the name of some town he wanted to remember, and all at once would stretch his ross the table and cry, "Gorcum!" "How odd it is," he would ly, "when one is hunting after a word, and when you burn and ou almost touch him, but not quite! If I had not caught him had lost him quite."

w this is very new and very true. Here also are some pleasant of his thoughtful conversation.

always say, and always think, that of all the countries in Europe, id will be the last to be free. Russia will be free before England. assians know no better, and knowledge might and would operate m to good; but the English have the knowledge and the slavery

roperty will always have its influence. Were all the landed men country to unite in a mass, you will say that they might effect ag. Their income is twenty-five millions; but the King's is the and though part merges in the interest of the debt, still you will it has its influence."

man must have a grand want of right feeling and right think-10 does not like popularity, who does not wish the people about him, and those for and with whom he acts, to be in good humour with him."

"I believe I could repeat all the Odes of Horace by to-morrow morning, with a little recollection."

"Gibbons is a great coxcomb; his portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds is over the fireplace at Lausanne, and he used to look at it as often as if it had been his mistress's; still, if any man were to say, 'I don't like his history; I will acquire the information another way;' he would find it a very hard task."

An hour after this sort of good-natured unstrained talk, Fox would perhaps be thundering in the House, every sentence of his, as Gratten finely said, "rolling like a wave of the Atlantic two thousand miles long."

The plunder must have been great at Brookes's in the old times, for in the old club-book (before mentioned) there is the following entry of indignant virtue:

"Mr. Thynne, having won only 12,000 guineas during the last two months, retires in disgust. March 21st, 1772."

There is an angry dash of a pen through the name of the ill-used Thynne, probably his own doing; and it was a paltry sum for those days, when whole forests shook at the fall of a die, and ten thousand acres would change hands at the turn of a card.

Members were originally elected between the hours of eleven and one at night; one black ball excluded. The present hour of election is in the afternoon. The old betting-book of the club, still preserved, records the rakish extravagance of Fox, Selwyn, and Sheridan. Among the earlier members were Reynolds, Garrick, Horace Walpole, David Hume, Gibbou, Dunning, Burke, Selwyn, Fox, and Sheridan. The last survivor of the original members was Lord Crewe, who died in 1829, having been sixty-five years a member of Brookes's.

That globular man—"totus teres a'que rotundus" in mind and body—Gibbon the historian, was partial to this club; and was often to be found there, as Colman the younger describes him, blandly polite in his suit of flowered velvet, bandying classic compliments, and tapping his smuffbox when at his best moments.

Tickell, a grandson of Addison's friend, and an admirable writer of two de words -touches off the club very gracefully and pleasantly:

"Soon as to Brookes's theree thy footsteps bend, What granulations thy approach attend! See Gibbon tap his hox—conspicuous sign that classes compliment and wit combine; See Beauche k's check a targe of red surprise, And transiship give what cruel health denies."

New Takell grew afterwards despendent about money-matters, and eather fell or threw hanself from a window at Hampton-Court Palacein 1993. He had marreed a stater of Mrs. Speciden.

present club-house was opened in 1778. In 1779 Hare, Fox's writes to Selwyn, "We are all beggars at Brookes's, and he are to leave the house, as it yields him no profit."

1780 (or 1781) Wilberforce, son of a rich merchant at Hull, a red, delicate, clever young fellow, who had made the acquaintance am Pitt at Cambridge, came to town and plunged headlong into apations of fashion and politics. The young member for Hull, posed Lord North, and the unjust and unwise American War, came a member of Brookes's and the other fashionable clubs. It it it is, he says himself, "I was in Brookes's, scarcely knownone, I joined from mere shyness in play at the faro-table, George Selwyn kept bank. A friend, who knew my inexpeand regarded me as a victim decked out for sacrifice, called 'What, Wilberforce, is that you?' Selwyn quite resented the ence; and turning to him said in his most expressive tone, don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce; he could not be better em-

ridan had a hard matter to get in to Brookes's, owing to the atic prejudices of old Selwyn, who blackballed him at every Selwyn was not going to be elbowed by the son of an actor and ndson of a schoolmaster. Fox, who was bent on getting his friend into the club, discovered the hidden enemy by marking s. Sheridan then arranged a pleasant plot. The next ballot-Sheridan and the Prince of Wales arrived at Brookes's arm-ind going into the strangers' room, sent a waiter up for Selwyn. Lelwyn came, Sheridan began a long rambling political story, seted nearly half an hour. Presently a waiter entered the room pretext, and stroked his chin as a signal that Sheridan was

Sheridan then got up, made some natural excuse for a few 'absence, and left the Prince to finish the story, "the catasof which," as he told Selwyn on leaving, "he would find very ble." Sheridan ran upstairs, and was received at the club-room Fox, who formally introduced him to the members. The Prince with the story for a time, then broke down, and, laughing at re he cut, asked Selwyn, as Sherry did not seem coming back, stairs and let Fox finish the recital. On entering the club-room 1 rose, thanked Selwyn for his suffrage, and offered to finish 7.

our story! it's all a lie from beginning to end!" screamed Selting down to whist gloomily, amid shouts of laughter.

Sheridan remained many years a member, and ran up a terrible with the house for wine and dinners. When he was turned out there was a talk of dismembering him, but the cruel threat was rried into effect, and the rosy beguiler was never refused a bottle tee's when he called for it.

y good and impromptu things were said by Sheridan at Brookes's.

One evening when Mr. Whitbread was denouncing a new war-tax or malt, Sheridan wrote on the back of a letter:

"They've raised the price of table drink:
What is the reason, do you think?
The tax on malt's the cause, I hear,
But what has malt to do with beer?"

One day at Brookes's door two royal dukes met Sheridan.

The younger said, "I say, Sherry, we have just been discusing whether you are the greater fool or rogue; what is your own opinion, my boy?"

Sheridan bowed, smilingly took one by each arm, and replied, "Why.
i' faith, I believe I am between both."

Unfortunately, the point of this story is to be found in an old bemot of Duns Scotus, uttered in the French court many centuries ago; but still it may have been furbished up by Sheridan, who was very economical with his good things.

One day at Brookes's, Sheridan, looking over a number of the Quatterly, soon after its first appearance, said, "This Mr. Gifford boasts of his power of conferring literary reputation; in the present instance in has been so generous that he has left none for himself."

The Prince of Wales was one night at Brookes's talking a great deal of nonsense about Darwin's theory that a woman's bosom is thought beautiful by us because in our infancy we derive pleasure from in warmth, sustenance, and repose.

"Therefore," said Sheridan acutely, "people who have been brought up by hand grow rapturous in after-life at the very sight of a wooden spoon."

Fox and the Prince both decided that Sherry had admirably upon Darwin's fantastic theory.

Another pleasant scrap of Sheridan's humour is the following. The conversation at Brookes's fell one day on Lord Henry Petty's proposed tax upon iron. Someone said the new impost seemed so unpopular is would be better to raise a tax on coals. "Hold, hold, my dear fellow," cried Sheridan, "no, no; that would be out of the frying-pan into the fire."

Sheridan was always fond of practical jokes, and he played an ingenious one on the old Duke of Devonshire one night at Brooker's The Duke had introduced the custom of taking a broiled bladebom of mutton for supper, followed by champagne or punch. Sheridan came in late, and found the only bladebone just ordered by the Duka The wicked wit said nothing for some time; then sidled towards the Duke's table, and began to tell a recent adventure of his to a Mr. Harn, who sat by the Duke. Having fallen into a puddle, he said, on his was from the House, he had gone to dry his stockings in the club-kitches. Whilst there he had seen a hungry Irish chairman come in and grave a prime bladebone he had found on the table. All at once a cook

sprang at him, and snatching the bladebone, threw it on the gridiron, cursing the Irishman, and telling him it was the only one in the house, and was meant for the Duke of Devonshire. "I was resolved," said Sheridan, "to tell his grace of this, in case the delicious morceau should be served up—and, by Jove!—yes, by Jove!—here it is!"

The Duke made a face, pushed away the tray, and called for a glass of brandy. Sheridan at once followed the waiter, ordered two bottles of champagne, and secured the savoury bone in an unobserved corner.

That blustering and ferocious rascal, Fighting Fitzgerald, who was introduced to Louis XVI. as an Irishman of good descent, who had fought no less than eighteen duels, and always killed his man, once forced his way into Brookes's, and tried to cow the club. The impudent scoundrel, who it was afterwards found wore steel cuirasses, and coats quilted with paper, had requested Admiral Keith Stewart, who dared not refuse, to put him up at Brookes's. The ballot was soon over, but not even one white ball was found in the box. The Admiral refused to carry the news to such a desperate madman, and tremulous Mr. Brookes was at last sent to inform Mr. Fitzgerald that unfortunately there had been one black ball in the box, and that there could not be a new election for another month.

Fitzgerald was delighted; he shook Mr. Brookes's damp hand:
"I'm chose, I'm chose," he cried, "and I give ye joy; I shall be the
best customer ye ever had; but as there has been a slight mistake of
one ball, just step up and make my compliments to the gentlemen, and
set them to waive all ceremony and reëlect their humble servant while
he is finishing his coffee."

The members were panic-struck; some horrible catastrophe was evidently impending. At last the Earl of March (afterwards Duke of Queensbury) said, "—— his Irish impudence, let's try two balls this time."

On Mr. Brookes' informing the dangerous intruder of the result of this second balloting, Fitzgerald sent up and told them to try again, but bedad to make no more mistakes, as it was getting late.

A third time Mr. Brookes descended, at the request of General Fitzpatrick, and told the duellist that this time he was black-balled all over, and it was therefore hoped by the club that he would not persist in thrusting himself into seciety that begged to decline his company.

"I see it's a mistake altogether, Mr. Brookes," Fitzgerald said, "and there's nothing like daling with principals. I'll step up at once and put the thing to rights."

In vain Brookes, "the man who blushed to be repaid," protested satisfy this subversion of all etiquette. Fitzgerald threatened to throw him over the bannisters for daring to stop a "jontleman." He strode into the room, and made a bow, when the members rose indignantly.

"Your servant, jontlemen. I beg ye will be sated."

He first walked up to the fire, and addressed poor Admiral Stewart.

"So, my dear Admiral, Mr. Brookes informs me that I have been elected three times?"

"You have been balloted for, Mr. Fitzgerald, three times, but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen."

"Well, then, did you black ball me?" flared out the duellist.

"My good sir, how could you suppose such a thing?"

"O, I supposed no such thing, my dear fellow; I only want to know who it was who dropped in the black balls—by accident, of course."

Fitzgerald then went up to each individual and put the same order question seriatim:

"Did you black ball me, sir?"

In every case the Admiral's courteous and jesnitical answer was returned. Everyone was silent as Fitzgerald stood in the midst and addressed them as if they had been frightened children.

"You see, jontlemen, as none of ye black balled me I must be chos, and it's Misther Brookes that has made the mistake. I was convinced of it from the beginning, and I'm only sorry so much time has been lost. Waither, come here, you rashcal, and bring me a bottle of champagne till I drink long life to the club, and wish them joy of their unanimous eliction of a raal jontleman by father and mother" (here everyone laughed), "and a jontleman that never missed his man." (Here everyone grew more serious than before.)

There was but one remedy—to send the scoundrel to that quied, cool place, Coventry; and so everyone did. Admiral Stewart stole of as soon as he could. The rest sat down to their whist-tables, and made no reply to Fitzgerald's observations and nods and toasts, over his three bottles of wine. At last the ruffian rose, made a low bow, and

took his leave.

"Jontlemen," he said, "I bid you all good-night, and I am ver glad to find ye so sociable. I'll take care to come earlier next night,

and we'll have a little more of it, plase God."

The moment the vapouring bully and assassin left it was unanimously agreed that half-a-dozen strong-armed constables should be in ambush on the next evening, to lay the Irishman by the heels, and bear him off to the watch-house if he intruded. He never showed himself again; but he boasted everywhere in town that he had been unanimously chosen a member of Brookes's. Some years after that Fitzgerald became a dreaded desperado in Ireland, shooting and felling whoever offended him. He carried on a deadly war against an attorney named Macdonnel, who had been employed by his father during some family disputes. He first wounded him from an ambuscade, and then, breaking into his house, shot him and one of his friends. The murderer was tried for this, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. The execution took place on the scaffolding of a gaol then building at Castlebar. The rope broke once, on which he swore at the sheriff; the second rope freed the world of a born murderer, who had only two virtnes—generosity, and

### LONDON CLUBS

ore for his involver Lionel. All that can be said in extenuation of this lifth will be man when at college in one of his carliest duels his adversary's rather in parent his frantal bone, and from that time he grew brockes and insumanie.

Several of George III/s aminable and high-principled sons, who sever overname the effects of the severity of their early training, were members of Embassis. The Prince and the Duke of York, though dissipated selfed, and fall, were used for their good-nature, conviviality, and affairing. The Duke tinged hards the Prince was had enough. Heaven knows, but he never touched a card or shook a die. The Prince's especial collect in repairing to Brookes's was to sit at the feet of Fox and implies the collision wisdom of that party which he forsook muon as his Whitney had vexed his mother, and gone near enough to break his father's heart.

One m ming arous three o'clock the Duke of York, Colonel St. Lever, Tom Steetney, and two others, were reeling along Pall Mall ripe ha row. Turning up St. James's street, and arriving at Brookes's. her heat violently at the door, but soon found by the silence that the buily and servants were long since in bed and asleep. At last, hearing they thought an alarm of fire, some servants hurried down and began mbolt the front-door. In the mean time the Duke and his tipey mag had gallantiy proposed to storm in and knock down the waiters. was said: it was done. In rushed the noble creatures, smashing nches, upsetting hall-chairs, and shattering chandeliers. The servants, deduced, ran down screaming, thinking the house was in flames, that London was being sacked. Last of all came a cautious but demined waiter, with a best-mouthed blunderbuss crammed with slugs. This weapon he rested on an angle of the bannisters, cocked it, and sout to discharge; but at that dramatic moment the half-dressed mekeeper appeared with a lighted candle, whose glimmer disclosed mak of the intruders.

"For heaven's sake, Tom," she cried, "don't fire; it's only the lete of York."

such was a fair sample of the glorious youthful career of that great successful general the ex-Bishop of Osnahurg.

We have only room for a few more of the endless anecdotes that meet Brookes's with the memory of so many wise and witty men of the past and present centuries. Sir Philip Francis, he whom nearly all make evidence now points to as the real author of Junius, was a great find of Fox's, and a frequenter of this distinguished club. The might when Sir Philip wore the ribbon of the order at the club might when Sir Philip wore the ribbon of the order at the club when the sir Philip when the sir Philip wore the ribbon of the order at the club when the sir Philip was the sir Philip when

Roger Wilbraham came up to him in the midst the and laying hold of the gewgaw, said: "So that's the ast last—given you a little bit of red ribbest ip, have they?—a pretty bit of red

to hang round your neck!—and that satisfies you, dees it? Now! wonder what I shall have? What do you think they will give me, Si Philip, eh?"

Sir Philip had twenty-five guineas depending on the rubber, and the tricks were not coming in in such quick layers as they ought to have done. He was testy, in fact, and worried at the interruption; so he turned round, scowled on the intruder a ferocious scowl, and so claimed, "A halter, and be d—d to you!"

And this story brings us back to the fearful worship of fickle for tune at Brookes's. Fare and macae at this club stripped Lord Rober Spencer of every shilling his brother the Duke of Marlborough had left him; but he and General Fitzpatrick clubbing their last sixpence raises some money and set up a fare-bank, by which Lord Robert bagged a his share of the proceeds—we won't say spoils—100,000\$\textsuperstart{L}\$ A burn child dreads the fire: he retired from the green cloth, and nave again gambled,—so at least Gronow tells us,—imitating in this respect Colonel Panton, who, winning in one night enough mone to purchase an estate of 1500\$\textsuperstart{L}\$ a-year, built Panton-street, and live virtuous ever after. Fox and Lord Carlisle were the greatest losses a Brookes's.

In November 1835 chivalrous Sir Francis Burdett addressed letter to the members of Brookes's, submitting to them the questic whether the conduct of Mr. O'Connell in abusing the peerage during tour in Scotland, and his invectives against Mr. Raphael, who has accused him of receiving money to secure his election at Carlow, while he persisted in refusing to give the satisfaction of a gentleman, has not rendered him unworthy of being any longer a member of the club. This was a delicious morsel for the Tories.

Mr. Raikes does not forget to immortalise the late Lord Cholmon deley, a great friend of that national blessing, George IV. He was on of the four who set up a fare-bank at Brookes's. The partners would not trust the waiters or croupiers, but were paid three guiness an hou to deal the eards and slave all night. Lord Cholmondeley and Mr. Thompson, of Grosvenor-square, each realised between 300,000L as too,000... "Tom Stepney," says Raikes, "had a share; but he would always recklessly punt against his partners, and so lost on one side who he guined on the other." A Mr. Paul, who brought home a large for tune from India, lost 20,000, in one night, was ruined, and went bact to the East, to still more injure his liver and to shake with a freer ham the pageola-tree.

Render's was always the centre of the Whig interest; and Raike in 18th describing with some bitterness the long exclusion of the Whigs from office, says: "Night after night I can remember the rule not the purity country up to Brookes's Club from the House after distance, and coulding in a few years gained to the never-ceasing minutes; while their paid Thanks (died in 1842; title now extinct)

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rho was playing his rubber at whist, would give them a sarcastic smile, and quietly say, 'I have been with them forty years, and have never een them get a peg higher.'" And Raikes adds: "The Whigs at Brookes's (I speak of former times) have been always reckoned the lighest and proudest gentlemen in society; they styled themselves the sure aristocracy of the land, and they have no real intention to raise hose who are below them. Your democrat is the same in every country."

"Ote-toi de là pour que je m'y mette."

The Fox dinner at Brookes's still keeps the flame of Whiggism alive n this ancient club.

A few more stories of Fox and his gambling days, and we have lone. Walpole, walking up St. James's-street in the June of 1781, aw a cart and porters removing furniture from Fox's lodgings. He had ad a run of luck, and those carrion-crows his creditors had gathered hick round the carcass. Half-an-hour after this, whom should Walpole ind sauntering past the same spot but Fox, who came up and talked to im with perfect sang-froid about the Marriage Bill. At this sale of Fox's library, the first volume of Gibbon's Decline and Fall was put up and sold for three guineas. It had been presented by the author to Fox, and the English Demosthenes had written on the fly-leaf the following note:

"The author at Brookes's said there was no salvation for the country till six heads of principal persons in the administration were laid on the table. Eleven days later the same gentleman accepted the place of Lord of Trade under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since."

Lord Tankerville assured the poet Rogers that Fox once played cards with General Fitzpatrick at Brookes's from ten o'clock at night till six o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them whose deal it was, as the two combatants were too sleepy to know.

Fox once won 8000l.; a bond creditor instantly presented himself and demanded payment.

"No," said Fox, "I first discharge my debts of honour."

The creditor remonstrated. Fox then threw the bond into the firc. "Now," said he, "your debt is a debt of honour;" and paid the stonished man.

Fox used very often, after many hours of play, to retain his seat; but lay his head on the table, and instantly fall asleep, exhausted in mind and body.

One night at Brookes's Fox quarrelled with Adams, whom he had teased about the badness of the government powder. Fox refused to stand sideways, saying, "he was as thick one way as the other." Adams fired, and hit his adversary in the groin, but Fox would not return the shot; as they advanced to shake hands Fox said, "Adams, you'd have killed me if it had not been government powder."

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Alderman Combe was a great hazard-player at Brookes's. One night Beau Brummell was of the party.

"Come, mash-tub," said Brummell, who was the caster, "what do you set?"

"Twenty-five guineas," replied the alderman.

"Well, then," replied the Beau, "have at the mare's pony" (twenty-five guineas). He swept off twelve ponies running, then pocketed the money, rose and bowed to the brewer. "Thank you, alderman," said the Beau; "for the future I shall never drink any porter but yours."

"I wish, sir," replied the brewer, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same."

Brookes finally died in poverty.

#### WHITE'S.

This celebrated club, 37 and 38 St. James's-street, over against the house that was once Crockford's, was established circa 1698, at the bottom of the street, five doors up, on the west side; a small garden was attached to the house. The proprietor was a person named Arthur, who was burnt out on April 28, 1733. Hogarth sketches the outbreak of the fire in Plate VI. of the "Rake's Progress."

## A SUMMER DAY-DREAM

"Anticipation forward points the view."

HOLIDAY-TIME has once more come round. The season is over, the Row is deserted, and, through the medium of an abundant supply of brown paper, Belgravia and Mayfair have proclaimed themselves "out of town." The votaries of fashion are recruiting their exhausted energies amid the gaieties of Paris or the dissipations of German spas. The few who are compelled to remain at home have modestly retired to the most secret recesses of their dwellings, from which they emerge only amid the darkness of night. With stealthy pace men glide along the city streets, shunning the more frequented paths, and blushing for very shame at the bare idea of being observed. Friend meets friend, but with no friendly feeling, and hastens unasked to explain that he has only just run up from the country to consult his lawyer, or some other ecapegoat, about a confoundedly pressing piece of business, "which is such a bore, you know." Cockneydom is off with one of Cook's exconsions, and may be met and studied everywhere—in the Louvre at Paris, the Cathedral at Antwerp, sailing up the Rhine or down the Moselle, and even across the Alps in the Vatican at Rome; London, in fact, by a highly-popular fiction, is supposed to be empty.

Tired and jaded, heart-sick and footsore, we too are away from the bustle and the roar of mighty London, that "wilderness of ill-assorted brick and detestable stucco." Paris with its perennial gaiety, and Rome with its mighty ruins and glorious memories, have alike failed to attract A fairer river than the Rhine, a bluer water than the Moselle, have far surpassing charms. The sun is shining brightly overhead as we mil swiftly down the Clyde and up Loch Long. Once more we gaze with delight upon the towering hills, and the pleasant villas of Glas-80w's merchant princes. We are away to salute the grim old Cobbler and his wife, enthroned in solitary state sublime among the Highland mists of Arrochar. Arrived at the head-quarters of the Macfarlan clan, we find the Cobbler-king and his better-half displaying to a crowd of wondering pleasure-seekers their customary matrimonial felicity. Deeming it inadvisable to interfere in a family quarrel, we leave them to bettle matters when and how they please, and saunter leisurely between the hills along the two-mile road to Tarbet. As the blue smoke curls apward from our thoroughly plebeian clay, we watch with delight the sheep sporting upon the heathery hillside. The plaintive bleating which greets our ears, combined with the songs of birds among the trees, is a music sweet and tender. There is such a stillness all around, such

an air of calm and quite repose, that we almost fancy there is no such place as Fleet-street, and that we have only dreamt of the deafening noise of Cheapside.

Now we have a glimpse of "the lofty Ben Lomond," from whose summit the white clouds are slowly clearing away. Hastening onwards, we are soon in front of Tarbet hotel, gazing upon the sparkling waters of the island-dotted queen of Scottish lakes, from whose shore the giant Ben rears his proud head heavenwards. We are in ample time to catch the downward steamer, which in twenty minutes lands us at Rowadennan, a pleasant little spot lying on the eastern shore of the lock, just at the mountain foot. A short walk brings us to the end of our journey—to the mountain-hut, under whose thatched roof we may smoke a pipe of peace with all mankind.

We are in the world and yet not of it. We hear nothing of what is going on outside. We never see a newspaper, nor wish to see one. Rising with the lark we wander the country for miles around, or lie all day long stretched on the heathery hill-side, with no companion save some favourite author, to whose familiar discourse we lend an attentive ear. Sometimes we vary the pastime by drifting leisurely in a nutshell of a boat among the numerous islands with which the loch is studded, or swimming in the clear blue waters. We find no lack of enjoyment. There is a thorough relief from the harassing cares of business, and a genuine blissful idleness. We can call to memory the legends of other days, and people the mountains with the creations of our fancy, or the wild caterans of the days gone by, when Rob Roy levied black-mail and carried out to the letter the "good old rule, the simple plan," of which Wordsworth has sung.

We have been here a week, and the weather has been all that one could desire. Day after day we have had clear blue skies and a bright shining sun. At night we have sat by the lonely loch watching the silver crescent light and the pale stars, like sparkling diamonds on the breast of beauty, heaving with soft and gentle motion. The mountains rise in solitary grandeur all around, and throw their dark shadows on the sleeping water, which reflects the twinkling glories above, while its waves, with low and melancholy murmurs, wash the shore. A light wind stirs the trees, and from the waving branches there falls upon the car a sound which we fancy to be the sighing of the spirits of eld # they wander among once familiar scenes. The babble of the mountain streams as they rush down the gorges is a music such as we never hear in the far-off city. Now we hear music on the water. Nearer and nearer it approaches. Following the direction of the sound, we perceive a boat a short distance off, and soon recognise the burden of the song.

"No more by thee my steps shall be, For ever and for ever."

The song is ended, and the hum of voices is wasted on the breeze. But

almost immediately a rich tenor voice breaks forth with Mr. Leslie's words to Mendelssohn's beautiful air:

"Breathe not of parting, Lonely my heart will pine."

The boat has turned, and gradually the song fades in the distance. As the night is far advanced, and the air grows chill, we leisurely return to our mountain home and pleasant dreams. In the morning we find the rain falling in torrents. "The Lammas

floods hae come at last," remarks our hostess as she prepares our simple morning meal. They have come in truth, and with a vengeance. Never aw we such rain. From the cottage-door the prospect is dreary in the extreme. The hills are covered with a thick mist, which renders them at a short distance almost invisible. However, we are prepared for the eccasion, and meet it calmly and philosophically. We have brought with us a few choice volumes, which will amply suffice to beguile a week of such weather. For three days the rain falls incessantly, but the morning of the fourth breaks light and clear once more, and we resume our solitary rambles.

To-night the moon will be at the full. The day gives promise of a glorious night. About cleven o'clock, having partaken of a hearty supper, we start for the top of Ben Lomond, in order to see the sun rise. Keeping to the beaten track, we leisurely ascend the hill, stopping occasionally to view the surrounding scenery. After ascending for a considerable distance, we obtain an excellent view of the loch stretching away downwards. The waters glitter with a silvery sheen. Surely there never was a fairer scene. "See Naples and die," forsooth! See Loch Lomond by moonlight and live to see it again, say we. It surpasses in beauty and grandeur anything which these eyes have ever beheld or ever hope to behold. No painter, however great his genius, could transfer it to his canvas. Were we to attempt to describe it in detail, we could not help failing to give even the slightest idea of its true grandeur and sublimity. It must be seen to have its full beauty realized.

Up and still higher up we go, until at last, somewhat tired, we reach the summit. We have now a grander view than ever; for besides Loch Lomond we have Loch Katrine, and the magnificent scenery by which it is surrounded. Slowly the moon declines in the west. The darkness, such as it has been, is rapidly clearing away. In the east appear the forerunners of Phœbus. Soon a mighty ball of fire rises from out the distant ocean, quenching the glory of Cynthia's beams. The dew rises from the gleaming heather, and rolls in white clouds up the hill-sides. The various lochs on the right and on the left, the winding Forth,

"Like a silver band enfolding Grassy leas and golden lands;" and the numerous streams leaping over rocks and bushes as they rush down the mountain slopes,—all sparkle brilliantly in the morning sun. In the distance lie rich fields of grain bound in sheaves, or waving gently in the breeze. The Cobbler and his mate are waking from their slumbers. The Clyde flows onwards, bearing upon its broad bosom many a treasure-freighted craft; while the tall masts of the shipping lying in the crowded harbours of Greenock are dimly visible, looking like so many church-spires. The whirr of the moor-fowl and the song of the lark,

"whose notes do beat The vaulty heaven so high above our heads,"

are the only sounds which break the stillness that reigns around. And here we sit, rapt in contemplation of the scene, until the morning is far advanced, and Nature, in one of her prosaic moods, has gruffly intimated that it is time to journey downwards for breakfast. As we rise to obey the imperial mandate, some heavy drops of rain fall upon our upturned face, and rudely wake us from our day-dream to find that August, though near, has not yet come, and that instead of being alone on the top of Ben Lomond, we are only one in a crowd that is passing through Temple Bar.

J. CAMPBELL SMITH.

### DIANA GAY

## A Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

# Book the Chird

### CHAPTER VII. THE CLAIMANT.

It was one of those shining, bright festival days which are so pleamnt on the deck of a vessel, when it is known that three-fourths of those about us are all servants of pleasure, with faces full of smiles and of hope. Only a few scattered ones belong to the ranks of business, and have anxious or overcast looks. The blue sea is so smooth, the vessel glides on so gently, the air is so soft, the sky so bright, that the team-voyaging loses all its horrors. Pretty faces, covered with smiles, full of spirits, are in rows, as if enjoying the sun in a garden. Who would think that all this should ever change to horrible scenes—Pandemonium rather—the roar of wind and waves, the sweeping deluge, the two down into the abyss, the quivering, the creaking, the groans and tries of agony below.

Robert was not one of these pleasure-seekers; he was listless and broubled, and sat himself down in a quiet corner, trying to read. The packet was very crowded, and there were not seats for all the passengers. Looking up, he noticed an interesting young girl who seemed to look wistfully for some place to sit down, and he at once offered her his seat. This little civility was received gratefully. She asked him some question about a London street, and then, with a kind of foreign accent, and she had never been in England before. Bligh told her what she wished to know, looked after her luggage, &c., and received her warm thanks.

Bligh had noticed on the deck of the vessel a tall gentleman, with very black locks, and very black moustache, curly hair, and a large hat with a broad timeworn brim. This person walked up and down the deck very much as if he was in the Burlington Arcade, and, as he passed stared coolly at each one of the lady-passengers. There was a steadiness in his proceedings that made some not a little curious; and many mammas made secret resolutions that when they came to the train, they would avoid the carriage which this "odious man" would choose. Bligh had noticed him—he is a not uncommon character on our great lines—and had returned his glances with contempt and hostility; a small indemnity. Such are indeed the vermin of our public society. When, too, Bligh found himself seated beside the young girl, he noticed the peculiar look of this oily dandy, whose complacent confidence in his vol. vi.

own attractions would have been amusing had they not been so odious. It seemed to Bligh that this stranger looked on him with resentment as an intruder. The young girl told Bligh that this man had been very forward in what he called "attentions," but which were indeed familiarities, in the French railway-carriage.

"But I have no one with me; and we, who are forced to travel by

ourselves, are helpless."

"Well, in this voyage at least," said Bligh promptly, "I hope I may be found of some use."

At the station the "odious man," as might have been anticipated, came pushing and thrusting himself close on the young girl.

"My dear," he said, "I'll get your luggage for you. Leave it all to me."

She only shrank away from him. Bligh meantime had taken the guard aside.

"Put this lady," he said, "into a carriage that is pretty full; and don't let that gentleman in. You see the class of man he is."

The guard nodded.

"I understand, sir. I saw him a minute ago. We have plenty dhis sort."

The young girl was put in as directed. Bligh also found a place in the same carriage, and the door was promptly locked.

The "cad, vermin, or reptile," came up in a moment, and was dragging at the handle.

"Here, you!" he cried, "open this, d'ye hear?"

"Can't go in there, sir," said the guard; "this way, please."

"I wish to go in here; you open the door at once."

"Can't do so—plenty of room down here."

The "cad" saw Bligh's face looking out and smiling. He saw, too, the other face looking at him, and enjoying his discomfiture. The guard was called away. One of the party in the carriage had to get out, having forgotten something, and the oiled and oily gentleman cause crushing in with his bags, and sat down opposite Bligh, and beside the young girl.

"No one," he said, looking insolently at Bligh, "has a right—guard or anyone else—to keep me out of a public carriage where there is a seat."

Bligh was not a man to be baffled even in a trifle. He rose of quietly, and left the carriage. In his absence the oiled gentlems "addressed the carriage," but no person in particular.

"We are coming to fine times in this free country; that gent did well to retire, I can tell you."

But Bligh's face was at the door again.

"Will you come down?" he said. "There is a coupé in front, with some ladies."

And with a light step the young girl had tripped down.

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"You have forgotten your things, sir," called out one of the passengers to him.

"O, I am coming back, thank you," he said; "and that is my blace."

The young lady was put into the *coupé*, and Bligh returned to his arriage, and sat down quietly in front of the black-haired and oily entleman, who glared at him and muttered, but who had due awe of ablic opinion expressed in the looks of the other passengers. Nowhere does that public opinion exert such pressure as in that strict pace; anyone who would transgress it, is at its mercy.

When the journey was over, the young girl found that Robert and actually paid for this *coupé* himself, to secure her from inconvenience. To her girlish mind it seemed quite a chivalrous deliverance, and that she never could forget it.

When he returned to London and found himself again in his shambers the usual legal arrears were waiting. The briefs sent, in their way the neatest specimen of workmanship known, were lying on his table, like little packages of pure glazed snowy Belfast linens. looked at them all in succession,—a mere mechanical operation,—but with more curiosity at a vast plethoric bundle, so swelled as to be with Miculty confined within reasonable girth. To his astonishment he read a it, "GAY v. GAY. Ejectment on the Title: Case for the Plaintiffs. Fee, 50 guineas. The Solicitor-General; Mr. Hawker, Q.C.; with you." The names of the solicitors were very familiar to him; a most respectble house, and firm patrons of his. He knew, therefore, it could be no "speculative" case, and that there were "merits." "That poor child," be thought; "it looks very dangerous; she will lose all." Indeed, events seemed to be growing too strong for her. He sent back this brief with \* note, saying there were family reasons why he could not act in the bainess; and then, his mind being in legal matters quite a mechanical wine, he was soon forgetful of all that had happened, and busily corbed in his points, as though he had just come home from court.

In a few days he called at the solicitors', and sent in word that he winded to speak to one of them. Mr. Griffiths came out very speedily, being, indeed, busily at work in his office on this very case. Blight when the shout it, and began by telling him it was out of the question for him to accept a brief in it. He explained that he always acted for the family, and "advised" on a good deal of their law-business. The solicitor quite understood, and took up his little bale.

"In fact," said Bligh, "I should wish to accommodate the matter in some way, if I could. She is a young girl with few friends, and quite helpless; and if the case is at all doubtful, and there were grounds for compromising—"

The solicitor shook his head. "It is all plain sailing; we have everything in black and white. Besides, the people themselves will go through with it. The aunt or guardian is a very determined scheming French-

woman; but the young plaintiff seems nice enough. They are the greatest plagues and interrupters of business in the world, fussing here every day, merely to know this and that and t'other."

A clerk here came and said, "Madame Saxe, sir."

"There," said the solicitor; "I knew they were coming. Show them in here."

Bligh rose to go away.

"You may as well stay a moment and see what they are like; and I have another reason, which you will know the moment they come in," said the solicitor; and not being able to resist his curiosity, Bliga took up his hat and remained, a little irresolutely.

A lady with a sharp nose and a very heightened colour, and in het dress of the more vulgar French type, came in with a young girl following. He recalled his fellow-traveller at once. As Bligh looked at her, he saw, with something like a thrill, that though taller, she had a curious, though rather secret likeness, to Diana, more in her air bearing than in features. He noted the shy sort of coquetry with which she glanced at the strange gentlemen present, and which he though was "poor Diana all over."

The bold French lady could speak English tolerably, and established herself comfortably on a chair, as for a long seance. She seemed to challenge Bligh haughtily; and in truth the solicitor was not a little in awe of her. Bligh recollected her manner as being akin to the "business women" of Paris, all smiles and sweetness, save when there is a dispute about half a franc, when sharp and venomous teeth and shown, and claws shoot out at the ends of the fingers, and a hissing, spitting cat has taken the place of the charming lady.

"This," said the solicitor, "was one of our counsel, the Mr. Bligh I was speaking to you about. Unhappily, he is obliged to return the brief."

Both ladies started and looked at Bligh, the elder one with hostility. "And why?" she said suddenly. "There is no discredit, I hope, in our cause?"

"O dear, no," said Bligh coldly; "there were private reasons."
"He is a friend of the defendant's. It is the etiquette in this country."

"In ours too," said Madame Saxe rudely. "But you have seen our papers; they have been in your possession."

Bligh coloured.

"They lay on my table for a day or two; but I have not seen s line beyond the address."

"() aunt," said the young girl, new speaking for the first time, "we should not think that. I do not suspect it; and I am the person chiefly microwied."

The militar smile! and taking up the brief said, "As madame not here it is. This is my own knot; I know it as well duriting."

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More graciously, then, Madame Saxe made a sort of amende; then pulled a paper out of her pocket, and said in a low voice, "I only got this to day. I read it carefully."

They went over into the window; and Bligh, again about to go away, said with a smile to Eugenie:

"I must thank you for acquitting me; though, indeed, we barristers are accustomed to charge each other with all sorts of sins and crimes; that is, in court. I am sorry your first experience of our country should be experience of law."

Eugenie sighed. She was really no more than eighteen; and that sigh recalled yet more again.

"I do not wish it. I was very, very happy in my convent. But it is hard to refuse riches; and they tell me it is charming to be rich."

Bligh could not resist saying, in a low voice, "But are you so sure of being rich? Do you know the terrible uncertainty of the law, and that it is not right that always wins? Cases like yours are full of tangers and difficulties. I have no right to say this, for I am interested for one you consider your enemy, or whom you wish to dispossess."

"Indeed, no; a thousand times no. I would not injure her for the world. They tell me she is a charming, innocent girl; but I have my rights. It is she who is injuring me. Do you like her? is she so charming?"

Bligh for a moment became a little enthusiastic.

"Not a word too much could be said for her. She is full of grace said beauty, and I tremble when I think what is impending over her. If you only knew how she has been brought up—kept from any stroke of pain or sorrow save one—from every breath that could cause annoyance—surrounded with luxury, her own will her own and only law,—you could imagine what a terrible blow this will be for her."

"But," said the young girl, "it will not be so bad as that for her. We shall let her have something. We French are not quite so cruel as you seem to think. We shall leave her something—enough to live on." Bligh shook his head.

"Enough to live on in your sense would be beggary for her; enough to live on in her sense would mean the fortune she has now. She is very sensitive; a mere flower, that would wither."

The young girl coloured.

"How romantic!" she said. "Is she so great a friend of yours? How long have you known her?"

"Since I was a boy," said he.

"And I suppose she likes you? She ought, certainly; for you are a very, very warm ally. You will, of course, be her counsel?"

"No," he said, embarrassed; "there are reasons against that, especially after what has occurred to-day."

"How curious all this is!" said Eugenie reflectively; "and what is this charming enemy of mine like?"

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Bligh was about to say that Diana resembled her so strikingly when she interrupted him.

"But I am quite friendless here. I have no one to look to or to turn to, and no one that is kind to me for myself. I wish they had left me to my dear convent; and yet I could not go back now, for this has all unsettled me. Who can refuse to be rich when they tell you it is certain?"

"But who tells you?" said Bligh gently. "As I told you, there is nothing certain in law. How can that French lady know—"

"It is not she. There is another; that strange, fierce lady who knows all and who moves all, and whom I fear so, and whom even Madame Saxe dreads. You do not know what manner of woman she is, and what she can do."

"Yes," said Bligh, "I do know her. You mean Mrs. Bligh-my mother."

"Your mother!" said the girl, rising up suddenly; "Mrs. Bligh your mother!"

There was a pause. Robert Bligh rose also.

"Now you will understand," he said. "There are others who have their troubles as well as you. She has her own views in this. She is on your side in this business; I cannot be. Neither can I be your friend, nor sympathise with you, which I would wish to be, as I would for any stranger. So good-bye. You cannot ask me to wish you success, even though my mother is on your side."

As he walked away he thought a great deal over this incident, taking a true barrister's view of it.

"If I had been inclined or so unprincipled as to encourage her," be said to himself, "she would have told me anything I wanted to know." But the strange air and likeness that was about her seemed fatal. "Poor, poor Diana!" he thought, as he sat down to his table and listlessly opened out his briefs, "it is all over for her."

And though those heavy arrears, though the snowy bales of lines were awaiting their turns, and time was very precious, it was long before he could concentrate his attention. At times he would start up and walk; but at last set himself desperately to work with this speech, "There could be no harm in that. Yes; she might be brought to compromise it."

There are plenty of jeremiads over the hard fate of "the man in full business," and who has to combine law and parliament; yet there must be an excitement that redeems all from sheer drudgery—the "showy" cases, the constant hurry and "panting and toiling" to keep up with time, the change of scene from the House to Court. The barrister who is not absolutely killing himself, not ghastly pale or unwholesome yellow, may well look back with pleasure to those stirring days.

Mr. Bligh, now pursued and wanted by everyone,—videttes of clerks waiting for him at turns and corners, and very often pounced upon with

a mysterious air by the "whip" and manager,—was now hopelessly committed to this absorbing life, and had to go round and round in the ring without being allowed to stop. He had long fought off this state of things; but events had proved too much for him. He saw he must be left behind altogether, or fly round headlong like the rest.

He was one day sitting in the library of the House of Commons, with his head rather weary, having snatched a few moments to consult some books of international law for a great parliamentary question now trawing on, and on which he had a dreamy notion of speaking, when a letter was brought to him. He laid down the Kent's Commentaries, and read the following:

"Dear Sir,—Since the evening I saw you I have been thinking over what you said. I begin to feel more and more every hour how miserable it is being dragged into this business. There seems to be no likelihood of its ending or of its beginning, and they tell me that too much has been ventured for me now to withdraw; but your words about the uncertainty of law seem to ring in my ears. Would I had never left my own dear country! I know not what to do. But if you would not think it a liberty in me, or asking too much, it would make nevery happy if I could see you, and consult you again as to what I am to do; still more if you would change your resolution about not appearing in my case. At all events, dear sir, would you let me see you and consult; for I have no one to consult, and I would almost promise to be guided by you.

I remain yours, &c.

" EUGENIE GAY."

Bligh threw this down on the table, then tore it up leisurely in many small pieces, then wrote an answer. It covered but a page, and man,

"MADAM,—I regret it would be quite impossible for me to change my mind. I still think it would be advantageous for every suitor to tettle his case, in preference to expensive and uncertain litigation; but I could not take upon myself to advise you in this instance. Indeed, you must excuse me if I tell you that my relation to all these matters is very delicate indeed. For the future, therefore, I must decline to interfere.

I am yours,

"ROBERT BLIGH."

He was not a little unsettled by this communication, for it now seemed as if this was very much the tactics of an adventuress.

"She has heard from the solicitor about me," he thought, "and would like to pick up all she could." He had seen specimens enough of that artful behaviour in the witness-box.

## CHAPTER VIII.

#### WHISPERS AND SCANDALS.

DIANA had her horses as usual, and the great argosy, which an interval, she had resumed. With Mr. Lugard she used to on the great Prado in the Park, that gentleman appearing splene rayonnant in this new part of his, having become more gracious a of late; as was indeed remarked by his club-acquaintances, with scious and "knowing" air, which, in the language of men too it and too languid to spend words, signified quite a whole conver Among these familiars a shrug stood for an anecdote; and thus wa much precious time. It was indeed something to see Diana fro glittering as though she had been taken out of a jewel-case; or u "satin-coated" steed (as a "Lounger in Rotten Row" once wrot to the Mercury), whose coat, glistening with a golden-brown, thi the small delicate figure with surprising effect. With them used a fashionable warder-Mrs. Wycherly, wife of Captain Wych pleasant, agreeable lady, whom Diana regarded with wonder and admiration, and who carried on the profession of the handsome: lady—chartered free-lance, than which none is more invitithe time. Lugard, in his way, represented the other branch of t Thus the trio rode along; now charging at full speed fession. horses scattering the mould; now drawn up in the great group o the gates, as if waiting to receive cavalry. Anon Colonel Crc Lord Symperly would join, and the little party would break int his lordship and Mr. Wycherly in front, Captain Lugard and M behind. Then Mr. Lugard would say, "Let them go on in fr suppose that Symperly has his usual wallet of folly. Do go on. me, as you were doing when he came up."

Teach Captain Lugard! We should like to have seen an gentleman or lady make that speech! "Teach me!" he woul answered, his lips curling, "what, pray? What is this wonderful haler you are in presession of? Who taught you, pray? If it is curious a question. Any you been taught at all? You had be sure of that first," &c. Yet Diana was teaching this rather inti For the first time in her life she had been consulted for advice, and for some of her rather slender worldly knowledg know nothing," Mr. 1.ugard would say gloomily, "I, that has whent and mixed with everyone. I am shipwrecked; I know n it will end. And yet I wish to do right. You have seen for you all that I strive to do, all that I suffer, all that I am obliged to It may be my fault - most likely it is; for I am not perfect," add I went handwinely. "Bu: I leave it to you; you have now for time seen what our household is, and what fatal discord reign In I say, it may be my fault : but still if I knew what to do, i where the both which tell me or temp me ...

This was not the first time our Diana had been so invited. A flush of real pleasure overspread her innocent cheek, and a sensation, which she did not know to be born of vanity, rose in her. She was not the child, after all, that Lady Margaret always seemed to hint she was, or hat she herself thought she was. She was not to lead that sort of purcessess life, which her own conscience so often whispered to her was, esides profitless, devoted to toys and vanities, to the mere battledorend-shuttlecock of life, the soap-bubble blowing, which she had always suspicion she could not rise beyond. O, here was the opportunity! if he could only bring these two hapless souls to know and understand sch other! But it is oftener an accident that determines a mind on a certain course than a mere studious and officious advice or remontrance.

Wally Pepys had come up to her in his specially confidential way—
tept for young ladies exclusively—and had said, "Ah! I see you have
taken our friend in hand. I declare he is getting more human and less
taken our friend in hand. Will you put me down for the next vacancy?"

"But you are human, and not savage," said Diana, smiling. "But indeed Captain Lugard is not savage; we were children together, and he is like a cousin."

Mr. Lugard took great pleasure in this process of his own reformation, listening with great docility while our heroine advised and countelled; then taking up the theme himself, dwelling on the point—a little worn now—of his having been manqué from the beginning, of no we understanding him, of his life being one succession of crosses and misfortunes. "And," added he, one evening as they were alone in the trawing-room, "it is not so much my fault after all. I might have been now happy and prosperous, instead of having to look forward to pears of misery from which there is no prospect of release."

Diana really did not understand.

"But how!" she asked.

"What!" said he, turning on her with a half-wounded, half-indigmant air, "you forget that? You don't wish to mortify me, I suppose, by reminding me of that humiliating day when—"

"When," said Diana, beginning to be fluttered, and looking round measily—"when my poor father was taken from me?"

"Yes," he said; "I know that. But for a great deal of all this you are accountable, Diana. Surely you remember how we were children together, and how as a boy I was always taught and encouraged to look to you as the great object. Even your father—"

"Never, never!" said Diana, a little excited; "not by me. Such a thing, as I live, never entered my mind. I always liked you, Richard, but I could not be so cruel as to hold out hopes which could not be realised."

His lips showed that he had a sarcasm ready. "What of Lord Patmore? You loved him, I suppose? O, now, pray be a little consistent."

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Diana was much confused by this thrust. "I had not my own free will. I was forced into it—"

"You! a free agent, able to do what you please! O, that is folly! But I may speak out now, Diana, as all that is past and done with. I tell you plainly, I did look forward to marrying you; and you know that, Diana. And if I had done so my life would have been different, and to me a blessing, inst—"

This language, which was indeed the truth, quite scared her.

"O Richard, Richard, you must not talk of that; indeed you must not. And if I had thought for a moment—"

"I don't want to talk of it," said he impatiently; "Heaven known it is no pleasant subject for me. But we must look those things in the face; and you know, dearest, it is the truth. I might have been a different man now, happy and prosperous and successful. But that can't be helped. Only," he added with some bitterness, "I see you have lost even your old kindness. I suppose, now that I have failed, and that I am no longer successful, I deserve contempt. You are quite right—it is only the way of the world."

Much hurt by this cruel insinuation, and at the same time full d sympathy, our Diana quite forgot the little shock she had at first sustained when Lugard was dwelling on his old attachment, and at the end was only anxious to encourage and fortify him in the course from which he had now no retreat. When next they spoke, Lugard thanked her warmly, and said he felt much better and stronger; and Diana was full of joy, and really began to think her profession and special "call" in life was this little art of making ill-suited married people live together pleasantly. "Such little ways as I have," she thought to herself, "trifling as they are, and which seem to please people, it may be Heaven's will I should turn to this use." There was a strain of very ardent piety through her nature, and on Sundays she followed rather fiery ministers of the Gospel, and trembled and grew tearful as they reared terments and tortures, and at less-troubled moments bent her eyes down over her book, and prayed with her whole little heart.

But while the Rev. William Monkirons, hottest of gospellers (it was strange that this delicate creature should be drawn by these strong and raging pious curries), made his chapel (Lady Duleimer's chapel-of-ease) resound with wild cries against ungodiness and worldly plesures, our Diana was not at all conscious that she was innocently sitting enrolled in the band whom Mr. Monkirons had sternly sentenced to be "east out." Those ridings on the bright bay, with the gallant Lugard and the admired Mrs. Wycherly, repeated so often: those expeditions in the same unvarying company to opera and ball: the friendly and trusting encouragement of the young lady,—began to attract the attention of the idle and the scandalous.

Lady Poldowine said with a smile "that all parties had got rid o

lear Lady Margaret most conveniently;" and the faithless Wally asked, "wasn't there a wife put by in some maison de santé quite veniently?" Someone to whom Lugard had been specially brusque, n rude, threw another little rag in, as the chiffonier's basket passed . "Mrs. Monkton says she saw them both walking in Richmond zione." And what that lady had told was strictly true, "for n her life," as Mr. Pepys would have said, but she could not een Mrs. Wycherly and another friend who were sitting on a not very far away. In this way the buzz began, which gradually I into a loud drone. Mr. Lugard soon heard it, and with the cent vanity of his sex bent his ears to listen, and gave the smile of disclaimer which means admission. Indeed, this of his rather tumultuous life was very pleasant to him to think snatch of a dream, though any moment he would be awakened. either drone nor buzz ever reached those little pink, smart, delinells that were Diana's charming ears. Meaning looks, indeed, ight translate, if she would; but she was too unskilled in such

netimes on the great thoroughfare and crowded highway of table life she would meet Robert Bligh, now become the strange vis—a good-looking barrister in large practice in Parliament, yet tained to his shelves like the books in the monks' libraries, but broad at "the dance, the dinner, and the drum"—the burden leasant song, which he himself wrote, "knocked off" one evend which the good-looking young composer, Arthur Western, had music; "words by Robert Bligh, Esq., M.P."

"The dance, the dinner, and the drum—Young and old we come, we come.
The drum, the dance, the dinner;
Charming saint, more charming sinner.
The drum, the dinner, and the dance;
Many a fair and many a lance."

s progress was wonderful. "Sure to be next Solicitor;" "Would-ke a judgeship;" "On the high-road to the woolsack," were reeable prophecies made about him; though indeed there is no oad to the woolsack, but rather a dark walk through a wood, haps a jump across a crevasse with a successful landing on the side. He had youth and good looks—the best ornaments and tions in the world, and which, when combined with success, esistible. His table and chimneypiece were covered with cards witations, and made a curious mingle-mangle with briefs and mentary papers. Some friends and admirers wondered exceed-that he had not yet spoken in the House; but we, who by this mow something of Mr. Robert Bligh and his disciplined nature, readily guess that this was only the old caution—the making of the ground, and waiting till the proper opportunity arose.

Many also noticed—for the movements of any rising man are watched with an almost flattering observance—that he was scarcely in good The same observers had "their eye on him" when he and Miss Gay met, and noticed her attempt at a haughty greeting, and his cold manner. And they also saw how her gaze followed him with a sort of wistful curiosity as he went away with the beautiful Miss Henniker on his arm - Lady Jane Williamson's cousin, and most honourable daughter to Lord Mountermine. Indeed, Mr. Bligh was now constantly at Mr. Attorney-General's, and Lady Jane - as the phrase runs-"could do nothing without him." Was it at all surprising that the meddling Cuckoo should presently flap its wings, give one of its shrill screams, and announce to all London on its front page, "We understand that a marriage has been arranged between the Honourable Emily Henniker and Mr. Robert Bligh, M.P. for Calthorpe"? And though "there was not a particle of truth, my dear," in the whole business, the matter was, strange to say, left uncontradicted. For Mr. Bligh was none of those sensitive and rather mean souls who would be disturbed at such a public affiche; nay, would rather feel it a high honour to have his name coupled with any lady's; and, on the other hand, Miss Henniker and "her party," as the racing world would say, very fondly wished that the statement could be made true. It was Captain Lugard who brought in that last number of the Cuckoo and tossed it down triumphantly. "There," he said, "I knew he'd sell himself to the highest bidder. It's only what I expected." Diana read. Her lips curled a little.

"And who is Miss Henniker?"

"Don't you see?" went on Lugard with great scorn; "a relation of the Williamsons,-Lady Jane, and all that. He wants to creep into something that way. Just the same as he ever was, even at school, when he was always toadying old Wheeler's nephew, who was among the boys."

Diana read it over very often.

"Is she pretty?" was another woman's question.

"And that poor Buller whom he has treated so scandalously," went on Lugard; "kept on and off for all these years. Isn't that like him? He finds old Buller isn't worth much in the political way, and he throws the poor girl off. But the Ministry is shaky enough, and I hope to Heaven he will be overreached."

Thus was our second hero engaged, scarcely fancying that he was quite giving the coup de grâce to the demolition of the old image. Yet this gentleman knew very little of the human heart, and of the female human heart especially. All this piqued and tantalised the young lady sorely, and fretted and vexed her; though, to say the truth, she did not believe a syllable of the story about Miss Henniker,—albeit certified in print, and by the Cuckoo. Much as she resented his "cruel and

### DIANA GAY

mkind" behaviour, she still had a secret instinct and certitude that the old silver chain was not broken; and that though she might cast away her end, he had not strength to do the same with his.

After Richard Lugard had gone out, she read this announcement very often. Then her eye wandered down listlessly over the other oracular notices, as to persons "accepting the Chiltern Hundreds," and the rumour that Lord Bulstock was likely to be "the new Lord Cofferer."

"Fancy," said some of the cynics of the day, "being a Lord Cofferer at all; but what manner of man must that be whose hopes and fears are agitated by the chance of being likely to be a Lord Cofferer?"

Her eye rested then on some paragraphs like this: "It is said that there is a rock ahead for the Ministry, of the danger of which the satute captain who commands is quite sensible; and that he has enolled some amateur hands in the crew; not indeed 'rated' on the thip's books, but who will be taken in according to the work they do. One of these 'dark' auxiliaries is said to be the new member for Calthorpe, who brings a mysterious reputation, which defies time, place, or man's recollection. It is said he has been retained to do this duty on some evening in the following week, when Mr. Masham brings on his motion."

Diana almost started as she read. The dull Lugard was only building up instead of destroying. Her exclamation almost was her old one: "O, how wonderful he is! how clever! Indeed he is getting success." And she sat there for a long time, dreaming over these great prospects, and determined to make out what was the meaning of these political riddles. Not so much pity is akin to love: it is more so to contempt. Admiration or public success is the true quickener.

## CHAPTER IX.

#### THE PETRUCCI AFFAIR.

It came to pass about this time that news reached England, among other foreign items, that a certain half-Englishman and half-Italian called Petrucci, who was a kind of mongrel-agent out in Chili, had been seized by that government and put in prison for smuggling. This piece of news did not affect the public mind, and was read at many a break-fast-table half-mechanically, taking up a space no more than a single line. But in a week or so one of the light horse of parliament—the stray, disengaged Cossacks, who scour about on little active animals of motions and "questions"—marked this speck warily in the horizon, and pricked down upon it. Mr. Derby Blagden was the lucky rider who pounced on the prey first, and he "put a question to the noble lord at the head of the government"—the tight, wiry, compact, elderly English country gentleman who then administered affairs with such success, in the very perfection of laissez faire. There were some patriots of the

Roman sort who objected to this principle; and who, as one of them said, did not wish the politics of the country to be dealt with in the fashion the architect of their palace had treated the interior gothic pillars and stonework—namely, by covering up the roughness and decay with a smooth and even coat of "nice" buff paint. Others were discontented at this successful "jockeyship," as they called it; others, again, were envious; more were greedy. The old politician, however, held his way; directing the country very much as he rode his cob down to the House—in a pleasant half-amble, half-walk. But when Blagden put his question, and received a jocular-perhaps saucy-answer, which caused a general laugh, some of the discontented began to "take the thing up;" the hostile newspapers saw that there was something in it, and as the thing grew and began to be discussed, and it was asserted "that the honour of the country" had been touched, matters began to look different. Soon the heading was changed to "The Petrucci Outrage;" and it was fairly started as a great question when it became known that Mr. Masham, a usual supporter of the Government, had given notice of a motion on the subject. This was indeed serious; for it was before the era when the device of mere privates and sergeants in the regiment denouncing their colonel and officers was found to be a piquant way of acquiring reputation.

Everyone began to talk of the matter, in clubs and coteries; the old minister put on his jauntiest manner, but was disquieted; laisses fain, his Mephistopheles, seemed to have deserted him; and people, by talking so much of the danger, made it appear more serious than it really was. It grew and grew; another great and independent member put an amendment on the paper; there was a mustering and drilling, and it had become a regular "party" question. That was the recall; the whips were already out, the patrols scouring the alleys and political public-houses for their stray men.

What interest could this great question have for Diana, with that greater division which affected her case, now impending? She lived in a sort of trepidation and excitement as the day drew near. It was only three weeks away now. Very often she used to repair to her friend Sir John, the Attorney-General, who gave her such snatches of comfort as he could.

"My poor child, I can tell you nothing; I wish I could. You must train yourself to bear whatever may come—defeat or, as I trust it will be, success. You see, if they make out their case as it stands—if they prove it—why, I am afraid. But, then, will a jury believe them? will they believe that Mrs. Bligh, that half-mad, half-wicked woman, whom I shall have the pleasure of cross-examining? And, my dear child, if we don't make an exposé of her let us be defeated on this motion that is coming on. Now, you must run away. I have to defend ministers on the law of the business; get up the Chili view, and Kent and Story and Vattel, and all those rascals whom your little head has nothing to do

with. It will be warm work. There is a clever fellow to follow me, though; you remember Bligh—my cross-examinee's son?"

"What, he is to speak!" said Diana with interest. "But he is no friend of mine; he was once."

"Why, you don't suppose he has anything to do with that? Lord bless you, he has too much to do. That's one of that Page's stories, who is a little too much of the detective for me. Mind, I prophesy he'll make a name with this speech."

"But others say it," said Diana. "O, he has been so unkind and cruel, so treacherous, they tell me."

"Now, I must turn you out," said Sir John a little abruptly; "you'll come to me again, and we'll talk of this."

Diana went away in her cab with her maid. She liked these expeditions—the unofficial "explorings" in streets and shops. But she thought as she went along of what Sir John had said, and for the first time it did occur to her that Mr. Page was scarcely of the proper sort as a legal adviser. She thought again and again of Bligh's old devotion, proved in a hundred ways, and that, after all, the chief evidence against him of dislike to her was the angry jealousy of "poor Lugard." Under all this feeling (but she was not conscious of its presence) was the sense of curiosity and admiration,—admiration at his power and elevences and steady progress; and it was scarcely surprising that "poor Lagard's" purposeless life—a series of failures—should seem to her not a little contemptible. With all this came a curious and restless desire which attended her as she went about, to see something of this coming success. She would give anything to know, to look on at his triumph—he was sure to be successful, as indeed she had a presentiment.

This idea quite took possession of her, and before the evening was over she had written one of her "nice little notes" to her good friend the Attorney-General.

"MY DEAR SIR JOHN,—I should so like to hear this wonderful debate that is coming on, and the great speeches that will be made. Could you get me into the ladies' gallery? Would it be too much?

"DIANA GAY."

"Curious girl," thought Sir John. "She will find me very dry. Vattel will bore her." Even her Majesty's Attorney-General became stapid in the presence of his own complacency. He wrote back that he would manage it, and that Lady Williamson would call for her. Diana was delighted, as she always was at the success of any of her little schemes.

When she saw Lugard again he was eager with a new arrangement.

"I have got tickets for that concert you wished to go to," he said.

"I know you like music, and I moved heaven and earth to get them."

Kitty was sitting in her favourite position, looking at the fire in a sort of half-reverie, and broke out harshly with "How many things

have you moved heaven and earth for? Poor heaven and earth!—and for a concert-ticket!"

Lugard turned on her impatiently. "There is one thing," he began; but Diana's imploring look—she was always wretched when she saw these first guns fired—checked him.

"Go on, said Mrs. Lugard, turning round full on him; "finish, pray. I suppose to get rid of me you would move heaven and earth?"

"No, no; indeed, Kitty, you mistake," said Diana eagerly; "he meant no such thing. But I am so sorry about this concert, as I have promised to go to Lady Jane Williamson's."

"It was arranged we were to go," said he, his brow contracting.

"But it is no matter; only if you knew the labour and work I had to
go through to get them. But it is no matter; and what is the entertainment you have preferred? I thought you had ceased to care for
going out."

"O, this is no party," said Diana, a little confused. "Lady Jane is to take me."

Something interfered at this moment, and Diana was called away. Meantime the days passed by rapidly. The newspapers, as usual, described the coming motion as "fraught with perils to the stability of the Government," and warned the old wiry Viscount to set his house in order. The Regent-street Chronicle had pleasant speculations on the subject, and one article headed "The Break-down of Laissez Faire." In short, this cloud, which, according to the well-worn measure of dimension, had been no bigger than the Viscount's own hand, grew steadily, and spread until it made the Government skies as dark as pitch.

On the evening of the debate Diana was in a sort of excitement and flutter, as indeed she usually was when there was a little expedition before her. For Lugard politics had now no attraction. He rarely looked at a newspaper; and since his late experience he always turned away his eyes from the columns which had to do with anything in the House. If any gauche person dwelt long on that subject in his presence, he would rise up impatiently and leave the room abruptly. His friends remarked good-naturedly that he was "devilish sore" on the matter. He had therefore never noticed the "crisis" that was drawing on, and if he had, would have turned away his eyes. On this evening down came Diana about five o'clock in her full regimentals, as they might be called, fluttering her plumage of burnous and flowers, and eager to be in time. Richard was out, but as Lady Jane's carriage came up, he arrived at the door and met Diana in the hall.

"Why, where on earth," he cried,—"where are you going at this hour?"

With a little guiltiness from the discovery, "We are going down to the House to hear the debate," said Diana hurriedly. "Only think! Good-bye; don't wait for me." As she looked back from the carriage, she saw him standing with a puzzled air.

ey are all alike," he was saying to himself; "she knew the ings I had done to get her those tickets—begged them from a ho will make me feel it to the end of my life—and yet she puts for some whim that just strikes her. She has no steadiness; not care what I have done, what I am doing for her."

rent away moodily to his club, and dined there by himself. gard had her solitary meal, which might have been a relief. stayed there the whole evening, not choosing to return, mey looking at newspapers which he did not care to read. Inst of those who knew him now took care to give him a wide it was so troublesome, they said, talking to him, and he was and sudden you never knew where to have him.

t ten the room began to fill and grow noisy as men came in, dressed to go to amusement, or coming from it, and in knots to talk. He could not help hearing what a new as proclaiming: "Bligh, Bligh—that's the name!" and the emed to prick him like a lancet. "That's the name! As fine as was ever heard. It'll set them on their legs. The old chief to him and shook him by the hand, and they say if they this he'll be the new Solicitor!" Richard was drawing his ard, and tried to hear more manfully. A military member place now comes in: "I wish I could talk like that fellow. ever hear such tune as there was in his voice; and, by Jove! did listen; you'd have heard a toothpick drop. But those en can talk on end on anything. Were you in when he gave tree of Benlevi? such a cool touching-up! Of course he had up before."

rd started up. It all flashed upon him. She, Diana, had gone this triumph! A thousand curses on this evil genius facing very turn! It was done to mortify, to ruin him, to wear his out with vexation. Had he met Robert Bligh at that moment thave called out to him, "Defend yourself!" and have struck his closed hand across the face.

# CHAPTER X.

### THE DEBATE.

A and Lady Jane had reached the gloomy galleries and monastic he House, and had made their way to the greater outside hall, ople were crowding and hurrying to and fro, and being control back to that mysterious boundary-line of tiles within which alone—sacred birds of the Capitol—were allowed to stand ge. It seemed to Diana, greatly excited by the presence of these ative legislators, that in this function they took an especial ing glad to display themselves within this mystic ring, and their privilege. The Attorney-General had come out to them

much worn and anxious, his hand full of papers. "We must be quick," he said, "as I have to reply to this man. He is speaking now."

Once more Diana was looking down into that rich chamber, crowded on this night as it had not been when the ill-omened "motion on soldiers' wives" had been brought forward. Every seat was filled There was no buzz, such as had attended the performance of the luckless Richard. The captains were in their places, wearing the convational air of inattention, their beavers thrust down over their eye. Diana knew where to look for her heroes, or at least their hats, and made out "the sea-green incorruptible;" and the granite-hewn her of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the other great lawgiven crowded close, dressing up their ranks, rows of many faces looking mainly one way, to where a wiry gentleman, sharp and sour-fixed, was speaking in a clear thin voice, and with many words. He wa "denouncing the Government," fiercely drawing a glowing picture of the old days of English nautical ascendency: "When, sir, as the British frigate hove in sight, and the little strip of bunting fluttered aloft, the dungeon-doors opened of their own instinct, and the captives walked down to the beach free!" Or it might be that some blind mulish bebarians resisted, and then a white puff and a ball of British metal case crashing from an English gun among the roofs. That letter brought a speedy answer. Now it was all changed. Instead of their looking for wooden or iron walls, the captives had to wait the next mail, on the devoted town came showering a storm of official paper from Foreign Office.

Diana was not a little moved by this picture of the departed greatness of her country; and her pretty lips curled when she thought of the outrage offered to her flag. It was fine that—the British-built vessel quietly climbing the horizon, and extorting satisfaction as were by a frown. The speaker was said to have made out a most damaging case; and sitting down, moved for the correspondence.

The Attorney-General rose promptly, and in a dry chipping toss slided at once into cold legal details.

"O, this is only John," said Lady Jane, with coolness. "My deer, we must make up our mind to a long sermon. He can talk the whole day if he likes."

"But where are they all going?" said Diana suddenly, and stretching forward as the legislators began to hurry out.

Some of the political ladies smiled.

"To dine, I suppose, dear," said Lady Jane with perfect unconcern; "the great speakers will be coming on presently."

There was indeed an indecent rout; a mortification which Sir John to Diana's surprise, did not seem to feel in the least.

It was very dry, very dull and monotonous, though Diana did her best to make up by special attention. But the arguments hurt he head, they were so very close. Yet next morning it read uncommonly

lacid, and very simple, convincing, and unprofessional; and the great leading journal said that the first law-officer of the Crown had done a service to the House in clearing the ground; and with a rare self-sacrifice, instead of spinning, had brushed away all cobwebs.

Then someone else spoke,—young Lord Cordurois, who made a smart, rattling, "cocky" speech, in which he "rattled" on for twenty minutes, using illustrations drawn from the slang of the day, and dotting the next morning's column with "much laughter" and "loud laughter;" as when he said that the noble lord at the head of the Government reminded him of "the chicken-salad man"—a song then in high favour—

"If you touch she,

Now pray let her be;

But if you touch mc,

Why then we shall see."

("Loud laughter, in which the noble Viscount heartily joined.")

"How good!" said some of the political ladies, who knew this lively and spirited lord very well, and saw him at their houses.

When he had done, Diana remarked that a perfect Babel broke out, with cries of "New member," "Spoke," and the like; which presently were lulled away as the portly gentleman under the canopy sonorously pronounced a name. Then she heard a quiet calm voice, but one that was clear and musical, below her; and a little excitedly she recognised the small figure. The political ladies were a little interested too.

"One of the new men," said one; "they expect something from him."

It was indeed Robert Bligh—gracious, conciliating, good-humoured, and deferential at first; but now beginning to fire a stray bullet, now a small firework, which made people smile and grow attentive. Now the wiry old Viscount jogs his head over his janty folded arms in approbation; now "the sea-green incorruptible" uncoils himself slowly, raises his hooded head, and languidly turns his curious eye over, as wking, "Is this food for me?"

The buzz gradually subsided as the new voice rose; then came the laugh—genuine and hearty; then the applause of "Hear, hear"—overpowering and tumultuous. No one could have guessed what a fund of sarcasm had been as yet undeveloped in Robert Bligh. Of course Lugard, and men like Lugard, would have said that all this had been prepared; and so it was in a certain degree.

We quoted in Mr. Lugard's case what the intelligent author of "Thumbnail Sketches in the House" had said of that rising young politician; but we must now give from the agreeable Regent-street Chronics what it thought of the new player who had joined in the game.

"When the House met last night, it was easy to see that a warm work was expected. To use a homely and well-worn metaphor,

there was to be many a main fought, and both Ministry and Opposition had their respective birds trimmed, dressed, and ready spurred. . . . But we must congratulate Mr. Merry, the Government whip, on the new and brilliant auxiliary which fluttered into the pit last night with fiery eye, undaunted spirit, and untiring vivacity. The feature of the night was certainly the début of Mr. Robert Bligh, a young barrister in leading practice, just risen from his briefs, and whose harmonious voice and winning manner would alone be a treasury in that diapason of croaks, growls, huskinesses, conversational expostulation, and sottevoce unintelligibility, which constitute the diatonic scale of House-of-Commons eloquence. But this was the smallest feature: for almost # once he grew epigrammatic and pleasantly sarcastic, as when he described the authors of such motions as like a party of idle boys, who have borrowed or stolen a gun, with which they go out to shoot sparrows, and who sometimes wound a human being through carelessness. This told well with the House. Nothing, too, could be better than the illustration drawn from his own profession as to the interest expressed by the Opposition for an obscure creature like Petrucci, which he likened to the interest of the low-class solicitor who takes up what are called speculative actions, and looks out for paupers and such persons who may have some fancied cause of complaint against substantial people who may be 'good marks for costs.'

" His elaboration of this topic, and introduction on the scene of the right honourable gentleman who leads the Opposition, as another solicitor of a 'more respectable complexion'—who, when he sees the case is likely to assume unhoped-for proportions, prepares to intervene-was excellent. Good, too, as a bit of etching was his picture of the 'dirty foreigner' creatures, who, under this semi-British-protection, scheme, pillage, and oppress in these far-off places, and when the richly-deserved and too long-de ayed bastirado falls on their soles, yelp and shriek for the aid of their protectors. 'Then,' continued Mr. Bligh, 'do our Bucentants and Perribles and Thunderers weigh their mighty anchors, and spread their noble cans as, and prepare to make their hundred-and-twenty, of seventy done, threats beliew. The great jaws open, the incipient row is monopent, the Thunderer of England is about to echo, all because a mean clerk analogous in position to some of our most doubtful commission agents, whose stock-in trade is a large brass plate, and officedook and two chairs has been taken by the shoulders and turned out weighly. But let him said to these valuable properties a small but processes for handerchief - a particulated article, striped in various have and he has an ann of or is sman that will work wonders. He has but to week a modified a conver of this ring carrier, and, like the hero in the days take to will corry him wherever he will. That handkerchief to the the each their and to use it for such purposes is indeed to make a Alexander of the

" I've were never plants in the new publing the honourable mem-

ber for Calthorpe set before the House in his maiden speech, which contrasted favourably with the scanty currants dotted through the hardbake We place one or two of these at the service of of other hon. members. the country gentlemen. His likening a certain discontented right hon. member, who brings on motions damaging to his own party when he thinks himself neglected, to the Italian organ-grinders, 'whom you have to pay to go away,' was happy enough. His allusion to the late actorious escapade of the leader of the Opposition when he was head of the Government, and his sacrifice of a tried colleague to preserve his position, was quite 'smart.' Mr. Bligh likened him to the skilful gentleman we see sometimes in the circus 'on a bare-backed steed,' who, after much hesitation, leaps through a paper hoop, and lands on the insecure support of the flying animal, with difficulty preserving his blance. All this, if not of a very high order of wit, was certainly lively, and will of course secure for the speech the distinction of what gentlemen who supply 'London letters' to the country papers call 'an shoorbing topic of gossip at the clubs."

#### CHAPTER XI.

### PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT.

AFTER the speech there was a flutter in the gallery. Various members came up to see their "ladies," and there was a rustle as of going. In a moment Diana had given a start. She saw a face at the door; other faces were turned eagerly to it. He was coming to her—to get her congratulations—to share the triumph with her. O, she could forgive all that had passed. But to her surprise he went by with a bow. When he had passed her by with this stiffness, Diana felt a curious chill at her heart, something whispering her that she was now outside that circle. It then flashed upon her—what was till that moment a mere phantom, and what she could only smile at hitherto—that he had indeed succeeded in "curing himself." Then with something like a pang she found this was all but a conviction of the most fatal logical accuracy. Of course one so resolved to succeed, so firm of purpose, could have no difficulty in arriving at that. Then she saw him pass by, and go on beyond to a lady whom she had never noticed before, and who she was sure was the Miss Henniker of the Cuckoo. it be said that that moment was a turning-point in the life of our Diana: that she saw now the vanity, the folly of that state of pleasant fitfulness; that agreeable "not knowing her own mind," with liberty to change with every hour; that claim to the privilege of holding every one subject to her little airs, who were to know their mind with regard to her without there being any corresponding reciprocity on her side? For all this she now seemed to see that a penalty had swiftly overtaken her.

Diana, during the lulls in the debate, which were weary enough,

had noted two foreign-looking ladies, one old and the other young who sat at some distance from her. Something attracted her in the younger girl, who had rich brown hair, soft eyes, which now and again lit up with vivacity; and though tall, had a certain foreign elegance. She noticed the deep interest, the absorbed air, at the most striking portions of the speech; how she leant forward with clasped hands and eager eyes, and how her face reflected every emotion. What was her surprise when, after Bligh had passed, so coldly and so gravely, she sav this young lady run to meet him enthusiastically, and leave the galler In older days the pretty lips of Diana would have curled; with him. the prettier head would have been tossed back; she would have been ineffably scornful on "Mr. Bligh's taste." Now she felt a sort of pang, and surprised herself looking after the two with a sad and wistful sir, and with a blankness at her young heart she had never experienced before.

"Yes," she thought bitterly, "he is quite in earnest, as he always is. He has forgotten and given me up for ever, and it was my own fault."

Lady Jane roused her from this reverie.

"Come, dear, we will go home," she said; "we have had enough, I think. You shall come home with me—I asked in a few friends—and we can talk it over."

They came out, down through the crowded, bustling lobbies, past the mysterious cave-like doors which led into the sanctuary. Two eternal streams seemed to be crossing there—coming out, going in: the young, the handsome, the gay, the dull, the old and tottering; not the seven ages, but half a hundred fully; and then as they fluttered across, an eager figure rushed up to Diana, and more eager eyes were looking into her face.

"This is the amusement, is it?" said his excited, angry voice.
"We have an interest, it seems. So you stole off to hear our old friend? Well, I never thought you could do that—never."

Lady Jane was listening haughtily.

"Hush, Richard!" said Diana.

"I don't understand these things," he went on in a loud voice.

"A man that has behaved so to you, that should be outside the pale of society—"

"Who is this gentleman?" asked Lady Jane in a low voice. "There is our servant, and the carriage is waiting."

"Come away now," said Lugard. "Mrs. Lugard is here too, and will take you."

But Diana was in the mood to resent this, and might have answered a little impatiently, when she saw his face contract with almost a spasm, and his foot descend on the tiles with a fierce stamp.

She looked round, and saw Robert Bligh returning from the door. Everyone that met him had a hurried greeting for him and congratulation. Even to their ears came the eager words, "Capital!"

"Never heard anything better!" "You have set them on their legs

He stopped irresolute when he saw Diana and her party; but at this moment one of the great men—a stooping, elderly gentleman, whose back seemed composed of two shoulder-blades and nothing else—had him by the buttonhole.

At the same moment Diana's sympathies all turned backwards, and the falt for the poor "failure" beside her, in her tender heart. It was trying for Richard, and on this ground.

"For God's sake come away," he said in a low voice. "Don't speak thim: I can't bear it."

Robert was coming to them, and Lady Jane had beckoned to him; with rare delicacy he checked himself, raised his hat, and passed in the House.

Diana took Lugard's arm, spoke to him with all her best kindness and sympathy, but Richard freed himself; and when he saw that lary Jane was taking her home, made no remonstrance, and walked may slowly.

"Who is he?" said Lady Jane, as they got into the carriage;
"seems rather good-looking,—in the wild-man-of-the-woods way."

Lady Jane was a very pleasant "lady of the house;" small in figure, intelligent, and with a half-sarcastic, half-burlesque strain running through her conversation, which made it very agreeable and amusing. The little social theatre that she opened, drew better than that of many other ladies. Round her sofa was always a standing group, and a representative group too,—men of politics, men of wit, men of science, men of letters, and that newer stratification, the man of politics and letters combined. You called in the afternoon, and found some tall gentleman with an Assyrian beard in an arm-chair, who withdrew with an aggrieved air when another of the same sex and on the same errand entered. Ladies only added to his appreciative audience, and to these he had no objection. A few of this set were to be at Lady Jane's on this night—"coming on from the House," or going on to Lady D.'s.

To return a moment to our triumphant Bligh. When welcomed in the Ladies' Gallery with much effusion by the young foreign lady, he had scarcely shown signs of pleasure. His was rather a practical nature; and "worship," "incense," &c., so grateful to the nostrils of his fellows, he never cared for. With a sort of impulsiveness she poured out her praises and her delight: "It was so charming, so successful." Even her older relative thawed a little: "Eugenie insisted on coming; she was determined."

"You can have no interest in these things," said he absently, and looking towards the door by which Diana was departing. He was thinking too how curious it was that these two should be thus in sight of each other. "What can you care about a speech of mine? Will Jou excuse me now?"

"O, will you not see us down?" said the young girl in a grievel tone; "we know no one—even don't know the way out of this strange place."

Bligh, not over-pleased at this companionship, bowed, and gave her his arm. Again the young girl broke out into her praises.

"O, you must be so clever, so brilliant; if you only heard all I heard! But I was going to ask you," she continued, in a low voice, and looking round timorously, "and I am sure you would assist me if you can." She now spoke very hurriedly, as if fearful of being overheard. "I am a stranger, and begin to feel very frightened. They will

not let me do as I will; they will not tell me what is going forward, and I know will force me into what I cannot like. O, if you would only let me see you, let me go to you—"

Bligh stopped her, and answered very coldly. "I am sorry," he said, "but all this is quite out of the question. It is better for you to understand now. Any interest I can take in this matter must be on a side totally opposed to yours. Any assistance I can give must be to those whom you are striving to defeat. You must consider I have only had the

to the family you are striving to eject."

Eugenie looked a little pained at this speech.

"I am not striving at all; it is my right, is it not? They tell me

pleasure of meeting you twice, whereas I am bound by long friendship

so. Ah, I see; you like her. You love her; you cannot deny it."

It was at this moment they passed Lady Jane and Diana in the

It was at this moment they passed Lady Jane and Diana in the lobby, as we have seen.

The foreign young girl's eyes were on his face. She followed his look, and then said suddenly, "Ah, there, I know now; there she is."

Plaintiff and defendant now passed close, and were looking at each other steadily.

other steadily.

As Bligh went down the steps to the carriage he said firmly, but segraciously as he could, "Now I hope you have understood, and that if.

I should be obliged to take any step opposed to your interests you will see the reason."

"Rut listen" said she in an easer whisper. "I will do what I

"But listen," said she in an eager whisper; "I will do what I can—what you like; only tell me."

"What I like!" repeated Bligh in astonishment. "Do you mean that you will—"

Her companion was close behind, and here struck in sharply. At

Bligh she looked with something like hostility. He looked after them mechanically as they drove away.

"She means" he thought "the thing could be settled. But it

"She means," he thought, "the thing could be settled. But it would be unworthy and unfair on my side. No; I shall not interfere."

Then Harding Hangner seized on him and draw him away.

Then Harding Hanaper seized on him, and drew him away.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### LADY JANE'S.

At Lady Williamson's the usual scene—one of her pleasant evenings-was going forward. There were not more than twenty people; three or four members of parliament, a literary gentleman or two (semi-political also), an actor, who was "by way of being a gentleman," said some of the malicious, but who was a very agreeable person and much admired; and a few pretty wives and young ladies; for Lady Jane made all these distinctions. Her "pretty wives and maids" were almost proverbial. Diana had become the prey of one of the Ninevehbarded gentlemen, who much approved of her, and whom Lady Jane had brought to her, saying, "she wished her to like him-so wished her to like him." That hero, much fancying Diana's ingénue air and spearance, and sure that there was about her a refreshing "babble o'green fields," had laid down his little carpet, and, metaphorically, stripping to his "fleshings," prepared to give all his most effective "low-rope" acts. But Diana was distraite. Her heart was far away; the was still thinking of the brilliant feux d'artifice she had just witmessed; the colours, the sound of those cascades of yellow and green and blue fire was in her ears.

> "The angel ended, and in Adam's ear So charming left his voice."

She did not notice the feats of the agreeable pantomimist who was beside her, and who indeed was so engrossed with his private tumbling, that for a short time he did not perceive her want of attention. broke on him with an almost painful suddenness. He thought her "a bad style" of young girl, with nothing in the world of the "green fields" about her; and rather hurriedly getting on his social greatcoat Over his web suit, and bundling up his carpet, he went away to another quarter. "He had not got a copper by his performance," said Mr. Wally Pepys, who took his place, and from whom we have indeed borrowed these rather forced histrionic metaphors. To him Diana was generally more attentive. In truth, in her young heart had taken place the change that a certain class of religious experts tells us takes place in the devout. She had been as it were awakened; she saw things so differently; she had at last arrived at the beatific vision—on this earth \* least. The habitual flightiness of her young soul seemed to be gone for ever. Quite another Robert Bligh had taken the place of the plain, Practical being of the old time. Instead of a homely creature of earth, here was a sort of bright archangel. Again we say, rare, delicious, most exquisite success! How it brightens, how it gilds! It turns the ugly mto beauties; it changes contempt into respect and admiration. Those wonderful philosophers, the French, wise and worldly in their most trivial sayings, have summed it all up in a line—"What succeeds like

success?" What indeed? What fails like failure? Success means power; and therefore we admire and love. We can no more help it, nor could Diana, than we can force our eyes to dislike the soft greens of earth or the soft blues of heaven; and now she is startled from this sort of reverie as the door opens, and the right honourable the Attorney-General enters from the House, bringing in the hero of the evening.

"My dear," he says to Lady Jane, "I got hold of our friend here,

and brought him off from our Government people."

Lady Jane was delighted. To anyone bringing in a new king of beasts to her little menagerie she was grateful.

"You are to be the great man of the day, Mr. Bligh, they tell us. You were really charming to-night. Now, sit down here, and let me talk to you."

Diana noticed a very animated conversation, that went on for many minutes (at little parties of this sort minutes must do for half-hours). Then Lady Jane called over Diana.

"We are turning this orator's head," she said; "but he is not spoiled yet. But, I say, who would conceive he had all this bitterness locked up?"

Thus establishing a connection as it were between two new-charged cylinders, Lady Jane, like an artful hostess, disconnected herself, and went to another quarter.

"I am so glad you liked it," said Bligh ironically, "though indeed they make too much fuss about it. By the way, I am glad I have met you; and, indeed, that was the reason I came in here to-night."

"O," said Diana, glowing with pleasure, "how good you are always to me! And I know I don't deserve it."

"O dear," said he, "there is no question about that at all; it is merely a matter of duty; and I had hesitation; and—shall I say it?—segood deal of pride was in the way, for after the fashion it was considered I-behaved; I say considered—"

A new conviction as well as a new ideal of Mr. Bligh had entered into Diana's heart.

"I never thought of that," she said passionately. "At least I did," she added; "but I was forced to think so; and it seemed so strange; but now, I assure—"

"And what, pray," said Mr. Bligh, with some colour mounting into his pale cheeks, "what has caused this change? Has any new fact come before you? Have I vindicated myself? No, I should say not. Miss Diana Gay, you did me cruel injustice, and I had determined never to condescend to explain or excuse myself, for, give me leave to say, you might have known me far better."

"I deserve all this," said Diana in the same earnest way; "indeed I do."

"But," said he in the same grave tone (Lugard would have said

"schoolmaster"), "I felt I should be above all such petty resentment. After all, your dear father was very good to me, and I loved him; and therefore, Miss Gay, to-night I put my pride in my pocket. That expedition to France was not for what you—or I shall say they—supposed, but to see my mother—to find out if all I suspected were true.

Igrieve to say it was true. So far from conspiring against your interest, that interest has lost me the love of the best friend left to me in the world. My mother, as I know well, never goes back from what she never recalls speech or promise, and never forgives when she says the will not. In this way I conspired against you."

Now Lady Jane, not relishing a too-protracted confidence or isolasion among her guests, comes up and says, "Come with me, Mr. Bligh, ther's Mrs. Penwilliams dying—you and I have often laughed at that word—dying to know you." But Diana saw Mr. Bligh smile off this proposal. "I must," he said, "let the poor lady expire, and, hat I think worse of, disobey you. Reprieve me for ten minutes,

lady Jane." "So much for that," he said, turning to Diana, "and I shall pronie you never to refer to it again."

"0, but you must," said Diana; "I could go down here on my bees before you to ask your pardon. It was so unjust—so wicked. lan never forgive myself."

She saw him look round in alarm lest she should be heard.

"Do please, never speak of it again. We both understand now; and I shall promise never to refer to it. Now I have something else to deal with. I am sure you will believe I have a sincere interest in Jon, and wish only your welfare. Now this trial that is coming on: I am afraid your friends and advisers do not seriously consider the

dangers. I do not wish to add to your troubles; but I am afraid it looks very serious." "I don't care," said Diana; "and if you would let me tell you

what I wish, let me clear myself, and—" "It was agreed," he said, "we should never allude to that. It is past. Now, if I might dure advise—and I know a little of the Miss Gay who is the plaintiff here—"

"You do?" said Diana; "when? What is she like?"

"You saw her to-night; she came up to me in the gallery."

"That was she?" said Diana, quite excited; "and you know her?"

"I see," said he, "you have not quite given up the old suspicions. No matter; it is only human nature, and what I must expect. me tell you, then, I met her on board the packet, and later at the solicitor's, who had sent me a brief in her case, which I returned. You force me to tell you all these things."

Diana still showed disquiet, it seemed to him suspicion.

"And you know her?" she repeated. "She is certainly goodlooking, and seems good and nice."

"She is both," he said gravely, "as far as I can judge, and, as far as I can judge, I should say a compromise was possible. She would be willing."

"This she said to you to-night?" asked Diana, with surprising quickness for her.

"Yes."

"I shall never compromise my rights," said Diana with a trembling lip—"never; and I authorise you to tell her so."

"I have no authority to say this to you, it is only what I gather."

Therefore I cannot tell her anything."

"Then we shall leave it so, and, like the other subject, not rect to it again."

"I am certainly a little unfortunate in all my well-meant attempt for your interest."

"Well meant!" said Diana with a little effort at scorn.

"Yes, well meant," he repeated gravely. "And now for a thin and last bit of advice. I tremble to approach it; but it is really addity."

"Pray go on," said Diana, scarcely thinking of what she was saying.
"I hardly know how to begin; but as I (think of me as some old reverend friend, which indeed I am fast becoming, you know)

hear things at clubs and other places, and so on, I must tell you I think it was a heavy misfortune in many ways that poor Lady Margaret had to break-up her establishment."

There was a pause.

"I suppose," said Diana, "you mean a little more than that; but I don't see it."

"Remember," went on Bligh, "I am the old gentleman and friend, lecturing and giving advice. Once this is over, I promise not to trouble you again: indeed, politics bid fair now to become my Mephistopheles. But what I mean is, about your staying with your old friends the Lugards. I think it is injudicious. You are very young; and, forgive me, he is not exactly the sort of person to be your companion and protector."

Diana gave one of her little scornful tosses of the head.

"I understand. But you never liked Richard Lugard."

Robert Bligh rose hastily.

"I have done my part," he said. "I see I was wrong. I had no right to interfere. We must end our long, long conversation; and I wonder what they could have thought of us. The 'dying' Mr. Nouvillanus claims me, and I go. I promise you solemnly it is the last time I shall sin again as to advising."

He nedded pleasantly to her.

"O Robert," she cried, "I did not mean..."

that he should his head in the same pleasant way, as though it never all a judge and walked away to Mrs. Penvilliams.

# SENSATIONALISM IN SCIENCE

# Paylight

DAYLIGHT!—with its flower, the sunshine! How we thrill with a systemious enjoyment on a bright summer's day beneath the golden subseams! thankless of the sweet boon, attributing our sense of to anything sooner than to the sunny flood of light that irradiates are face of earth and bathes us in enjoyment. Sunshine! the cheapest in all the world,—thankless though we often are for that bright if, for that dowry of gladness which comes to us from the farmant solar orb.

Daylight! How many a poor mortal on his bed of sickness yearns be thy sweet coming to break the weary darkness of night, to replace the golden day the dull melancholy gleam of the night-taper flicker-dimly in the gloom of the sick-chamber! How often does the weary dimly in the gloom of the sick-chamber! How often does the weary flow of us, too, would not rather breathe his last, meeting the common lot of all, with the daylight about him, than amid the dull heavy gloom of night? De Quincey, in one of his mystic opium-raptures, teaks with a strange mournful tenderness of those "who die before dawn," before the Day comes smiling back to gladden the earth. Daylight!—bright flood of splendour, flitting ever round Earth's side; sea of light and warmth, in which each part of our ever-circling globe in turn bathes itself during the twenty four hours, like a ship passing through the warm waters of the Gulf Stream.

But this Daylight, whence comes it? From the sun—from the great solar orb, the centre and king of our planetary system. So says everyone, peasants and savans alike. In one sense this is true. Daylight is due to the action of the sun; but that is all. Startling as our doctrine may be, we maintain that the savans are in error, and that our daylight does not come from the sun—that it does not travel through the abysses of space to shine upon our planet or upon any other; but that it is simply generated by the influence of the solar orb, and is wholly developed by the Earth itself. Our daylight, we maintain, is not like a cavalier who rides down to us from afar, but like a messenger who travels incognito through the greater part of his journey, who finds a steed awaiting him near his goal, and who then rides him in full action.

The established doctrine is, that heat and light are propelled from the solar orb out equally into all parts of surrounding space, and fall

upon earth and the other planets just as (and no more than) they do upon any waste part of the sky. And these rays of heat and light, we are told, decrease rapidly alike in number and in power, diminishing with the square of the distance from their source, the sun. But is it so?

Ascend in a balloon, and what do we find? Do heat and light increase in intensity as we rise in the air nearer to the sun? By means. Six miles up, all heat is gone. The thermometer is at zero, and hoar-frost gathers on every cord of the rigging of the air-ship. How can this be, if heat comes down to us in diminishing force from If that were true, heat ought to increase rapidly as we the sun? ascend nearer to the sun, the source of it. Even light, though exceedingly pure—the air being there free from the aqueous element—is less intense in those airy altitudes. Look up from the car of the ballom into the abyss of sky above, and what do we see? A bright dame comes from the spot in the heavens where the sun is; but he is shown of his rays. All around, the sky overhead is of a deep azure, like the colour of Prussian blue—a well-known sign of light imperfectly developed: just as we see in the flame of a candle or gas-jet, at the part of imperfect combustion-or, to take a better example, just as the blue flash of the electric machine becomes yellow or white light, when the power of the machine is increased. There is little light in the air at those altitudes: the moment the prism, by the gyrations of the car, is inclined away from the direct rays of the sun, there is no spectrum Manifestly, then, neither heat nor light comes to us from the sun in the manner supposed—namely, travelling down to us through the empty waste of space, and decreasing with the square of the die For, if this were the fact, both heat and light would increase rapidly with the lessening distance as we ascend, --- whereas light diminishes, and heat wholly disappears!

Calmly considered, these facts of themselves not only upset the common theory, but suggest the true one. Heat and light are generated, spring into existence, within the sphere of our own planet. No heat or light in the wastes of Space. Heat there can be none, seeing that the thermometer falls to zero only six miles above earth's surface. And light, too, evidently fades away into a thin blue luminosity in those upper regions where the terrestrial gases, the exhalations of the solid earth, become attenuated,—where probably they gradually merge into pure hydrogen, and into that most subtle sublimation of matter which we call Ether, which is present even in a vacuum of an air-pump.

The daylight, I say, is the offspring of our own planet impregnated (so to speak) by the great solar orb. Our heat and light are generated within the domain of Earth itself. A cosmical force, which we call Gravitation or Attraction—and which is more or less inherent in all matter—comes from the sun; and that force or influence becomes

Light and Heat when it enters and acts upon the Atmosphere—the gaseous and ethereal envelope which surrounds the planets.

A new doctrine? Yes, but one which might have been learned long ere this, if proper respect had been paid to that best of all teachers facts. What do facts teach us but this—that Heat cannot be generated without air. Heat cannot be generated in a vacuum even so imperfect sthat created in a receiver by the action of an air-pump. Still more triking is the fact that the same amount of artificial combustion generates more or less heat in proportion to the density and quality of The same principle is the atmosphere by which it is surrounded. memplified in the case of Light. Burn a candle in a balloon at even one mile up, where the air is thinner than on the surface of our planet, and what do we find? The light given out by the candle is much has than it is down below, although the rate of combustion (the conmaption of the candle) is the same. As Dr. Frankland—who tried his first experiment at the top of Mont Blanc-found, the light of a toper is reduced (in round figures) one-half when the density of the mounding atmosphere is reduced by one-third; and when the density of the air is reduced to one-sixth, the light of the candle is barely onehandredth part: yet the waste of the taper, the process of combustion, pos on just as rapidly in the one case as in the other! Again, by wificially increasing the density of atmosphere (while no increase of combustion takes place), the light of the candle is increased in a still greater ratio. In fact, as regards the quantity of light produced, the mality of the surrounding atmosphere is actually of more importance then the object which emits the luminiferous action: the light of a

It is also worthy of notice, though but a natural concomitant of the above facts, that the greater the altitude at which a taper is burnt, the larger is the blue or so-called "non-luminous" portion of the flame. In like manner, when up in a balloon, we see that our daylight loses the white intensity which characterises it on the surface of the earth, adding away into blue in the upper air, and evidently disappearing altogether beyond the limits of earth's atmosphere or photosphere,—which photosphere is simply the most rarefied or ethereal of the exhalations of our planet (possibly a sublimation of the gases, as the gases are a sublimation of the solid earth).

sommon candle may be rendered dazzlingly brilliant by increasing the

Now, consider these facts in relation to the supposed waste of the solar orb by the ceaseless emission of heat and light, of which we wrote last month. Heat and light are simply forms of the great cosmical force which we call Gravitation; they are not sent travelling through the abysses of space by the solar orb, but are generated when this great cosmical force enters and acts upon an atmosphere such as surrounds the planets.

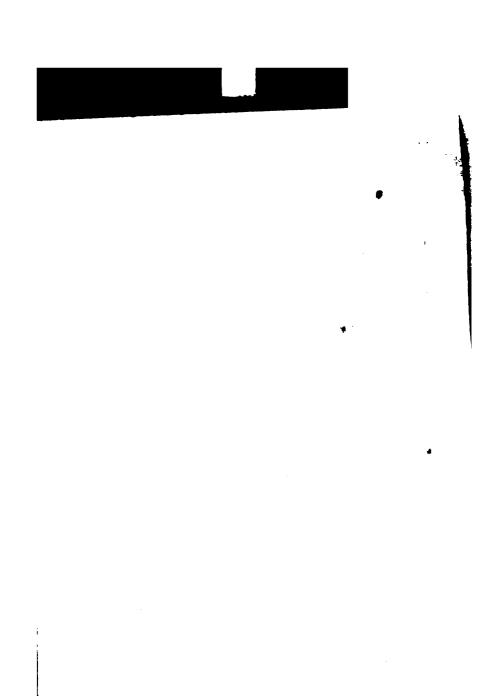
Our men of science say, "We have so much heat here, on the earth's

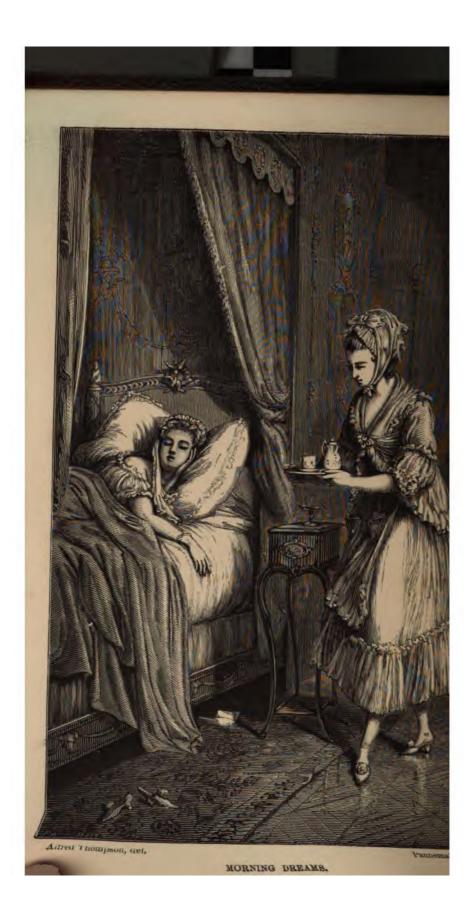
surface; that heat comes down to us from the sun; and as heat diminishes with the square of the distance it travels, the amount of heat actually emitted by the sun must be so many million times greater than we have here." Whereas, according to the facts now shown, the whole basis of their calculation is wrong; since not only does heat not travel all the way down to us from the sun, but the generation of heat at the earth's surface is dependent upon two distinct and separate factors—one the cosmical influence of the sun (represented by the invisible force called Gravitation), the other the density of our atmosphere. Any increase in the density, or in the photogenic quality, of our atmosphere would greatly increase the amount both of our heat and light, although the emitted influence of the sun remained unaltered.

Moreover, the cosmical influence which becomes heat and light when it acts upon an atmosphere is emitted by all the planets and start, and by Earth itself. Were the sun blotted out from the sky, the earth would not wholly subside into darkness. The cosmical action would still continue between our world and the other planets and the distant star-worlds. This interaction of cosmical force would produce a light such as we have on a clear starry night. Indeed, even when the sky is overclouded, and not even a star visible, this action of the cosmical force continues,—generating an amount of light at the earth's surface which, though darkness to us, or nearly so, is amply sufficient for most of the lower animals.

As regards the scientific lesson to be drawn from these facts, it may be briefly stated thus: That heat and light are but forms of a great cosmical force emitted more or less by all the great bodies of the universe—sun, planets, and stars,—which force, in its simplest form, in called Gravitation or Attraction, and which becomes Light when it enters the ether-sphere (to use the common phrase), and Heat when it enters the heavier gaseous sphere, or common atmosphere, which surrounds the planets, and which are more or less rarefied exhalations of the solid materials of those orbs. And if this be true—as we unhesitatingly believe it to be-a great service will be done to science by thus bringing the theory of radiant heat and light into harmony with that of gravita-It furnishes another example, too, of the vast and beautiful Simplicity of principles which pervades the universe. Nor is the importance of the new doctrine confined to itself; in its consequences it will revolutionise the received opinions in some of the most interesting and important branches of astronomical science.

R. H. PATTERSON.





# MORNING DREAMS

ALL the rosy chamber Noontide glory dyes; Like an infant sleeping Still my lady lies.

Softly midnight slumbers
Weary eyelids close;
But the dreamful morning
Sweetens sweet repose.

Dark are dreams of darkness, Gloomy with the night; But the morning vision Brightens to the light.

So, my lady sleeping, Softly, sweetly smiles, As a dream of rapture All her heart beguiles.

She awaits her lover,
And the hour is late;
But how sweet the waiting
When for one we wait!

In the garden shadows
They embrace again:
Ah, the happy meeting!
Ah, the parting pain!

But she clasps his letter, Clasps it to her heart; Wherefore, then, this anguish, Why this waking start?

From her breast its treasure
Someone snatching takes:
"Ah, my stolen letter!"
Moaning, she awakes.

"Chocolate, my lady?"

Betty softly cries.
"My letter!" "Here, my lady,
On the ground it lies."

Fallen from her fingers,
On the ground it gleams;
So end my lady's troubles
And her morning dreams.

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# THE WHITEBAIT MYSTERY

"What is whitebait?" is a question frequently asked at a Greenvis dinner by persons who are not absolutely sure whether the delicion morsel be really a fish or some cunning confection of the chef-de-cuision and it is a question that has likewise been asked over and over again especially during late years, by persons more or less scientific, and more or less anxious to know whether this popular fish be the young of the herring or a distinct variety of the clupeide. That there is a myster about the origin and growth of whitebait must be patent to all wheread the daily newspapers, as every now and then one or other of the journals has a letter asking "What is whitebait?"

The question, however, is easier asked than answered, as naturalise are not by any means agreed on the subject; one insisting that white bait is the young of the shad, another that it is the young of the com mon herring, a third that it may be the young of anything; whilst, again some dogmatists say, "It's a distinct fish, and that's all that requires to be said about it." This style of discussion brings to mind the colo brated parr controversy, that has raged for a hundred years and mon and which many obstinate people insist is as far from being settled when it began. That question was, and still is with some, "Is the parr the young of the salmon (salmo salar), or a distinct species d fish?" And in the beginning the controversy was carried on after a most perfunctory fashion; one party saying simply, "It is;" another, "It Happily, there existed an excellent mode of settling the part problem, which is more than can be said about the whitebait difficulty. The salmon being a migratory fish, the eggs of the female were cured during the spawning season, and being fecundated with the mil of the male fish, were watched till they came to life; and after numberless experiments, which were only brought to a conclusion the other day, we may say,—that is, after the second year of the Stormontfield salmon breeding-ponds,—it was demonstrated that salmon ova yielder parrs, and that parrs became salmon. Now if there was a place it which a few thousand whitebait could be suitably confined, we should then see what they grew into; and obtaining their ova when they be came reproductive, we could watch if the eggs in their turn yielder the same fish, and thus settle for ever the question which has been s frequently asked.

Whitebait, we have over and over again been assured by variou authorities, is the young of the shad; and a whole regiment of the young fish was lately shown by Mr. Larkin, a Cheapside fishmonger in order to prove the case. All sizes were marshalled in order, from

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he tiniest specimen to the comparatively monster parent of the progeny -the great shad itself. The verdict, we fear, must, in the mean time at ast, be the Scotch one of "not proven." It is not very well known ho first promulgated the theory of whitebait being the young of the ad; but Donovan, the author of a History of British Fishes, is at est responsible for spreading the error. What must, however, surprise I who take the trouble to study the controversy is this fact, that if nitebait be young shad, their parents are very seldom seen. There no shad-fishery in the Thames, or near the Thames, at present, so : as we know; yet millions of these so-called young shad are annually voured by visitors to Greenwich, Blackwall, and Richmond, not to sak of the number eaten in the great metropolis. If the progeny, an, are so plentiful, how come the parents to be so scarce? is the idea at immediately presents itself to the mind when requested to believe at whitebait are young shad. Fishes of all kinds, and especially the tring kind, are very prolific; but even if the female shad yields its a in thousands, the dangers the young ones have to encounter conlerably diminish the number that come to life; and millions of the never do come to life, but perish from various accidents incidental their unprotected position. Thousands of pairs of shads would thereme be required to produce the quantities of so-called whitebait which annually brought to table during the summer season. Shad, we have ad, were at one time very abundant in the Thames; and this fact mild no doubt be a good argument in the mouths of those who were 'opinion that whitebait grew in time into that fish. If, however, we ject the shad as the parent of the whitebait, and conclude that fish be a distinct species, we shall undoubtedly want to know a great deal ore about it than that bare fact merely. First of all, we must know here the parent fish are to be found; secondly, if they be good for od; and thirdly, at what season and in what markets they are sold. seems so strange that we should be addicted to eating the fry of a h that we never see. Besides, may we not reasonably enough conade that if the fry be so very fine the full-grown fish will be even ere palatable? It is curious that while there are thousands of whiteit in the Frith of Forth, and equally curious that they are caught viely on the sprat-ground there, no Edinburgh fishmonger, nor any of e Scottish fishermen, ever saw specimens of these fish with milt or e in them. Nor did any of these persons ever see a whitebait bigger an the usual size, that is, ranging in length from one to about three After they are that size they grow either into sprats or herngs! So say two most intelligent fishmongers.

The shad, which has been so often spotted out as the parent of the hitebait, is of itself a very interesting fish, if what some naturalists we published in regard to its habits be true. It has been hinted at it ascends from the sea to deposit its spawn in the rivers, being mething like the salmon in that respect. In this phase of its life it.

is the opposite of the eel, which lives in fresh water, but spawns in the sea. The young eels come up from the sea in myriads to feed to grow fat in brackish or purely-fresh waters, thus living a life which is as curious as that of the salmon, and is yet the opposite of the life lived by that fish. It is this well-known fact in the life of the eel in has prompted its cultivation in the lagunes of Commachio, on the Adriatic, where countless thousands of these fish are grown till the become of great money value. The eels are let in from the sea by means of canals, at a time when they are about the size of a needle and, after literal millions have mounted into the shallow water-fields Commachio, they are there confined, and fattened till they are fit is being captured and cooked. What salmon do, shad can doubles also accomplish, although it will go a long way to disprove what is been said by naturalists if the shad should be proved not to be parent of the whitebait, or rather, if it can be proved that the whiteball is the young of some other fish. In the days when the herring was thought to be an animal of migratory habits, rushing continually from our own friths and bays to the icy polar seas, some of the giants of the tribe were poetically described as swimming in the van of the might heer, acting as the guides and leaders of the smaller fish. These ginta were Thwaite shads; but as it is now well known that the herring is local in its habits and not migratory, in the sense of taking long journeys, shad must therefore be deposed from that leadership; nor can it be ever allowed the merit of being a tolerable table-fish, because it is coaninsipid, and altogether destitute of the delightful flavour of the common herring. The American shad, however, is an animal that can be eaten with the greatest possible satisfaction; so much is this the and so extensive is the demand for it, that the natural stock has begun to fail; a sure consequence of "over-fishing." To keep up the supplies, "artificial breeding," as it is called in America, has been exten sively resorted to, and with the greatest possible success, whilst in have been passed by some of the States for the future regulation of the shad-fisheries, so as to insure the keeping up of a breeding-stock.

To come back, however, to the whitebait mystery, the question we no doubt be asked, What is whitebait if it be not the young of the shall is it, then, a distinct species? It would be easy enough to be the public with an absurd answer as to what whitebait is, because no one writer can successfully contradict another on almost any point of fish-growth. Have we not the old story of the eel, or rather, many stories of the birth of the eel, the last one being by far the most preposterous of all, namely, that the silver eel—and this is written and printed in a book—is the produce of a black-beetle! When, however, we see the transformation undergone by the tadpole into a frog, and the zoea into a crab, we need not be surprised at its having been once prophesied that the whitebait turned into a bleak, or the assertion which we make (supported now by Dr. Günther of the British Museum)

at it undoubtedly grows into a herring (clupea harengus); and if essed for our reasons, we have a better answer to give than the ung Scotch ploughman, who, being asked how he knew that God d made him, replied, after some little deliberation, that "it was s common talk of the country." In many of the places where whiteit are captured—and they are taken in other rivers than the sames the fishermen believe them to be the young of the herring; terringsile" they are called on the river Clyde; and more than once lozen or two of these fry have been shaken out of a coal-fish, an imal that devours enormous quantities of them. That whitebait s the young of the common herring in an infantile stage can be sily proved—on paper at least; and if our government had a fishboratory, such as the French have at Concarneau, the fact might ry speedily be ocularly demonstrated. There has been such a great nount of controversy as to the natural history of the herring during te years, and so many curious facts have been brought out, that no me need be surprised if it be found that whitebait are truly the mang of that fish. This may seem extraordinary, but in our opinion is true; and, without being dogmatic on the point, it may be peruitted us to say that the points of resemblance between the herring and the whitebait are wonderfully numerous and convincing, as well • the outward appearance as in the anatomical structure of the two ines. At all events, the young of the shad and the true whitebait st some places, such is the demand, that all sorts of fry are "manufacared" into the latter fish, there being so many who do not know one hom the other) are very different in many essential points from each ther, as in the formula of the fin-rays and the number of the verteme. If we had enjoyed the advantage of seeing the marshalled tray of young shad already alluded to, we could easily have pointed mut the chief differences, both in the colour of the fish and its form, which distinguish young shad from true whitebait. It would be equally may to procure an array of young herring in their different stages of growth, in order to show how whitebait grows into the latter fish. Of course a very young animal will change greatly in appearance turing growth. The whitebait, for instance, in common with the prat, has a serrated belly; if, therefore, it be the young of the herring, it must in time grow out of the serration. It has elsewhere been rgued by the present writer that, in the case of the sprat, the bones that protrude from the abdomen are covered by the growth of the mimal, and gradually disappear.

As has been indicated above, the natural history of the herring is not yet very well understood. It is only a very few years since the grand and very poetic story of the herring's migration was proved to be a myth; and at present we know that this well-known member of the chapea family is quite a local fish, and never goes near the North Pole, or even visits its neighbourhood; the herring is so local that any

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fisherman can tell with the greatest accuracy an Argyleshire bering from a Caithness one. It is now supposed by those who have inquired into the habits of the herring family with some care, that herring spawn at all times and seasons; in fact, all the year round. There are distinct races of these animals perpetually arriving at maturity, both during winter and summer; so that the whitebait being in season in the summer months does not in the least impair our argument. The herrings at Wick, for example, are taken full of spawn up till the al of the great fishery in August; at what time, then, if whitebatt be young herring, would those we can now eat at Blackwall be spawned! This of course involves a surmise as to the rate of growth of the herris itself, upon which question there has been from first to last a great amount of speculation, many very dissimilar ideas having been pai pounded as to the period at which the "poor man's fish" arrives at the reproductive stage: in six months, some writers say; but that is mail evident nonsense that no heed need be paid to it. The period is must more likely to be two, or even three, years; but no exact proof exist on this point of herring life, and no naturalist has the courage, or rether the knowledge, to set down the period at which herrings become n productive. As we do know that there are different races of herring coming to maturity at different times, there ought to be no difficulty this point, as the waters must constantly contain fish of all ages, and appears certain that the whitebait of May and June cannot be old than the year; it is pretty certain, also, that the sprat-sized herring that begin to come to market early in November are a little over year old; they were probably released from their tiny shells early the August or late in the July of the previous year. It is admitted by at least one competent naturalist that the fry of the sprat may be seen in multitudes in July and August, when they are of the length of tw inches. We know also that young herrings and young sprats are cap tured indiscriminately in the same shoals, in the Frith of Forth, o the same size, and presumably of the same age. As has been indi cated, opinions differ as to the growth of the herring. Some people that they take seven years to arrive at maturity; others say they becom In a shoal of young herring th reproductive in as many months. sizes of the fish are exceedingly varied, ranging from three inches to in length, and of corresponding girth; some serrated, some not; som weighing a quarter of an ounce, some nearly an ounce. Were these is all born at once? How about the serrations? Again, a jar of white bait from the Thames, received by the writer for examination on 17t May last, contained specimens of all sizes; some little more than a inch long, while some were two or three inches. How old would the be? and were some of them serrated and others not? The bellies bein all decayed, that point could not be determined in any of the spec mens received. February and March are the great months for t spring races of herring to spawn; so that the specimens of whitebe

nst alluded to would be about three months old; and by November hey would in all probability be grown to the average size of sprats. Foung herrings of the Moray Frith, spawned in August, can sometimes e seen in-shore about November, looking exactly like whitebait, tasting ke whitebait, smelling like whitebait.

The blanquette of Normandy and Brittany did not look, when we camined it-if it was it that we had placed before us-to be our whiteait, but rather our sprat in an early stage of its life. It is curious at whitebait exhibit many of the characteristics of the sprat, and parcularly the strongly-serrated abdomen. That peculiar mark is held some naturalists as good proof that sprats never become herrings of av kind; if so, the same argument must likewise hold good against the hitebait being the young of the herring; yet it is remarkable that the umber of vertebræ of both fishes, i.e. the common herring and the whitebait, are the same, namely, fifty-six; as are also the formula of he various fin-rays. But little weight need be laid on this latter point, s few writers give the same figures about the fin-rays; and as there are lifferent kinds of herrings, and different races of each kind, it is certain that there must be differences in the number of fin-rays. What is harder to understand is the fact that the vertebræ differ also; these run from forty-seven in the sprat to fifty-six in the common herring, different numbers having been found in the same races of herring. But whilst it might be admitted, for the sake of argument, that the smaller number might increase, i.e. that sprats with forty-eight vertebræ might grow into herring with fifty-six vertebræ, it is quite clear that whitebait with fifty-six vertebræ will never grow into sprats with forty-eight vertebræ.

The more the case of the whitebait is studied, the more difficult it becomes to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. We are not convinced that the whitebait is an independent member of the herring family; while we are also satisfied that the true whitebait is not the young of the shad. What, then, is it? According to one naturalist it is a distinct species; according to another it is not. Yarrell, and other writers on fish, have discussed the whitebait question. The earliest writer on the subject that we know is Pennant; but when he wrote the whitebait was not a fashionable fish. It was eaten then only by "the common people" -"the lower order of epicures"-and the authorities, thinking that whitebait were the young or fry of some large fish, "proclaimed" that it should not be taken. Pennant at one time held the whitebait to be the young of the bleak, and Dr. Shaw followed suit in his general zoology; while Donovan held "that same" to be the young of the shad. Donovan, blundering himself, "pitches into" Pennant for his errors, maintaining that the industrious zoologist had never seen the real whitebait. This latter idea is worth following up. Might not our savans, now that the mysterious animal has taken its place on the rich man's table, summon a congress to sit upon it? Last year a congress

was summoned to sit upon the salmon, in order to determine the best means of promoting the future welfare of that important animal; but were a general fishery congress to be held, it would be well that specimens of the whitebait of different rivers should be exhibited and reported upon. The fish known as whitebait at Blackwall may not be the fish known as whitebait at Queensferry. In the case of the pur controversy, it was found that there were parrs of many different meabers of the salmon family, which, as a matter of course, greatly enhanced the difficulty of solution, as well as setting the experimenters by ears. The whitebait mystery is just one of those mysteries which manys dabbler in natural history will hold himself able to solve; and yet them attempting to find out the mystery may be all working on different Any man who may know even a little about fish will have that the so-called dish of whitebait served at a fashionable tavern is varied mass of minnows, young bleak, infantile sprats, and the fry other well-known fish. So much for this tavern celebrity!

We had thought to end our doubts as to "what is whitebait" proposing to summon, at the expense of the country, a jury of thirteen eminent ichthyologists to sit on that fish and determine, the congrete to assemble at Blackwall, and to dine on all the delicacies of the severy Thursday and Saturday during the summer; but since this article was written, Dr. Günther has published, in the seventh volume of Catalogue of Fishes, in the British Museum, some observations on white bait. He says that fish is "a purely nominal species introduced in science by Yarrell and Valenciennes, in deference to the opinion of fishermen and gourmands," and that all the examples of whitebait that he has examined are young herrings! The question of "what is whitebait," may therefore, we think, be held as settled.

J. G. BERTRAM.

# DEAD-SEA FRUIT

# A Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

### CHAPTER XL. HOPELESS.

Between Killalochie and Halko's Head the road was of the loneliest. On his morning journey Eustace Thorburn had encountered about three people, sturdy mountaineers, who gave him friendly greeting as they passed him. For the first few miles of his return he met no one; and when he seated himself to rest on a rough block of stone near the junction of two roads, the wide expanse of land and sea which the spot commanded was as solitary as if he had been the first man, and the world newly-created for his habitation.

It is not to be supposed that even on this day every thought of Helen de Bergerac had been banished from the wanderer's mind. He had too long and too habitually indulged himself with tender memories of the pleasant hours they had spent together. Thoughts of her were

interwoven with all other thoughts and all other memories.

Upon that lonely road he had found ample leisure for meditation; and now, as he sat alone amidst the solitary grandeur of that mountaindistrict, it was of Helen and of the future he thought. Nor were his meditations hopeful. Alone, nameless, his task well-nigh finished for the one kindly patron whom fortune had sent him, with nothing but a manuscript poem and a publisher's half-promise between him and poverty, was he a fitting suitor for Theodore de Bergerac's only daughter? By what right could he demand her father's confidence? What promise could he make? what hopes advance? None. To sum up his best claim, his brightest aspiration, would be only to say, "Sometimes, when the demon of self-doubt ceases for the moment to toment me, I believe I am a poet. Of my chances of winning the world to believe as much, I know nothing. Assured income in the present or expectation in the future, I have none."

He considered his position with a gloomy hopelessness that was almost despair. What could he do but despair? He knew that his patron liked him; nay, indeed, had honoured him with a warm regard; but would that regard stand him in good stead should he presume to offer himself as a husband for his patron's only daughter? Mr. Jerningham's influence would, he knew, be exercised against him, since, for some mysterious reason, that gentleman had chosen to regard him with a malignant eye. And he knew that Mr. Jerningham's counsel would

not be disregarded by his old friend.

"No; there is no ray of hope on the dark horizon of my life," thought the young man. "Better for me that I should never see Helen again."

The sound of carriage-wheels startled him from his reverie. He looked up, and saw a landau and pair approaching him by the crosroad. The apparition of such an equipage in that rugged district surprised him. He stood up and looked at the advancing carriage, and in the same moment recognised its occupants.

They were M. de Bergerac, his daughter, and Mr. Jerningham.

The Frenchman was quick to recognise his secretary.

"Holà! Stop, then!" he cried to the coachman; and then to Eustace, "Come hither, young wanderer. To see the ghost of the Chevaliayour hapless Charles Edward-standing by that stone, would not mos have surprised me. Jump in, then. There is no objection to in taking the fourth place, I suppose, Harold?"

Mr. Jerningham bowed, with an air which implied that upon a subject so utterly indifferent to him as the secretary's movements he could

have no opinion but that of his friend.

"Why, how bewildered you look, Eustace," exclaimed M. de Bagerac, as the young man took his place in the carriage with the manner of a sleepwalker. "And yet you must have expected to see us. You followed me down here with your papers. What foolish devotion!—To your man to drive on, Harold."

Eustace had recovered himself a little by this time, and had shaken hands with Helen, whose too-expressive face betrayed an emotion no less profound than his own. Nor were those eloquent glances lost upon Mr. Jerningham, who watched the young people closely from beneath thoughtful brows.

"And so you thought your French documents worth a pilgrimage

to Scotland?" said M. de Bergerac.

This meeting is only a happy accident for ma "No, indeed, sir. I knew you were in Scotland. They told me as much at Greenlands; but they could tell me no more."

"But in that case, what brings you here?" cried the Frenchman.

"I am here with my uncle. On business."

"On business!" exclaimed M. de Bergerac, looking at his secretary in amazement.

Harold Jerningham also regarded the young man with a new sharpness of scrutiny.

"On business!" repeated M. de Bergerac. "But what business could possibly bring you into these remote wilds? To the utmost limits

of your civilisation.'

"Perhaps it can scarcely be called business," replied Eustace. "It would be nearer the mark to call it a voyage of discovery. I came from Paris when my work was done, and found Greenlands deserted My time was my own, awaiting your return. My uncle and I had fancy for a holiday, and we came here."

"It is at least a remarkable coincidence."

"Very remarkable," said Mr. Jerningham, with a suspicious look.

He was not inclined to regard the meeting as a coincidence. The young adventurer had no doubt been informed as to their whereabouts, and had followed them. And yet of their precise whereabouts he could not have been informed, for beyond the border of Aberdeenshire neither Mr. Jerningham's steward nor anyone else had been apprised of their movements.

"Unless there were secret communications between Helen and him," thought Harold Jerningham. And this seemed utterly impossible. To suspect Helen, to suspect the girl whom he had learned to adore as the very type of all feminine excellence, the incarnate ideal of womanly innocence! Great heaven, to discover deceit there!

"It would be a fitting end to my career," he thought bitterly.

"Your uncle is travelling with you, then?" said M. de Bergerac.

"Yes; he is now at the inn yonder at Killalochie, where I must rejoin him; so I must ask you not to take me too far off the right road."

"But is it imperative that you rejoin him to-day? Do you think I am not eager to question you about the work you have done for me in Paris? Can you not dine with us? Mr. Jerningham will, I know, be charmed to have you." That gentleman bowed an icy assent. "Can't you spare us this evening?"

To refuse this invitation Eustace Thorburn must have been something more than mortal. Happily for his honour he had told his uncle that it was just possible he might find his explorations at Halko's Head too much for one day's work, and might sleep at that village. He was thus free.

"We dine and sleep at a village ten miles from here," said M. de Bergerac. "The people of the inn can give you a bed, no doubt; and you can get back to Killalochie to-morrow."

Eustace accepted the invitation, and was then favoured with some account of his employer's wanderings.

"We have rested nowhere, but have seen everything worth seeing between the Tweed and these mountains," said M. de Bergerac. "I begin to think that Jerningham is the original Wandering Jew. He knows everything, every trace of Pictish camp, and every relic of the early convents from St. Columba to St. Margaret. There is a cave on this coast which we are to see before we leave the neighbourhood. A cave cut in the face of the cliff, with outer and inner chamber, in which one of the Scottish saints spent the evening of his pious days among the sea-gulls."

"Yes; I heard of that cave at Halko's Head," said Eustace.

"You have been to Halko's Head?" asked Mr. Jerningham.

"I was returning from that place when your carriage picked me up."

"Why do we not go to Halko's Head if it is worth seeing?" asked M. de Bergerac.

"It is not worth seeing. A mere handful of fishermen's cottages on a craggy headland."

"And yet Mr. Thorburn goes there?"

- "I cannot help Mr. Thorburn's bad taste; but we can drive to Halko's Head to-morrow if you please. I told you when we came into this part of the country that there was little calculated to interest anyone but a sportsman."
- "But I was determined to see Aberdeenshire," replied M. de Bergerac with playful insistence. "Why not Aberdeenshire? Why should we explore all other shires of Scotland, and neglect Aberdeenshire? I had read of the Cairn-gorm mountains, and wanted to behold them."
- "You know Halko's Head, Mr. Jerningham?" said Eustace thoughtfully.

"I know every inch of Scotland."

"Did you know Halko's Head four-and-twenty years ago?"

For some reason the question startled Harold Jerningham more than he was wont to be moved for any insignificant cause.

- "No," he answered shortly. "But what motive had you for such a question?"
- "I want to find someone who knew that place four-and-twenty years ago."

" Why?"

- "Because a person very dear to me was living there at that time."
- "An insufficient reason for such curiosity about the place, I should think," replied Mr. Jerningham coldly. "But you are a poet, Mr. Thorburn, and are not bound by the laws of reason."

Helen interposed here, and began to question Eustace about his Parisian experiences. She had felt that Mr. Jerningham's tone was unfriendly, and was eager to turn the current of the conversation.

The two young people talked together during the rest of the drive, and Mr. Jerningham listened and looked on. He had fancied himself gaining ground rapidly during this northern tour; and now it seemed to him all at once as if he had gained no ground, as if he were no nearer to the one dear object of his desires. What delight these two seemed to find in their frivolous discourse! To listen and look on,—was that to be his lot for the rest of his weary days?

"O God, am I an old man?" he asked himself with passionate self-abasement.

The consciousness that his days of hope and pride are over,—the wretched revelation that for him there are to be no more roses, no more spring-time, no more of the brightness and glory of life,—will come upon a man suddenly, in a brief bitter gust, like the breath of an east wind blowing in the face of midsummer.

M. de Bergerac had watched his old friend and his daughter with pleasure during this Scottish tour. It seemed to him also as if Harold

ferningham was gaining ground, and it pleased him that it should be o. To him the master of Greenlands appeared no ineligible suitor, or of the darker side of his friend's life and character he knew othing.

The ten miles' drive upon a very indifferent road, uphill and downill, occupied more than two hours, and it was seven o'clock when the arriage entered the little town where the travellers were to dine. At he inn all was prepared for them. They dined in a room commanding noble view of the sea, and having a half-glass door which opened on rude kind of terrace-walk.

Here M. de Bergerac and his secretary strolled after dinner, talking foriental manuscripts in the spring moonlight; while Harold Jerningam and Helen played chess, upon a little board which the travellers arried, in the room within.

"And when we return to Greenlands, which we are to do in a week, hall I find you at your post?" asked M. de Bergerac kindly. "A great leal of work remains to be done before my first two volumes will be ready for publication. Jerningham strongly recommends my publishing the first two volumes as soon as they are ready. We shall have plenty to do in giving them the final polish. Much that I have now in the form of notes must be interwoven with the text. The frivolous reader recoils from small type. You are not tired of your work, I hope?"

On this Eustace spoke. He felt that the time had come, and that be dare not longer keep silence.

"Tired of my work! O, if you knew how delightful my service has been to me!" he exclaimed; and then in the next breath added, "But I shall never again inhabit Greenlands."

And then he made full confession of his offence. He told how this mad folly had grown upon him in the happy days of the previous year.

"I was counting my chances as you drove up to me to-day," he mid, "little thinking I was so soon to see your daughter's sweet face. I was fighting with despair as I sat by the mountain-road. Speak Plainly, dear sir, you cannot say harder things to me than I have said to myself."

"Why should I say anything hard? It is no sin to love my daughter. I ought to have known that it was impossible to live near her, and refrain from loving her. But do not talk to me of despair. What is a young man's love but a fancy which is blown to the end of the earth by the first blast of Fame's mighty trumpet? My dear young friend, I am not afraid that you will break your heart, or, at least, that the heart-break will kill you. I broke my heart at your age. It is an affair of six weeks; and for a poet a broken heart is inspiration."

"O sir, for God's sake do not trifle with me!"

"My dear friend, I am telling you the truth. I thank you for your candour, and in return will be as candid. I admire and love you, almost

as I could have loved a son. If you could give my daughter a position—a safe and certain home, however unpretending—I we the last to oppose your suit. But you cannot do this. You are hopeful, ambitious. The world—as your poet says—is your which with your sword you'll open. But the oyster is sometin penetrable. I have seen the brightest swords blunted. I am man and an exile; my sole possession in the form of rentes v You would promise my child a home in the future. I cannot v the future. I am an old man, and I must see my darling provid a safe shelter before I die, so that, when death crosses my three may be able to say, 'Welcome, inevitable guest. The play is f Vale et plaudite.'"

"God grant you may live to see your grandchildren's childred I will not gainsay your prayer. But when it is a quest grandchildren, a man is bound to be doubly circumspect. What meaning of an imprudent marriage, of which the world talks so I it is not my daughter only whom I doom to care and poverty, I many unborn innocents do I devote to misfortune? Forgive upon this subject, I seem hard and worldly. I would do much t my regard for you; but my child's future is the one thing that I afford to hazard."

"You are all goodness, sir," replied Eustace, with the gravity of resignation. "I scarcely hoped for a more favoural tence."

He said no more. He had, indeed, cherished little hope; agony of this utter despair was none the less acute. M. de B compassionated this natural sorrow, and was conscious that he some wise to blame for having brought the two young peogether.

"If she, too, should suffer!" he thought. "I have seen her in this young man—her regret when he left us. Great heaver am I to choose wisely for the child I love so well!"

He looked to the window of the room where Harold Jern and Helen sat together in the dim light of two candles. The patrician face and the girl's fresh young beauty made a charmeture. M. de Bergerac had no sense of incongruity in the union two. The accomplishments and graces of middle age harmonis with the innocent beauty of youth, and it seemed to him a fittin that these two should marry.

"Not for worlds would I sacrifice her to a father's ambition," to himself: "but to see her mistress of Greenlands, to know the life would be sheltered from all the storms of fate, would comfor the hour of parting."

Ensure bade his patron good-night presently, making som excuse for not returning to the sitting-room. In vain did the Frenchman essay to comfort him in this bitter hour.

"I thank you a thousand times for your goodness to me on this and every other occasion," the young man said, as they shook hands. "Believe me, I am grateful. I shall be proud and happy to go on working for you in London, if you will allow me; but I cannot return to Greenlands—I cannot see your daughter again."

"No, it is better not. Ah, if you only knew how short-lived these

sorrows are !"

"I cannot believe that mine will be short-lived. But I do not want to complain. Once more, good-night, and God bless you! I shall leave this place at daybreak to-morrow."

"And when shall you return to London?"

"That will rest with my uncle. I will write to you at Greenlands directly I do return. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, and God bless you!"

Thus they parted. Eustace did not go back to the house immediately, but wandered out into the little town, and thence to the open country, where he indulged his grief in solitude. It was late when he went back to the inn, and made his way stealthily to the humble garretchamber which had been allotted to him.

Here he lay, sleepless, till the cock's hoarse crow blent shrilly with the thunderous roll of the waves. At the first faint streak of daylight herose, dressed, and went softly downstairs, where he found a barefooted arrant-girl opening the doors of the house. By one of these open doors he departed unobserved, while the barefooted damsel was sweeping in some mysterious locality which she called "Ben." The morning was dull and drizzling; but what recks despair of such small inconvaniences? The young man set out on his lonely walk, breakfastless and hopeless, scarce knowing where his steps led him.

After walking about a mile, he took the trouble to inquire his whereabouts from the first person he encountered, who informed him that he was fifteen miles from Killalochie, and fourteen from Halko's Head.

On this he determined to walk to Halko's Head. He wanted to see that place once more, and to visit the little classic temple on the cliff, which on the previous day he had omitted to examine. He was in no humour for even his uncle's society, and dreaded a return to the little im at Killalochie, where genial Dan would question him about his adventures, and where he must perhaps reveal his disappointment, if that could be called a disappointment which had annihilated so frail a hope.

"A day's solitude will do me good," he thought, as he turned his face towards Halko's Head. "I can get back to Killalochie by nightfall, before my uncle can alarm himself about my absence."

The walk occupied some hours, and when the traveller entered the little fishing village nature asserted itself in spite of despair, and he was fain to order breakfast at the humble hostelry where he had lunched the day before.

The same woman waited upon him: she was the mistress of the house, and again he questioned her about the lady and gentleman who occupied Lord Pendarvoch's house four-and-twenty years ago; but the could tell him no more to-day than yesterday. No new facts had

returned to her memory during the interval.

As Eustace Thorburn sat alone after this unprofitable conversation, the first anguish of despair yielded to the sweet whispers of hope. Was his case indeed utterly hopeless? M. de Bergerac asked security for the future. That he could not now offer; but if his poem should win recognition, the pathway of literary success would be opened to him, and on his industry and perseverance alone would depend his speedy achievement of a secure position in the world of letters. Such an income as his uncle Daniel earned with ease, and squandered with even greater facility, would support a home which M. de Bergerae's simple taste would not despise.

"Why should I not win her as fair a home as she has at Greenlands?" he said; "and if she loves me she will wait. Ah, if I had only

seen her, if I had but told her how devotedly she is loved!"

And then he reproached himself for his precipitancy. In his desire to act honourably, he had played too much the part of a little boy who asks a boon of his schoolmaster. He had at least the right to plead his own cause with Helen de Bergerac.

He told himself that if his poem should be a success, he could go to Greenlands once more to entreat permission to speak to his divinity. Armed with the talisman of success, he could ask as much. And then he thought of Helen's youth. What might he not achieve in a few years? He remembered what his uncle had said to him—"If her love

is worth winning, she will wait."

He took a manuscript volume from his pocket, and turned the leaves thoughtfully. It was the fair copy of his magnum opus, which he had brought with him on this journey for leisurely revision, but on which he had as yet worked little. From these manuscript pages he tried to obtain comfort. If the world would only listen! He measured his strength against the minor poets of his day. Surely there was something in these verses that should win him a place among the younger singers.

He left the inn by and by, and walked slowly along the cliff to the little classic temple. The April day had brightened, and the sun shone upon the waves, though there were ugly black clouds to wind-

ward.

The temple on the cliff could tell him nothing. But it was the scene of his mother's loneliest hours, and he contemplated it with a tender interest. The mountain weeds—such wild-flowers as flourish in the breath of the sea—had clustered thickly round the bases of the slim Ionian pillars; gray moss and lichen defaced the marble, white as it looked from the distance. Eustace seated himself on the crumbling

tone bench, and lingered for some time, looking out over the sea, and hinking now of his mother, now of Helen de Bergerac, anon of that nknown father whose sin had made him nameless.

From this long reverie he was disturbed by the soft thud of hoofs pon the short turf, and looking backwards, he saw a horseman trotage towards the temple. Within a few yards of the spot he dissounted, and came to the temple, leading his horse. Before this astace had recognised Mr. Jerningham, the man who had surprised in reading The Disappointments of Dion, the man who bore some semblance to himself, and must therefore resemble his father—the an who, by a series of coincidences, seemed involved in that mystery the past which he was so eager to penetrate.

If Mr. Jerningham's appearance here was surprising to Eustace, as presence of Eustace at this spot seemed no less astounding to Mr. emingham.

"They told me you had returned to Killalochie," he said.

"No; I wanted to see this place before I left this part of Scot-

"I cannot imagine what interest you can possibly have in a spot premote."

"The interest of association," Eustace answered. "But have I not as much reason to wonder what should bring you here, Mr. Imingham?"

"That question is easily answered. A proprietor is generally unious to examine his newly-acquired possessions. This summer-bouse comes to me with the rest of my kinsman Pendarvoch's property."

"Lord Pendarvoch was related to you?" exclaimed Eustace.

" He was."

"Strange!"

"What is there so strange in such a relationship?"

"Nothing strange except to me. It is only one more in a sequence coincidences which concern me alone. I came to this part of Scotland to discover a secret of the past, Mr. Jerningham, and perhaps on the past of the past, Mr. Jerningham, and perhaps to Lord Pendarvoch lent his shooting-box yonder to a gentleman whose name I want to know. Can you tell me if I shall find any old the transport of the past of the pa

To these inquiries Mr. Jerningham had listened gravely, with his see somewhat averted from the speaker.

"No," he replied coldly, "I knew very few of Pendarvoch's riends. I cannot help you to identify the person who may have borowed his house a quarter of a century ago. Every man makes a abula rasa of his memory half a dozen times within such a period.

POL. VI.

Existence would be unbearable if our memories were so well as you seem to suppose they do. As to my cousin's old servants, they are all dead or imbecile. If you want information, you may spare yourself the trouble of going to Pendarvoch, and question these markle columns. They will tell you as much as the Pendarvoch servants."

- "Do not think me obstinate if I put that to the test. I have determined not to leave a stone unturned."
- "I cannot understand your eagerness to pry into the secrets of the past. I begin to fancy you are hunting some lost estate—perhaps plotting to dispossess me."
- "No, Mr. Jerningham, it is not an estate I am hunting; it is lost name."
  - "You appear to delight in enigmas. I do not."
- "I will not bore you with any further talk of my affairs. And this temple is yours, Mr. Jerningham? I may never see it again. Forgive me if I ask you not to pull it down. Let it stand. For the it is sacred as a tomb."

Harold Jerningham stared aghast at the speaker. A question rose to his lips, but his voice failed him, and it remained unspotes. He stood pale, breathless, watching the young man as he bent in knee upon one of the steps of the temple, and gathered a handful of the wild-flowers that clustered about the stone.

- "Your friends and I are to dine at Killalochie," he said present, while Eustace's head was still bent over the flowers; "we both return by the same road, I suppose?"
- "I think not; the tide is low, and I have set my heart upon going back by the sands."
  - "Do you think it quite safe to venture?"
- "I should imagine so. At Halko's Head they told me the wy was safe at low tide."
  - "But are you sure the tide is on the ebb?"
  - "It looks like it."
- "I would warn you to be cautious. The tide upon this part of the coast is dangerous; at least, I have heard people say as much."
- "I am not afraid," answered Eustace, with some touch of bitterness. "A man whose life is hardly worth keeping may defy fortune."
- "Life at five-and-twenty is always worth keeping. Take my advice, Mr. Thorburn, and ask counsel from the fisher-folk before you set on your walk."

  "Thanks; you are very good; I will take your advice. And M.
- de Bergerac and his daughter are to dine at the Killalochie inn, where I am pledged to rejoin my uncle to-day. I did not think I should see them again before I left Scotland.

After this, Eustace Thorburn bade Mr. Jerningham good-morning, and departed in the direction of that rough flight of steps known so "The Devil's Staircase." Harold Jerningham tied his horse's bridle

one of the marble columns, and paced to and fro upon the short ass, darkly meditative.

"What does it mean," he saked himself, "this young man's pearance at this spot—his searching inquiries about the people who supied Pendarvoch's house four-and-twenty years ago? The very ne! A spot so remote, so rarely visited—a house so seldom inbited! Can he be any relation of—hers? A nephew, perhaps. nd yet, is that likely? Her father and mother died more than enty years ago. Who should have set this man upon the track? id he gathered those wild-flowers, and put them in his breast, with e air of a man whose associations with the spot were of the closest d most tender. And in Berkshire I came upon him reading that ok—that wretched record of heartlessness and folly. Yes, it is the ot. When I last stood here I was young and beloved. I, who now hang on the looks of a girl less lovely than she who gave me a kind of rahip. Nothing that I possess, nothing that I can do, will win me ch a love as that I spurned. O God, the bitterness of late remorse! let her go, broken-hearted, and I know not how long she lived or w she died. I cannot think a creature so tender could long survive rrow and ignominy such as I made her suffer. Here we have sat side side, and I have grown weary of her company. If she could arise fore me now-pale, faded, in rags-I would fall upon my knees before r, and claim her as my redeeming angel. 'Welcome back, sweet irit!' I would cry. 'In all these years I have sought for happiness, id found none so pure and perfect as that you offered me. In all these ars I have sought the love of women, and have never been loved you loved me.' "

Alas that the dead cannot return! To her whose fate had been so eary, what warm welcome, what atoning tears, might have been given she could have come to claim them! A cold gust of wind swept ong the cliff as Mr. Jerningham invoked the departed spirit. It emed to him like a breath from the grave.

"She is dead," he said to himself; "I call her in vain."

He too stooped to gather a few of the yellow hill-flowers, and put em in his breast. Then, after one long mournful look at the deserted mmer-house, he mounted his horse, and rode slowly to the dilapidated acting-box, which had come to him with the rest of his kinsman's tate. At the gate of this humble domain he dismounted again, and this horse cropping the rank grass in the neglected garden, while he ade his way into the house, very much after the manner in which ustace Thorburn had penetrated it upon the previous day.

He walked quickly through the rooms, and left the house hurriedly.

him the gloom of the dust-whitened chambers was almost intolerale.

"Why do I grope among dry bones and dead men's skulls?" he led himself. "Can any man afford to retrace his steps over the

#### DEAD-SEA FRUIT

ground he trod in his youth? Shall I, above all men, dare the phantoms of the Past?"

He mounted his horse, and rode away without a glance behind him, as if he had, indeed, encountered some ghostly presence in that empty dwelling-place.

"I will have it rased to the ground next week," he said to himself. "Why should it stand for ever as a monument of my faults and follies? And that young man, De Bergerac's protégé, entreated me to spare the summer-honse yonder, because it is sacred to him! To him? What should make it sacred in his eyes? What connection can he have with that dark story? And they say he is like me—indeed, I have myself perceived the resemblance. I will question him closely to-night at Killalochie."

At Halko's Head Mr. Jerningham stopped to refresh his horse, and ordered refreshment for himself, for the benefit of the humble hostely where he rested. Here he dawdled away an hour and a half very drearily, for the repose of his steed. The weather had changed for the worse when he emerged from the little inn. Ominous black clouds obscured the horizon, and a shrill east wind whistled across the barren hills. Looking seaward from the lofty headland, Mr. Jerningham saw that the tide had risen considerably since he had last looked at the sands.

"When did the tide turn, my man?" he asked of the lad who brought him his horse.

"Above two hours ago, sir."

"Two hours ago! It was turning, then, when Thorburn west down to the sands," thought Mr. Jerningham. And then he again questioned the boy: "I suppose anyone setting off by the sands for Killalochie at turn of tide would get there safely?" he asked.

The boy shook his head with a doubtful grin.

"I dinna ken, sir. Folks fra Halko's Head mun start when the tide wants an hour o' turning, if they'd get to Killalochie dry-shod."

"Great heaven!" cried Harold Jerningham, "and that young man is a stranger to the coast!"

He left his horse in the care of the lad, and went to consult a little group of idle fishermen congregated before one of the cottages. From these men he received the most dismal confirmation of his fears. The walk from Halko's Head to Killalochie could not be done between the turning of the tide and its full. Between the two places there was no way of getting from the sands to the cliffs, or only points so perilous and difficult of ascent as to be impossible to any but the hardiest samphire-gatherer, or boldest hunter of eaglets, bred on those rough coasts. What was just possible for a Highland fisherman, would be of course impossible to a literary Londoner.

"Do you tell me that the distance cannot be walked in the time?" asked Mr. Jerningham desperately.

#### DEAD-SEA FRUIT

The answer was decisive. Captain Barclay himself could not have alked from Halko's Head to Killalochie within the given period. he hardiest of these villagers were r reful, at this time of year, to art an hour before the turn of the tide. The more cautious among see good folks quitted Halko's Head as soon as the ebbing waves ft a dry path upon the sand.

"Then he is doomed!" Mr. Jerningham said to himself. "But hat is his doom to me? I am not his keeper."

He did his uttermost, however, towards the rescue of the unwary edestrian from the peril he had tempted. To the fishermen he offered noble reward should they succeed in saving the imprudent stranger. he men ran to their boats, and in five minutes had pushed off, and ere making all the way they could against a heavy sea. But those ho stayed behind told Mr. Jerningham that the chances were against he boats overtaking the pedestrian, if he were anything of a walker. hey told him there was a stiff wind blowing from the land, and it was much as the rowers could do to make any way against it. This, indeed, he could see for himself, and those dark clouds in the windward quarter boded ill. Mr. Jerningham lingered for some time, talking with the two men who had stayed on shore. He questioned them losely as to the measures to be taken for the rescue of the stranger; and they assured him that in sending the boats he had done all that nortal aid could do.

With this assurance he was obliged to be satisfied. What could it natter to him whether Eustace Thorburn lived or died; or would not be young man's untimely end be for his advantage? He had seen the lay before, only too plainly, that all his patient devotion, his watchful uniety to please her, had not made him as dear to Helen de Bergerac is this hired secretary had become without an effort. And all the old many and the old anger had returned to Harold Jerningham's breast as be made this discovery.

"Will she lament his death?" he asked himself; "or is her love for him only a girlish fancy, that will perish with its object? She seemed blerably happy in his absence, and I hoped she had completely forgotten him, and was learning to love me. Why should I not win her love? And he comes back, and in the first moment of his return I discover that I have been building on sand. The divine attraction of routh is with my rival, and all my dreams and all my hopes are so much foolishness and self-delusion."

This is what Mr. Jerningham thought as he rode across the barren tills towards Killalochie, whither he went as fast as his horse could arry him, but not faster than the dark storm-clouds which overtook him half-way, and drenched him with heavy rain. The sky grew black as Erebus, and looking seaward every now and then, he saw the breakers leap and whiten as they rolled in.

That common humanity which prompts a man to help his direct foe

in extreme peril made Mr. Jerningham eager to reach Killalochia. There, perhaps, he might find he had been deceived by the gloomy presages of the fishermen, or thence he might send other means to help the missing traveller. He rode up to the little inn an hour after leaving Halko's Head. M. de Bergerac and his daughter had arrived some time before, and Mr. Jerningham was informed that dinner would be served immediately.

"Put it off for a quarter of an hour," he said to the servant, "and do not let my friend or his daughter know of my arrival. I want to see the landlord on most urgent business."

The landlord was in the bar, talking to a portly middle-aged gentleman, who was lounging against an angle of the wall, smoking a cigar.

"I really wish my nephew were safe in this house," said this passon, "for I think we are in for a rough night."

Mr. Jerningham told the landlord of his fears, and asked whether the walk from Halko's Head to Killalochie by the sands were indeed as perilous as it had been represented by the fishermen.

The landlord confirmed all he had heard.

- "Is there anything to be done?" cried Mr. Jerningham; "a genteman, whom I met at Halko's Head, set out to walk here at the turn of the tide. I sent boats after him, but the men seemed to fear the result."
- "From Halko's Head?" exclaimed the lounger, taking his cigur from his mouth, and staring aghast at Harold Jerningham. "I expect my nephew from Halko's Head. Do you know the name of the man you met there?"
  - "He is my friend's secretary, Mr. Thorburn."
  - "O God," cried Daniel, "it's my boy!"

For a few moments he leant against the wall, helpless, and white as death. In the next instant he called upon them hoarsely to help him, to follow him, and ran bareheaded from the house.

- "Who is that man?" asked Mr. Jerningham.
- "He's fra the south, sir; Mayfield by name."
- "Mayfield!" muttered the questioner. "Of her blood!"

Daniel Mayfield came back to the inn. "Is no one going to help me?" he cried. "Are you going to let my sister's son perish, and not stir a foot to save him?"

The landlord caught Daniel's strong arm in his own muscular grip.

- "You joost keep y'rsel quiet," he said. "It's no guid to fach y'rsel. Whatever mon can dee, I'll dee. It is no guid to fach street as'll save y'r nevy. I ken the place, and I ken what to be doin'. Leave it to me."
- "Yes," said Mr. Jerningham huskily; "you can do nothing. Let the good man manage things his own way.—And mind, my friend, I

rill guarantee fifty pounds to the man who saves Eustace Thorburn.

—I want to speak to you, Mr. Mayfield. Come in here." He opened he door of a little sitting-room, and would have led Daniel in; but laniel shook off his grasp roughly.

"Do you think I can talk of anything while his life is in peril?" to cried.

"Yes, you can—you must talk of him. I tell you that your help s not wanted. You can do nothing. The men, who know the coast, will do their utmost. Come! I must and will be answered."

He half led, half dragged Daniel Mayfield into the little room. The journalist was much the stronger man of the two, but at this moment he was helpless as a child.

"Your name is Mayfield? You do not know what feelings that same awakens in my mind, heard in this place, and after my meeting that young man where I did meet him this morning. For God's sake tell me if you are in any way related to a Mr. Mayfield who—"

"My father kept a circulating-library at Bayham," answered Daniel with angry abruptness. "I am a journalist, and get my bread by skibbling for newspapers and reviews."

"And that young man—Eustace Thorburn—is your sister's son? You must have had more than one sister?"

- "No, I had but one:"
- " And she is dead?"
- "She is."
- "And this young man—Eustace Thorburn—is the son of your sister, Mrs. Thorburn?"
  - "He is the son of my only sister, Celia Mayfield."
  - "His father—Mr. Thorburn—is dead, I suppose?"
- "I can answer no questions about his father," answered Daniel sternly; "nor do I care to be catechised in this manner at such a time."
- "Pardon me. Your name has painful associations for me, and I thought it possible you might be related to——One question more, and I have done. In what year was your nephew born?"
  - "He was born on the 14th November 1844."
- "Then he is not twenty-four years of age. You are quite sure of the date?"
- "I am; and if you care to verify it, you may find the registry of his baptism in St. Ann's Church, Soho."
- "Thanks. That is all I have to ask. Forgive me if I seem impertinent. And now let us go to the jetty together; and God grant this young man may come back to us in safety!"

Daniel uttered no pious aspiration. There are terrors too profound for words—periods of anguish in which a man cannot even pray. He followed Harold Jerningham out of the house, both men pale as death, and with an awful quiet fallen upon them. They went silently down to the little wooden jetty where the fishing-boats were moored.

The tide was at the flood, the rain driving against their pale avestricken faces, the waters leaping and plunging against the timbers of the jetty. Nothing could be more hopeless than the out-look.

The landlord of the inn was there. He had sent off a boat's crew in search of the missing stranger.

"How do we know that he has not returned by some other way?" asked Mr. Jerningham; while Daniel Mayfield stood, statue-like, staring seaward.

The men pointed significantly to the perpendicular cliffs on each side of the jetty. The only cleft in these grim barriers, for miles along the coast, was that opening in which the little harbour and jetty had been made. Only by this way could the traveller have approached the village, and no traveller had come this way since the turning of the tide. This was the gist of what the men told Harold Jerningham, in cautious undertones, while Daniel Mayfield still stood, statue-like and unlistening, staring out at the roaring waste of waves.

There the two men waited for upwards of an hour. The rain fell throughout that dreary interval. Mr. Jerningham paced slowly to and fro the little jetty. He could scarcely have recalled another occasion upon which he had exposed himself thus to the assaults of those persistent levellers, the elements; but he was barely conscious of the rain that drifted in his face and drenched his garments. The greatest mental shock that had ever befallen this man had come upon him to-day. A revelation the most startling had been made to him; and with that strange revealment bitter regret, vain remorse, had taken possession of his mind. He had borne himself with sufficient calmness in his interview with Daniel Mayfield, but the tempest within was not easily to be stilled. As he paced the jetty, he tried to reason with himself, to take a calm survey of the day's events; but he tried in vain. All his thoughts travelled in a circle, and perpetually returned to the same point.

"I have a son," he said to himself; and then, with a sudden shudder, and a glance of horror towards the pitiless sea, he told himself, "I had a son."

While he walked thus to and fro, oblivious alike of Daniel Mayfield and of the patient, lounging fishermen, Daniel came suddenly to him, and laid a strong hand upon his shoulder.

"Where is my nephew?" he asked. "Where is my only sister's only child? You saw him at Halko's Head this morning, and parted from him there. Why did you let him return by the perilous route, while you travelled safely?"

"I did not know the danger of the road. I took prompt measures enough when I discovered the hazard. I sent two boats from Halko's Head in search of your nephew. Please God, he may return in one of them!"

"Amen!" cried Daniel solemnly; and then, for the first time, he

emed to awake from the stupor that had come upon him with the ead horror of his kinsman's peril. He began to question the men seely as to the distance between the two places, and the time in which e boats might be expected to make the voyage. By the showing of e fishermen, the boats were already due.

After these questions and calculations, the watchers relapsed into lence. Daniel still stood looking seaward, but no longer with the ank stare of stupefaction. He watched the waves now with eagerness—nsy, even with hope.

The night closed in cold, wet, and stormy, while he watched; and y and by, through the thick darkness, and above the roar of the wes, came the voices of the boatmen, calling to the men on the tty.

One of these men had lighted a lantern, and swung it aloft to a met, at the end of the rough landing-place. By the red glimmer of his light Daniel Mayfield saw the boats coming in, and the faces of he men looking upward, but no face he knew. The wonder is that amanity can survive such anguish. He called to the men hoarsely:

"Is he found?"

" No."

Short phrases best fit such announcements.

"There is the boat that set out from here," murmured Mr. Jerningm; "he may be picked up by that."

"Not if these have failed to find him. These men had the start by a hour and a half, and have come close along the shore. O damnable, avenous waves, roar your loudest for evermore, and overwhelm this thereable earth!—You have swallowed up my boy!"

He fell on his knees, and beat his forehead against the rough timber all of the jetty. In broad daylight, he would, perhaps, have shown inself a stoic; but in the darkness, and amidst the thunder of the termy sea, he abandoned himself to his despair.

Nor did Mr. Jerningham attempt to console him. To him also the turn of the boats had brought despair, but he betrayed his grief by no scionate word or gesture.

"I had a son," he said to himself; "a son borne to me by the only oman who ever loved me with completely pure and disinterested love; id I never looked upon his infant sleep; I never shared his boyish unidence; and I met him in the pride of his manhood, and hated him cause he was bright and young, hopeful, and like myself at my best. Ind I put myself between him and the girl who loved him,—I, his ther,—and tried to steal her heart away from him. O God! to think! his uncherished childhood, his uncared-for boyhood, his friendless unbood! My only son! And I have squandered thousands on old oins, I have locked up the cost of half-a-dozen university educations a doubtful intaglios. My son! made after my own image—my very elf—the reproduction of my youth at its brightest—the incarnation

of my hopes and dreams when they were purest! O Celia, this is the vengeance which Fate exacts for the wrongs of the forgiving! Here, on this dreary shore, which that poor girl fled from in her despair—here, after four-and-twenty years, the hour of retribution sounds, and the penalty is exacted!"

Thus ran Harold Jerningham's thoughts as he waited for the return of the boat that was still away on its vain, desperate errand. It came back too soon, a lantern at the prow gleaming bright through the rainy darkness. No, the men had found no one—no trace of the missing

wanderer.

"What if he went back to Halko's Head by the sands, and is kept there by stress of weather?" cried Daniel suddenly; "there is that con chance left. O God! it is but a chance. What vehicle can I get to take me to that place? I must go at once!"

"There is the horse I rode this morning," said Mr. Jerninghan.

"I will go to Halko's Head."

"Why should you do my duty?" asked Daniel angrily. "Do you think I am afraid of a strange road or a shower of rain, when I have to go in search of my dead sister's son?"

To this Mr. Jerningham made no reply. He would fain have gone himself to the fishing-village on the headland, to see if, by any happy chance, Eustace had returned thither. But he, Harold Jerningham, had no right to put himself forward in this search. Acknowledged to between him and the missing man there was none. He could only submit to the natural desire of Daniel Mayfield.

Upon inquiry, it appeared that the landlord of the William Wallses inn possessed a vehicle, which he spoke of vaguely as a "wee bit giggs," and which, with the sturdy steed that drew it, was very much at the service of Mr. Mayfield. A hanger-on of the inn could drive the gentleman to Halko's Head, and would guarantee his safe conduct thither, and safe return to Killalochie, despite of the darkness and foul weather.

Daniel was only too glad to accept the offer, and in ten minutes the gig—a lumbering, obsolete vehicle of the hooded species, on two gigantic wheels—was ready for departure. The driver clambered into his seek, Daniel followed, and the big bony horse and clumsy carriage went splashing and plunging through the night.

Mr. Jerningham stood at the inn-door, watching its departure. Then, for the first time since his arrival at the humble hostelry, be thought of the dinner that had been prepared for him, and the friends

with whom he was to have eaten it.

He went up to the sitting-room, where he found Helen alone, waiting the return of her father, who had gone down to the harbour. She sat in a meditative attitude, anxious and dispirited. Some hint of the ghastly truth had reached this room, in spite of Mr. Jerningham's precautions, and Theodore de Bergerac had gone out to ascertain the extent of the calamity.

"O, I am so glad you have come!" cried Helen eagerly, as he entered the room. "You can tell us the truth about this dreadful rumour. The people here say that there has been someone—a stranger—lost on the sands to-night. Is it true?"

"My dear Helen, I—" Mr. Jerningham began; but the girl stopped him with a faint shriek of horror.

"Yes, it is true," she cried; "your face tells me that. It is deadly white. Is there no hope? Is the traveller really lost?"

"It would be too soon to suppose that," answered Mr. Jerningham, with calmness that cost him no small effort. "The whole business may be only a false alarm. The young man may have chosen another path. After all, no one saw him go down to the sands. There is no cause for despair."

M. de Bergerac came into the room at this moment. He, too, was ghestly pale.

"This is dreadful, Jerningham," he said. "There is every reason to fear this poor young fellow has been drowned. I have been talking to the men on the jetty—men who know every foot of the coast—and they tell me, if he went by the sands, there is no hope. Poor fellow!"

"Papa, in what a tone you speak of him!" cried Helen. "It is natural you should be sorry for a stranger, but you speak as if you had known this young man—and there are so few travellers in this part of sectland. O, for pity's sake, tell me!" she exclaimed, looking piteously from one to the other, with clasped hands. "Did you know him? did we know him? Your secretary was in this neighbourhood yesterday, papa, and was to meet his uncle here at Killalochie. O no, no, no! it cannot be him. It cannot be Eustace Thorburn!"

"Dear child, for God's sake restrain yourself. There is no certainty—there is always hope until the worst is known."

"It is Eustace Thorburn!" cried Helen. "Neither of you will deny

A stifled shrick broke from her lips, and she fell senseless, stretched the feet of her father and Harold Jerningham.

"How she loves him!" murmured Mr. Jerningham, as he bent over ber, and assisted her father in carrying her to the adjoining room. "So ends my dream."

At midnight the lumbering hooded gig returned with Daniel Mayfield—and despair. He had been into every dwelling-place at Halko's Head, had roused drowsy fishermen from their beds, but no trace or tidings of Eustace Thorburn had reached that lonely village. He came back when all possible means of finding the lost had been exhausted.

Mr. Jerningham was up, and watching for him. More than this had he done. He had hired a couple of men, provided with lanterns, who were ready in the inn, prepared to accompany Harold Jerningham and Daniel Mayfield on an exploration of the coast, for the tide was

now out. The rain had ceased, and faint stars glimmered here and there on the cloudy sky.

"Will you go down to the sands with these men and me?" asked Mr. Jerningham, when Daniel had described his bootless errand.

To this proposal Daniel assented, almost mechanically. In his utter despair he had ceased to wonder why Harold Jerningham should take so keen an interest in his nephew's peril. He was glad to do anything—he knew not, cared not what—that seemed like action. But since his useless journey to Halko's Head hope had left him.

They went down to the sands and wandered there for hours, examining every turn and angle of the rugged cliff that towered above them, dark and gloomy as the wall of some fortress-prison. The exploration only strengthened their despair. Against that iron-bound coast how many a helpless wretch must have been crushed to death! Between the swift-advancing wall of waters and that perpendicular boundary what was there for the traveller but a grave! They pored upon the sand, lighted by the fitful glare of the lanterns, looking for some trace of the lost—a handkerchief, a glove, a purse, a scrap of paper—but they found no such token.

Harold Jerningham remembered the yellow wild-flowers which the young man had put in his breast. With those poor memorials of his mother's youth he had gone to his untimely death.

"If the superstitions of priests have any foundation, and my son and I shall meet before the judgment-throne, surely I shall see those wild-flowers in his hand," thought Mr. Jerningham, as he remembered the last look of the bright young face which had been said to resemble his own.

He thought also of such a night as this four-and-twenty years ago, when he had searched the same coast, with terror in his mind. Then his fears had been wasted. O, that it might be so now!

They paced the dreary sands until daybreak, and for an hour after daybreak; and by that time the tide was rolling in again, and they had to hasten back to the little harbour. As the fierce waves dashed shorewards with a hoarse roar, each of the explorers thought how the missing traveller had been thus overtaken by the same devouring monsters, savagely bent upon destruction to mankind. In that hour Daniel Mayfield conceived a detestation of the sea—a horror and hatred of those black, rolling waves, as ministers of death and desolation, deadliest for to human weakness and human love.

With daybreak, and the beginning of a new day, came a despair even more terrible than that of the long, dark night. Blank and chill was the dawn of that miserable day. All had been done. Human love, human effort, could do no more, except to repeat again and again the same plan of action that had proved so hopeless.

If Eustace Thorburn had taken that fatal path under the cliffs, he had inevitably gone to his death. Of that the people who knew the

most said there could be no doubt. If he had changed his mind at the last moment, and set off in some other direction, why did he not return to Killalochie? Was it likely that he, at all times so thoughtful of others, would show himself on this occasion utterly indifferent to his male's feelings, reckless what anxiety he caused him?

Upon that dreary day there was nothing but watching and waiting for the little party at the William Wallace inn. Helen and her father set alone in their room, the girl pale as marble, but very calm, and with a sweet resignation of manner which seemed to indicate her regret for that outbreak of passionate sorrow on the previous night. Little was said between the father and daughter, but Theodore de Bergerac's effection showed itself on this bitter day by a supreme tenderness of tone and manner. Once only did they speak of the subject that filled the minds of both.

"My darling," said Theodore, "it is too soon to abandon hope."

"O papa! I cannot hope; but I have prayed. All through the long night I prayed for my old companion and friend. You think I have no right to be so sorry for him. You do not know how good he was to me all the time we were together. No brother could have been kinder to a favourite sister."

"And you shall weep for him and pray for him, as you would for a brother," answered the father tenderly, "with grief as pure, with prayers as holy. Happy the man who has such an intercessor!"

After this they sat in pensive silence, unconscious of the progress of time, but with the feeling that the day was prolonged to infinite duration. It was like the day of a funeral; and yet a lurking sense of trenulous expectancy fluttered the hearts of these silent mourners. A step on the stair, the sudden sound of voices at the inn-door, threw Helen into a fever. Sometimes she half rose from her chair, pale, breathless, listening. The cry almost broke from her lips, "He is here?" But the footstep passed by—the voice that for the moment wounded familiar grew strange—and she knew that her hopes had deladed her. It is so difficult for youth not to hope. The waves could not have devoured so much genius, so much goodness. Even pitiless ocean must needs be too merciful to destroy Eustace Thorburn. Some such thought as this lurked in Helen's mind.

While Theodore de Bergerac and his daughter sat alone, absorbed in this one bitter anxiety, Daniel Mayfield wandered helplessly to and fro between the William Wallace and the harbour, or the road to Halko's Head—now going one way, now another, but continually returning to the inn-door, to ask, with a countenance that was piteous in its assumed tranquillity, if anything had been heard of the missing man.

The answer was always the same—nothing had been heard. The landlord, and some of the hangers-on of the inn, tried to comfort Daniel with feeble suggestions as to what the young man might have

### DEAD-SEA FRUIT

done with himself. Others made no attempt to hide their glocary convictions.

"It isn't the first time a stranger has lost his life on those sand," they said, in their northern patois. "Folks that have gone to see \$\frac{3}{2}\tau\$ Kentigern's Cave, and would go without a guide, have paid dearly for their folly."

Daniel Mayfield scarcely heard this remark about the cave. The fears, or indeed the certainties, of these people could scarcely be darked than his own. He told himself that he should never look upon his nephew's living face again.

"Dead I may see him—the dear, bright face beaten and bruissl against those hellish cliffs; but living, never more; O, never more! my more than son—my pride—my hope—my love!"

And then he remembered how he had hoped to hold his nepher's children in his arms. He had almost felt the soft, clinging hands upon his neck.

"I was created to end my days as old uncle Dan," he had said to himself.

Now the day-dream was gone. This brighter life, in which he had found it so easy to renew his own youth, was broken off untimely—this dear companionship, which had made him a boy, was taken from him. Down to dusty death he must tramp alone, between a lane of printer's-devils clamorous for copy, and insatiable editors for ever demanding that each denunciatory leader, or scathing review, or Juvenalistic onslaught on the social vices of his day, should be racier and more trenchant than the last.

His nephew taken from him, there remained to Daniel nothing but tavern friends, and the dull round of daily labour, and old age, cheerless, lonely, creeping towards him apace, athwart the dust and turmoil of his life.

While Daniel walked, purposeless, on the dreary road, or stood, listless and hopeless, on the quiet jetty, Harold Jerningham sat alone in his own apartment, and pondered on the events that had befalled him.

A son found and lost—found only in the very hour of his loss. What chastisement of offended God—or blind, unconscious destiny, gigantic Nemesis, with mighty, brazen arms, revolving, machine-like, on its pivot, striking at random into space, and striking sometimes strangely to the purpose—what chastisement could have seemed more fitting than this?

"I would have bartered half my fortune, or twenty years of my life, for a son," he said to himself. "How often I have envied the field-labourer his troop of rosy brats—the gipsy tramp her brown-faced baby! Fate put a barren sceptre in my hand. If my wife had given me a son, I think I should have loved her. And I had a son all the time—a son whom I might have legitimated, since his mother lived as

my acknowledged wife on this Scottish ground. Yes, I would have set the lawyers to work, and we would have made him heir of Greenlands and Ripley and Pendarvoch. I would have given him the girl who loves him—whom I have loved. It would be no shame to resign her to my son—my younger, better self. And we met,—that unknown son and I,—and we held scornfully aloof from each other, with instinctive listike. Dislike! It was dislike which needed but a word to melt into love. In a stranger, this reflection of my youth was an impertimence—a plagiarism. In my son it must be the strongest claim upon my love. My son! It needs not the agreement of dates to confirm his kindred. His paternity is written upon his face."

And then to Mr. Jerningham also there came the thought that had some to Daniel Mayfield. That face in life he was never more to see. Should he even look upon it in death—changed, disfigured by the fierce destruction of the waves? Even to see it thus was almost too much to hope. To reclaim the dead, so lost, would be well-nigh as impossible it had been to save the living.

# THE TROOPER'S STORY

Do I plead guilty to it? yea, I do;
For I have never lied, and shall not now;
But give me a dog's leave to say a word
Touching what happened, and the why and how.

The night-guard went their rounds that night at one;
My post was in the lower dungeon range,
Down level with the moat, all slime and coze
And damp: but there, 'tis fit we change and change;

We sentinels. Besides, 'twas in a sort

The place of honour, or of trust, we'll say;

For in the cell there with the mortised door

The young boy-lord, guilty of treason, lay.

Well, with my partisan I'd tramped an hour
Down in the dark there—just a lantern hung
By the wet wall—when close at hand I heard
My own name spoken by a woman's tongue.

My hair was like to lift my morion up,

For the keep's haunted; but I turned, to see
A woman like a ghost—white face, all white,

Ready to drop, and not a yard from me.

How she had come there God in heaven knows.

However, long before my tongue I'd found,

She tore out of her hair the pearls as big

As pigeon's eggs, and then dropt to the ground.

"One word!" she said, "only one word with him; He dies to-morrow! See, my pearls I give, My bracelets too"—she slipt them from her arms— "One word, and I will bless you while I live!

Your face is stern. O, but one word, one word!"
With my big hand I set her on her feet;
But she clung to me, would not be thrust off,
Still pleading in a bird's voice, soft and sweet.



Thomas Gray, del.

W. A. CTHINKON, SC.

and a second second

"Only one word with him!" that was her plea;
One word; he would be dead at break of day!
She wept till all her pretty face was wet,
And my heart melted: yea, she had her way.

They spoke together. Did I hear? Not I;

Best ask me if I took her bribes. Well, there,
You know the rest—know how you Judas-spy,
You starveling cur, crawled down the winding stair;

And how he caught the bird fast in the cage,
And made report of me with eager breath
For breach of duty. Right; it was a breach,
And that means, in our soldier-fashion, death!

Well, I can face it: I'm no craven hound
Like yonder Judas-spy. Nay, had I leave
To slit his weasand for him, as I'd slice
An onion, I'd meet death and never grieve.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

### MARRIAGE VERSUS CELIBACY

THE editor of a newspaper is a man of many worries, but probably his greatest troubles are those which arise from his correspondence. Everybody who wants to know anything, or to get anything, or to complain of anything, writes to the editor of his favourite journal. is that some hours of every day are taken up with the irritating and profitless task of reading letters in every variety of illegible handwriting and on every conceivable subject, in the vain hope of finding something which may be available either as a peg for independent remark, or for the purposes of that correspondents' column to which the general reader so readily turns. It seldom happens, however, that any thing very novel is found in the productions of these amateur penmen. Their work is, like most of the gratuitous work with which the world is afflicted, deficient in finish and in thoroughness. Amateurs, indeed, generally content themselves with the reproduction or repetition d somebody else's ideas, whether their line be literature, music, or the fine arts. The correspondence which has been carried on for some time past in the Daily Telegraph is a curious exemplification of this The subject is the old one of marriage and celibacy, treated this time from the point of view which naturally commends itself to that section of the lower middle class, amongst whose members the magnificent periods of the "following journal" are most in favour. But apart from the standpoint of the writers, there is in these letters absolutely nothing that has not already been said as well or better a hundred times before. The "Seven Belgravian Mothers"-or rather, the accomplished litterateur who wrote under that pseudonym—and their followers in the Times went over almost precisely the same ground, and said all that was to be said, in the controversy of some six or seven years ago; and a few isolated facts and cases stated now cannot materially alter the conclusions at which everyone who took an interest in the subject arrived on the former occasion. Nevertheless, it may be as well to restate the whole question, so as to attempt its discussion a little more fully and compendiously than can be done in a newspaper correspondence.

It may be postulated at the outset that the matter does not lie in quite so small a compass as the majority of those who write concerning it seem to imagine. About half these correspondents believe that it can be dismissed with a few phrases about "strong right arms" and "womanly trust;" and of the rest, not a few write as though the conclusion of the whole matter were to be found in a few pruriently-pious

s about the Helaira and the flaunting vice of the Haymarket. and other matters must, however, enter into the consideration age, especially of marriage upon limited means. Thus the life has plenty of attractions and plenty of defenders, none can be passed over with a phrase or dismissed with a pompous entiment. Setting aside all considerations of the Haymarket hich after all affect only a very small number of persons, there things really pleasanter than the life of a young unmarried man wn. Let him only have decent manners, a good temper, and atroductions, and few houses will be closed against him. The k is, on the other hand, driven back a good deal upon his own ife's society,-perhaps even upon that of his wife's relations, not always so pleasant. The bachelor again is perfectly free: o to a friend's house, or to the play with an oyster to follow, club, and he has no haunting dread of black looks and angry eproaching him with his selfish excesses. A latch-key is his ame; he finds the gas turned low, or the candle and matches accustomed places, and he turns into bed with the pleasing sness of having injured nobody by his pleasures. Poor Brown, red his evening, will have a different story to tell. His latchuseless, but the noise he made in trying it brought out Mrs. from the dining-room, clad in spectral white, shawled, nightand ghastly. The gay bachelors caught a glimpse of her as ook hands with Brown. They marked his rueful face and mn aspect of Mrs. B.; and I fancy few of them envied the the little conversation with which his wife would entertain the next half-hour or so. "But all wives are not addicted to lectures." True, madam, they are not: you yourself are as little specimen of womanhood as one would wish to see-lovl loving; but though you are the best of wives to Mr. Smith, e him as tightly in hand as Mrs. Brown herself. The fetters n, but they are fetters for all that. Smith used to be a jovial rough, but he has the haunting consciousness of a pleading and ittle face waiting for his return; and so, as he is not altogether a the main, he goes home very early, to the infinite disgust of elor friends. Of course, it is a great deal better that he should out the unregenerate man is apt to prefer what is pleasant to right, and his friends are not always ready to see that the e of their society results from unselfish or honourable motives. is the bachelor who lives in the country an altogether desolate He too has his friends and his amusements. Both may be a ugher than those of the townsman, but they are none the less hearty. A wife is not absolutely necessary to improve the ither. Tom or Dick can hunt or shoot or fish, or drive over to in-the-Wold for the rifle-meeting, quite as well before marriage Nay, perhaps he may be better-off on each occasion, simply

because he knows that there is no tender-hearted wife at home making herself miserable on his account, fearing the consequences of meddling with "those dreadful guns," or lamenting over the possibility of chills and colds and rheumatism. And, with all this freedom, the bachelor is by no means interdicted from communion with the fairer half of creation. He may visit amongst married as well as unmarried women as much as he pleases, and he has always the satisfaction of finding them at their very best. His intercourse may be only flirtation more or less grave, but it is pleasant enough. If he is poor, he knows that his "attentions" to this girl and that may come to nothing; but except from occasional parental interference they are without restraint. For the rich man, on the other hand, nothing is too good. He may flirt how he pleases, and no one shall say him nay; and supposing that at last he is fairly taken in love's toils, it is a hundred to one that he then begins the pleasantest period of his life. Caleb Colton, in that much-quoted but little-read book of his, Lacon, tells us that "marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner;" and his view of the matter is confirmed by a score of writers, from Addison down to Sam Slick. The period of the engagement is indeed the pleasantest possible. Marriage may beget satisty; but the engaged man is never tired of his fiancee. They have nearly all the pleasures and none of the pains of married life. Why they marry is a standing puzzle to the philosophical observer. large majority of instances married men might say, parodying slightly the old epitaph, "I was happy; I would be more so: I got married, and — here I am !" And if this be true as regards the bachelor, much more so is it with respect to the spinster. Unmarried, a girl has all the freedom she could desire—can flirt with whom she pleases, go "with mamma" to what houses she likes, and take her life as easily as her fiance takes his. Why should she change her state? If reason were alone consulted, she would assuredly never do anything of the There are, however, instincts in the case of men and women alike which force them to act after a fashion quite opposed to pure reason or to the maxims of worldly wisdom.

Where, then, are we to look for the causes of the prevailing indisposition to marriage? Unmarried life is pleasant, but its pleasantness is certainly not of itself sufficient to account for the persistent celibacy of so many men. Very frequently, however, the cause is to be found in the circumstances of many of the married people whom every man numbers amongst his acquaintance. Over and over again one sees a good and useful man utterly lost and ruined by his marriage. Perhaps he has chosen a mate in the ranks below his own. Your sentimental apologist will say, of course, that such a deed is highly creditable, and will treat us to the pretty phrases appropriate to the occasion. But is it pleasant for any man to hang a millstone round his neck for the term of his natural life? Little Robinson goes away for his vacation-

#### MARRIAGE VERSUS CELIBACY

tour, and stays at Pennmcwdlym with his tutor. The landlady's daughter at the village inn is singularly pretty and graceful in her movements; her English is so charmingly tinged with provincialism, and her arms are so prettily rounded, that young Robinson falls straightway in love. If his father be wise, he will peremptorily forbid mything like matrimony; but if he be weak, sentimental, and a reader of sensational leading-articles, he possibly consents. The boy marries, and a year or two after he finds that he has mated himself with a pretty fool with whom he has not one idea in common. What a life is before them! The Robinsons cannot know her, his own friends shirk his acquaintance, and the pair are thrown upon each other for companionship. Who can wonder that each tires of the other, or that in process of time disgust and dislike take the place of that violent affection which led young Robinson to marry a woman his inferior in birth, position, and education? Or who, beholding the miserable failure of this specimen of married life, can be surprised that Robinson's companions should take warning by his example and refrain from matrimony altogether? Take another instance from the same family. member of it has avoided one mistake and run into its opposite. being the son of a country parson with a couple of hundred a year besides his pay, has managed to persuade a wealthy heiress to marry him. She is not too young, and certainly not too beautiful, but she was above young Robinson in position and wealth, and came of a family which she fondly imagines to have "come over with Richard Conqueror." So, poor fellow, he is made something a little better than a footman and a little worse than a groom of the chambers. He is, in a word, "Mrs. Robinson's husband;" he has lost his peace of mind and his liberty and his independence, and in return he has the felicity of changing places with his wife in all social relations. again, can wonder that his marriage serves as a "frightful example" to everybody concerned?

Supposing, however, that other things are equal, there are a multitude of causes which conduce to unhappiness in married life, and of which it is impossible that the lookers-on can be ignorant. Here is a couple, for example, who have everything they can desire, but who are utterly miserable because of their incompatibility of temper. Both are violent, or peevish, or given to "nagging," and the consequence is that they are not merely unhappy themselves, but a source of constant unhappiness to others. They serve, too, the worse purpose of frightening off from matrimony a number of people who might probably be perfectly happy together, but who distrust themselves and their own powers of forbearance and patient endurance. Family relations are again a source of infinite discomfort in many cases. It is too often forgotten by the relatives on both sides that bride and bridegroom do not care to "marry the whole family." Probably there are few things more likely to annoy and harass a hard-working professional man than

the certainty that go home when he may, he will find his house in the possession of a tribe of sisters-in-law. The mother-in-law is often abused a good deal, and in some cases very deservedly. Abundant exceptions may, however, be found to the rule of selfishness and meaness, and when the first few years of married life are past, it is always the wife's mother who is dearest to the children. Still, it must be admitted that mothers-in-law have almost unlimited powers of making themselves disagreeable, and that in very many cases they do not scrupe to use them. It should be remembered that the husband's mother may do just as much mischief as the wife's, perhaps even more, and that his relations have just as great a power for evil in all matters relating to mutual accommodation as hers. Lastly, amongst the minor came of matrimonial misadventure comes the question of friendly relations. It seems to be generally admitted that when a man is married he loss all right to the countenance of his former intimate associations. For some inexplicable reason people rather shirk the friendship of a newlymarried man. He loses his own friends and is cast almost entirely upon those of his wife—a change which is very seldom altogether alvantageous, and often most unsatisfactory. These things and their like, those who would otherwise adventure on the troubled sea of matrimonial life cannot but notice, and if they fail to profit by them the fault is assuredly not in the over-reticent natures of married people.

After all, however, the great obstacle to marriage is the pecuniary This has been variously stated, but the result is in most cases nearly or quite the same. Everybody knows the old proverb, "What is enough for one is enough for two;" but few realise how literally and absolutely true it is. A young man who has an income sufficient to maintain him in comfort as a bachelor will not find his means greatly restricted by taking to himself a wife. Of course wilful waste and extravagance must be put out of the question, but supposing always that the wife is a good manager, and properly capable of ordering her own household, the balance will pretty certainly be in favour of matrimony. It is, of course, impossible to specify any particular sum as "sufficient income to marry upon," but the rule of the proverb is pretty nearly a universal one. Thus, for example, a young professional man—no matter whether he be doctor or lawyer or clergyman or littérateur—can by no means live in comfort as a bachelor upon kes than 300l. a-year. Yet on the same sum he may, if he pleases, many in perfect safety, and he will find that he can have quite as many enjoyments, and an infinite deal more happiness, without the expenditure of a farthing more than would have gone in his bachelor days. In the last-named period he would probably have lived in lodgings. It is not given to everyone to live in chambers in London, which is decidedly the pleasantest and most economical mode of life known to the nineteenth century. Duty may call our supposititious hero to a provincial town where chambers are out of the question, and where the choice es simply between lodgings and hotels. Once installed in the latter will find, if he intend to live decently, that his housekeeping exmses-rent, food, and drink-swallow up from 3l. to 4l. a-week; say om 150% to 200% a-year. Let him marry, however, and he will find at his wife will on the same sum contrive to provide him, herself, and maidservant with all necessary comforts and with some few more as ell, with which in his bachelor days he had but the vaguest acquaintace. He will not be able to indulge in costly or unusual luxuries. abs will be almost unknown comforts to him, and even the omnibus mst be indulged in sparingly. Wine he must eschew, but a cask of ass or Allsopp will be quite within his means; and he will find the avour of his "plain joint," washed down with honest bitter beer, none he worse for the fact of its being shared with an amiable and sensible oman. Nor need he fear that the wife he takes to himself will hesiate at the little sacrifices that may be necessary for the maintenance f his modest household. English girls are not quite so silly as the ditor of the Superfine Review and his staff would like to make them nt. Their mothers are certainly not always so wise or so generous as hey might be, and they are as a rule too anxious for their daughters marry "well," for them to consent readily to their receiving the ddresses of poor men, i.e. of men with 300% a-year or less. Let the irl, however, but once overcome the prejudices of her friends and ttle herself down in a quiet home with her husband, and she soon evelops into a very reasonable and sensible housekeeper. It does ot cost her much to resign the luxuries of her father's table, nor, if he really love her husband, is she likely to give the sacrifice a second hought. The one great obstacle to full and immediate success in ousehold matters will be the want of proper training. It seems to be he one great article of faith amongst schoolmistresses and the rest of he instructors of feminine youth, that no young lady is to marry a man with less than a thousand a-year—a sum which is fondly believed sufficient to save the young mistress of a household from all anxiety is to domestic management. As a consequence, every girl is of necessity compelled to begin immediately upon her marriage the study of economical sciences as applied to the management of a small household—a business in which success is naturally at first impossible, and which requires a good deal of patience before success is finally achieved. In the course of two or three months, however, all difficulty will be overcome, and the wife having learned economy will find the rest of her management mere "plain sailing."

One element should by no means be omitted. No one should marry without a certain sum of ready money in hand. The present writer would be inclined to fix this at not less than two years' income, one year to be contributed by each party. Plenty of comfort may, however, be purchased with half that sum; and since in many cases there may be a difficulty in procuring the whole, it might be wiser to draw the

For many reasons it would be well if the line at the lower amount. bridegroom could be induced to save his share; but seeing the innumerable expenses to which a young man is of necessity put, he will feel no shame in taking it from his parents. Too often, however, parents of the middle class, with an inexcusable cruelty, make no provision whatever for their sons in the event of their marrying, nor, for that matter, for their daughters either. It is hard to use gentle words in describing this sort of conduct. Very few people indeed are so poor that, with a little self-denial, they could not save something towards the settlement of each of their children. A single shilling a week lodged in the savings-bank in the name of each would produce a very pleasant little sum by the time the children come to marriageable age. But so much is probably attempted in about one instance in ten thousand, the remainder being left to scramble on in the best way they can, and either to delay their marriage for an inconvenient and most dangerous period, or else to enter upon their married life burdened with load of debt, which will to a certainty cause them almost perpetual misery. Parents, again, sin against their children in the marriage festivities in by far too many instances. It seems to be an understool thing-why, Heaven only knows-that money shall be thrown away in the most reckless fashion on all such occasions. Poor little Pen the barrister, who marries on an income of, at the outside, 300% a-year, finds that the family of his bride will not be satisfied unless as much fuss is made over the wedding as was made over that of the bride's cousin on her marriage with Hickenbotham the wealthy cotton-spinner. Accordingly, the future Mrs. Pen goes to the altar attended by a dozen bridesmaids, for each of whom the bridegroom has to provide a bouquet which costs him a guinea. Next, custom prescribes that a present of some sort-jewelry or the like-shall be given to each of these damsels, a fresh luxury which swallows up another five-and-twenty pounds. Altogether, the expenses of the wedding-day will, at the lowest calculation, be little less than 1001. on the bridegroom's side, while on that of the bride's family they will be at least twice as much more.

For all this sort of thing Mr. Burchell's favourite word, "Fudge!" is the only fitting description. It is, in fact, all of a piece with the hollowness, falsehood, and insincerity which are so unhappily characteristic of English middle-class life; and it is no wonder if the often-repeated sight of such things keeps a good many men out of marriage altogether. Those, however, who have had the courage to brave all these annoyances, and who have won their wives, will generally be able to say that they do not regret the step they have taken. Wedded life, like every other, has its discomforts and annoyances; the honey is sometimes mingled with bitterness, but the sweets are on the whole in excess of the bitters. Self-denial is necessary on both sides, it need scarcely be said; but for a good wife, no man would complain that he had to submit to some small inconveniences. And as regards women,

1 seem as though they rather liked submitting to little trials and ons and annoyances for the beloved one's sake. At all events, do not, they contrive very skilfully to play the hypocrite, and oure good-nature to pretend that they are precisely what they Apart from all this, there is no room for doubt that the life is a higher than the celibate. Churchmen, for some reat easily to be comprehended by those who are not students of y, exalt the single life, and assert that wedded happiness, as is incompatible with saintliness. St. Elizabeth of Hungary however, a very sufficient reply to this objection; and the lives nany hundreds of good women who adorn modern society conthat can be advanced by her admirers, to the fullest extent. luable though it undoubtedly is, and high though the aims and ons of those who enter upon it may be, it were well that it not be lightly undertaken. Mr. Kingsley, amongst some other ts, has a fancy that it is the duty of every man to marry as s he possibly can. Other writers of possibly greater authority ken a different view. Sir Walter Raleigh, for example, expresses ion that no man ought to marry before the age of thirty; "for younger times are unfit, either to choose or to govern a wife and so, if thou stay long thou shalt hardly see the education of thy The same view has been taken by a vast number of writers subject since Sir Walter's time, and it must be indorsed by ne who reflects on the condition of things in the present day. ot until about that age that nine men in ten have learned to their own minds;" or, what is in some cases of even greater ance, it is not until then that they have the means of properly ting the wife of their choice. A long engagement is not a matter ich dread. Two young people who love one another are not to go very far astray, provided only that their principles are and that their education has been decently cared for. will be well filled up if the expectant bride busies herself in acz a knowledge of household matters, in which, to say the truth, in this nineteenth century of ours are sometimes lamentably But, after all, a man does not want to marry a cook or a He wants a wife; in which word may be summed up all rfections of the feminine nature. In the often-quoted words of y Taylor, "A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man; his and minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; ket of jewels. Her voice is sweet music; her smiles his brightest er kiss the guardian of his innocence; her arms the pale of his the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his wealth, her economy his safest steward, her lips his faithful illors, her bosom the softest pillow of his cares, and her prayers lest advocate of Heaven's blessing on his head."

# HORACE IN PALL MALL

# No. I.

## ODE L BOOK L "Mecennas atavis edite regibus."

DEAR Stanley, leader of our set (Sprung from the crowned Plantagenet), You know, kind petron of my Muse, What different roads of life men choose. Some, throned erect in tandem light, Rejoice if Derby-days prove bright; While others, seeking livery-votes, Are happy but when straining throats, Craving from many a scurvy clan The post of common-councilman. Another chuckles as he stores Great piles of corn from Egypt's shores; Or when, between his turnip-rows, He strides, and patient, stooping, hoes On his own land. The Koh-i-noor, Twice Rothschild's wealth, or even more, Would fail to make him launch to sea, To put himself in jeopardy; Or in a Yankee clipper cleave Th' Atlantic's mighty roll and heave. Your frightened captain, ill at rest, The Baltic lashed by the sou'-west, Praises his own dull country town, And longs to tread his native down; Yet soon his flag again lets fly, Impatient of his poverty. Nor does a third man, coldly wise, The Spaniard's oldest wine despise; As by an oak he rests his limbs, Or by the brook dreams o'er his whims, Wasting the best half of the day In shaping song or penning lay.

# HORACE IN PALL MALL Some like the camp, where bugles sound

d strutting drummers pace the ground, · fierce war, by mothers hated.— - by the night belated, of his wife and home, alm beneath the sky's cold dome, on the red deer he climbs to seek opon the Highland mountain's peak.— O, give me but a well-made wig, I care not for the Fates a fig! For me Gray's-Inn broad shady walk, Far, far from noise and prating talk; There I will dream I see the dance Where rustics round the maypole prance. Euterpe, bring to me thy flute, Nor let Polymnia's voice be mute; Then, Stanley, in thy praise I'll rise, And snatch the pole-star from the skies.

WALTER THORNBURY.

## PINS

In the thorn Nature has provided man with the pattern and the first idea of the pin. When Adam and Eve, after their fall, but before their expulsion from Eden, made themselves aprons of fig-leaves, they doubtless used the thorn in the construction of their first garments. In the days of innocence there was no use for pins; and it was probably this fact which caused Byron to describe Juan when, metamorphosed into Juanna, he or she is unrobing in the seraglio, as

"Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins, Which surely were invented for our sins,—Making a woman like a porcupine, Not to be rashly touch'd."

The pins thus anathematised by the poet are, however, comparatively a modern invention. In all the records which we have of man't past history we find evidence that articles for fastening clothes always existed, but very unlike the present. In the museums which have been formed out of the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, or our own Uriconium, we find skewers of bone, of brass, of silver, or of gold, which were used for this purpose. In the representations of the life of the people found in the Egyptian hieroglyphics we discern the means which they employed for the like necessary purpose; but nowhere do we meet with a modern pin. In Strutt's illustrations we find ribbon, loop-holes, laces with points and tags, clasps, hooks and eyes, of every form, size, and variety of use, and often turned to very extraordinary and surprising account in completing the toilette of the ancient bells and the adornment of the ancient beau. The modern pin would have been of little use in sustaining that towering headdress; in fastening that wonderful cloak; in keeping up those curiously-slashed tunios; or in retaining the stiff uprightness of that extraordinary ruff. After pins came into use these eccentricities of costume and fashion were destined to give place to other fashions in which, perhaps, the modern pin has played tricks as fantastic as its many substitutes in the olden time.

History tells us that iron-wire pins were first introduced into this country in the year 1460. The finer examples of brass manufacture required a queen to procure them for us. They were brought from France by the beautiful Catherine Howard, one of his wives whom the "great" Henry VIII. beheaded. But though introduced by a queen, and doubtless at first an article exclusively applied to aristocratic uses, they soon became a measure of value for things not valued at all. "Not worth a pin" is a proverb which we find in use soon after their introduction. Thomas Tusser, who wrote about 1550, writing of a not very reputable character, says:

"His fetch is to flatter, to get what he can, His purpose once gotten, a pin for thee than," PINS 801

takespeare makes Hamlet show his utter indifference to life by

"I do not set my life at a pin's fee."

present time millions of these useful articles are wasted in a year. find pins first mentioned as an article of commerce in a statute. From a law passed in the reign of Henry VIII. we meet me specific description of the kind of pins made—at least, of what ght to have been. For instance, it is declared to be the will of islature that "no person should put to sale any pins but only shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the of the pins, well smoothed, the shanks well shapen, the points 1 round filed, canted and sharpened." A pin possessing these s would not be a bad pin even now.

ningham is the centre of this industry, which, together with awing, was introduced there about the year 1750. The Rylands nongst the earliest manufacturers who carried on this trade; y gave up the business in or about the year 1785. In Aris's tham Gazette, December 21, 1801, we read that "a pin-manuon an extensive scale, is being established in this town under 1 of Lovell and Co." There are now about twelve pin-manus in the town, the principal firm being Messrs. D. F. Tayler (the patentees of the solid-headed pin). As nearly as can rtained the making of this simple article affords employment it five hundred persons—men, women, and children. At first re made entirely by hand, and the political philosophers emthem at once as a text and an illustration. These improvers occasion used to "quote the pin-manufacture as one of the markable instances of the division of labour, a single pin refor its production the successive manual labour of no less purteen persons." There was the cutting, the pointing, the ; the lackering, the whitening, the polishing, the sorting, the ng," and several other processes, each with its peculiar and al name, now out of use and obsolete, and not to be understood pinmakers themselves. For nous avons changé tout cela. In 1 ingenious American inventor, of the name of Lemuel Wright, it a patent in England for a machine, afterwards purchased srs. D. F. Tayler and Co., which "during the revolution of a wheel produced a perfect pin." This machine also produced ation in the pin-manufacture; and when steam was added the ion was complete. When we remember that by hand 1500 uld be made in an hour, the rapidity with which they are now d is something startling. This rapidity of production has, of lessened the price enormously; so much so, that the proverb, orth a pin," has increased in the same lowering proportion when as a measure of value either to person or thing. Soon after coduction of Mr. Wright's machine, the change in the price was 302 PINS

looked upon as something extraordinary. At that time Birminghan had no market-hall, and the sellers of goods had stalls in the Ball Ring—the name indicating the other purpose to which in the "good old times" it was put—upon which they exposed their wares for all. One "Birmingham man" of the period, who afterwards attained wealth and rose to (local) fame, used to astonish prudent and economic housewives, and delight the gamins, by his peculiarity in announcing the waderful fall in the price of pins. "Tell it not in Gath," said or rather shouted this original,—" tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the stream of Ascalon, pins seven rows a penny!" He must have been a lineal descendant of the genius who first delighted our Mohammedan brethres with the street-cry, "In the name of the Prophet—figs!"

It would be beyond the purpose of this paper, and would affort little edification, to give a verbal description of the way in which The patent machine, since it has been in the pospins are now made. session of Messrs. D. F. Tayler and Co., has undergone so many inprovements and alterations that its own parent would no longer know the offspring of his inventive genius. Nothing is more tedious, rule, than the attempt to describe any working process in words. See fice it that by this machine the wire goes in at one end, and come out at the other a perfect pin. This machine cuts it at its proper length, "heads" it, points it, rough point and smooth point; after which process the pin drops into a receptacle below, and has only to be "whitened" and "stuck," to be ready to be sent to the dealer and the wearer in all parts of the world. Thus we have the pin, which a manufacturer has defined to be "a piece of polished brass-wire d variable length and thickness, having a point at one extremity and head at the other, and entirely covered with a coating of metallic tin." Some notion of these variable sizes may be formed from the fact that the well-known blanket-pins are from three to four inches in length, while the ribbon-pins are made so small that 300,000 of them only weigh a pound.

Of the extent of this trade, and of the enormous number of pine made, a word or two may be said. In one manufactory in Birmingham (that of Messrs. D. F. Tayler and Co.) three and a half tons of brass wire are used every week for pins alone; and of the fineness and thinness of the wire from which they may be made, it may be stated that two miles and three-quarters of brass wire "have been produced from a three-quarter-inch brass strip." More than ten tons of pins are made in a week; and this country alone consumes in their manufacture from eleven to twelve tons of brass wire. The quality and make of a pin are no longer defined by statute. Competition, free-trade, and open markets have done for us what could never be effected by law; and the English pins are now classed among the best-made pins of commerce.

## CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

BY THE AUTHOR OF " LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Sirth.

DIANA IN NORMANDY.

CHAPTER I. AT COTENOIR.

Beaubocage, near Vevinord, March 15, 186-.

RLING LOTTA,—As you extorted from me a solemn pledge that d write you a full and detailed account of my adventures, I seat in Mademoiselle Lenoble's pretty little turret-chamber, in the of completing the first instalment of my work before papa or e summons me to prepare for a drive and visit to the Convent Sacred Heart, which, I believe, has been planned for to-day. at am I to tell you, dear, and how shall I begin my story? Let cy myself sitting at your feet before your bedroom fire, and you g down at me with that pretty inquisitive look in your dear gray Do you know that M. Lenoble's eyes are almost the colour of Lotta? You asked me a dozen questions about his eyes the ay, and I could give you no clear description of them; but yesas he stood at the window looking out across the garden, I saw al colour. It is gray, a deep clear gray, and his lashes are dark, urs. How shall I begin? That is the grand difficulty! I sup-u will want to know something even about the journey. Everyras very pleasant, in spite of the cold blusterous March weather. know what my last journey was like, Lotta? It was the long journey from Forêtdechêne to St. Katharine's Wharf, when Mr. hurst advised and arranged my return to England. I had been quite alone in a balcony overlooking the little town. It was idnight, but the lights were still burning; I can see the lamplit 's shining through the night mist as I write this, and the sense sopeless misery of that time comes back to me like the breath of eezing wind. I can find no words to tell you how desolate I was ght, or how hopeless.

ared not think of my future life; or of the next day, that was no beginning of that hopeless future. I was obliged to bind my to the present and all its dreariness; and a kind of dull apaceling, which was too dull for despair, took possession of me that

third-class, with dreadful Belgians who smelt of garlie, to A I slept at a very humble inn near the quay, and started for E by the Baron Osy at noon next day. I cannot tell you how l felt on board the steamer. I had travelled uncomfortably befo never without my father and Valentine—and he had been alway to me. If we were shabbily dressed, and people thought ill ( did not care. The spirit of Bohemianism must have been very with me in those days. I remembered how we had sat together same boat watching the sleepy shores of Holland, or making our respectable fellow-passengers. Now I was quite alone. stared at me rudely and unkindly, as I thought. I could not to dine or breakfast with the rest; and I was weak enough wounded by the idea that people would guess my motive for sh the savoury banquets that sent up such horrid odours to the where I sat, trying to read a tattered Tauchnitz novel. And t of my journey? Ah, Charlotte, you can never imagine what travel like that, without knowing whether there is any have shelter for you at the end of your wanderings! I knew that a tain hour we were to arrive at St. Katharine's Dock, but beyou I knew nothing. I counted my money. There was just enough for a cab that would carry me to Hyde Lodge. I should lan penuiless. And what if my cousin Priscilla should refuse to me? For a moment I fancied even that possible. And I pictur self walking about London, hungry and homeless.

Papa stays with Gustave at Côtenoir; but it had been arranged for to visit Mademoiselle Lenoble, Gustave's aunt, at Beaubocage, and emain with her during my stay in Normandy. I at once understood delicate feeling which prompted this arrangement. We dined at nen, and came to Vevinord in a coach. At Vevinord a queer little intrified vehicle met us, with a very old man, of the farm-servant is, as coachman. Gustave took the reins from the old man's hand I drove to Beaubocage, where Mademoiselle Lenoble received me h much cordiality. She is a dear old lady, with silvery bands of r neatly arranged under the prettiest of caps. Her gown is black; and her collar and cuffs of snowy whiteness; everything about exquisitely neat, and of the fashion of twenty, or perhaps thirty, rs ago.

And now, I suppose, you will want to know what Beaubocage is Well, dear, much as I admire Mademoiselle Lenoble, I must fess that her ancestral mansion is neither grand nor pretty. the have made a very tolerable farmhouse, but has been spoiled the architect's determination to make it a château. It is a square ite building, with two pepper-castor-like turrets, in one of which rrite this letter. Between the garden and the high-road there is all, surmounted with plaster vases. The garden is for the greater t utilitarian; but in front of the salon windows there is a grasst, bordered by stiff gravel-walks, and relieved by a couple of flower-A row of tall poplars alone screens the house from the dusty h-road. At the back of it there is an orchard; on one side a farmd; behind the orchard lie the fields that compose the farm of Beauage and the paternal estate of the Lenoble family. All around country is very flat. The people seem to be kind and simple, I devotedly attached to "Mademoiselle." There is a rustic peaceness pervading everything, which, for me, stands instead of beauty.

I am hypocrite enough to pretend to be pleased with everything, I can perceive how anxiously M. Lenoble watches me in order discover whether I like his native country. He was not born at anbocage, but in Paris. Mademoiselle Lenoble told me the story his childhood, and how she brought him to Beaubocage, when quite ittle fellow, from Rouen, where his father died. About his mother are seems to have been some mystery. Mademoiselle told me noing of this, except that her brother, Gustave the elder, made a re-match, and thereby offended his father. She has the little crib which her nephew, Gustave the younger, slept on the night of coming. It had been his father's little bed thirty years before. He shed tears as she told me the story, and how she sat and watched the little fellow as he cried himself to sleep with his head lying her arm, and the summer moonlight shining full upon his face.

I was deeply touched by her manner as she told me these things; ad I think, if I had not already learned to love M. Lenoble, I should YOL YL

love him for the sake of his aunt. She is charming; a creature so innocent and pure, that one considers one's words in speaking to he, almost as if she were a child. She is about forty years older than I; yet for worlds I would not tell her of the people and the scens I have beheld at foreign watering-places and gambling-rooms. She has spent the sixty years of her life so completely out of the world, that she has retained the freshness and sweetness of her youth ustainted in the least degree. Can there be magical philtre equal to this—a pure unselfish life, far away from the clamour of cities?

The old servant who waits upon me is seventy-five years of and remembers Ma'amselle Cydalise from her childhood. She is always singing the praises of her mistress, and she sees that I like to hear them. "Ah, ma'amselle," she said to me, "to marry a Lenoble is to marry one of the angels. I will not say that the old seigneur we not hard towards his son. Ah, yes, but it was a noble heart. And the young monsieur—that one who died in Rouen, the Poor!—A that he was kind, that he was gracious! What of tears, what a regrets, when the Old chased him!"

My position is quite recognised. I think the very cowboy in the farmyard—a broad-shouldered lad, with a good-natured mindless has and prodigious wooden shoes like clumsy canoes—even the cowbox knows that I am to be Madame Lenoble of Côtenoir. Côtenoir the Windsor Castle of this district; Beaubocage is only Frogman Yes, dear, the bond is signed and sealed. Even if I did not be M. Lenoble, I have bound myself to marry him; but I do love him and thank him with all my heart for having given a definite end aim to my life. Don't think I underrate your kindness, darling; know that I should never want a home while you could give me out But 'tis hard to be a hanger-on in any household; and Valentine with exact all his sweet young wife's love and care.

I have written you a letter which I am sure will require double postage; so I will say no more except good-bye. Take care of your self, dear one. Practise your part in our favourite duets; remember your morning walk in the garden; and don't wear out your eyes out the big books that Mr. Hawkehurst is obliged to read.

Ever your affectionate

DIAKA

#### From Charlotte Halliday to Diana Paget.

The dullest house in Christendom. Monday.

EVER DEAREST DI,—Your letter was a welcome relief to the westness of my existence. How I wish I were with you! But that is too bright a dream. I am sure I should idolise Beaubocage. I should not mind the dismal row of poplars, or the flat landscape, or the dust road, or anything, so long as it was not like Bayswater. I languish for a change, dear. I have seen so little of the world, except the dear moorland farmhouse at Newhall. I don't think I was ever created to be "cabined, cribbed, confined," in such a narrow life as this, amid such a dull, unchanging round of daily commonplace. Sometimes, then the cold spring moon is shining over the tree-tops in Kensing-tan-gardens, I think of Switzerland, and the snow-clad mountains and the Alpine valleys we have read of and talked of, until my heart takes at the thought that I may never see them; and to think that there are people in whom the word 'Savoy' awakes no fairer image in a cabbage! Ah, my poor dear! isn't it almost wicked of me complain, when you have had such bitter experience of the hard the world?

I am quite in love with your dear Mademoiselle Lenoble; almost deeply as I am in love with your magnanimous, chivalrous, generous, dacious—everything ending in ous—Monsieur Lenoble.

How dare you call him M. Lenoble, by the bye? I have counted be occasions on which you write of him in your nice long letter, and r one Gustave there are half-a-dozen M. Lenobles. It must be Gustave in future to me, remember.

What shall I tell you, dear? I have nothing to tell, really nothing.

• say that I wish you were with me is only to confess that I am

• selfish; but I do wish for you, dear—my friend and adopted

• ter, my old school companion, from whom, willingly, I have never

• secaled one thought.

Valentine called on Tuesday afternoon; but I have nothing to tell we even about him. Mamma dozed in her corner after her cup of , and Val and I sat by the fire talking over our future, just like you M. Lenoble on board the Calais boat. How much engaged people nd to say about the future! Is it our love that makes it seem so right, so different from all that has gone before? I cannot fancy life rith Valentine otherwise than happy. I strive to picture trials, and mey myself in prison with him, the wind blowing in at broken winlows, the rain coming through the dilapidated roof and pattering on he carpetless floor; but the most dismal picture I can paint won't seem hismal if his figure is a part of it. We would stop the broken windows with rags and paper, we would wipe up the rain with our pocket-handkerchiefs, and sit side by side and talk of the future, as we do now. Hope could never abandon us while we were together. And then, sometimes, while I am looking at Valentine, the thought that he might die comes to me suddenly, like the touch of an icy hand upon my heart.

I lie awake at night sometimes thinking of this, and of papa's early death. He came home one night with a cold, and from that hour grew worse until he died. Ah, think what misery for a wife to suffer! Happily for mamma, she is not capable of suffering intensely. She way sorry, and even now when she speaks of papa she cries a

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little; but the tears don't hurt her. I think, indeed, they give her a kind of pleasure.

See, dear, what a long egotistical letter I have written, after all. I will say no more, except that while I am delighted to think of your pleasure among new friends and new scenes, my selfish heart still longs for the hour that is to bring you back to me.

Pray tell me all you can about your daughters that are to be.

Ever and ever your loving

CHARLOTTE.

## From Diana Paget to Charlotte Halliday.

Beaubocage, near Vevinord, March 30, 186-.

MY DEAR LOTTA,—In three days more I hope to be with you; but I suppose, in the mean time, I must keep my promise, and send yet a faithful account of my life here. Everyone here is more kind to than words can tell; and I have nothing left to wish for, except that you were here, to be delighted, as I am sure you would be, with the freshness and the strangeness of everything. If I ever do become in dame Lenoble—and even yet I cannot picture to myself that such t thing will be—you must come to Côtenoir, you and Valentine. taken through every room in the old château the day before yesterden and I fixed in my own mind upon the rooms I will give you, if these things come to pass. They are very old rooms, and I can fancy what strange people must have lived in them, and died in them perhaps, is the days that are gone. But if you come to them, they shall be made bright and pretty, and we will chase the shadows of the mediæval age away. There are old pictures, old musical instruments, quaint spindle legged chairs and tables, tapestries that crumble as you touch themthe ashes and relics of many generations. Gustave says we will sweet these poor vestiges away, and begin a new life, when I come to Côte noir; but I cannot find it in my heart to obliterate every trace of thos dead feet that have come and gone in all the dusky passages of my future home.

And now I must tell you about my daughters that are to be—my daughter that is, I may say of the elder,—for I love her so well already, that no breach between Gustave and me could rob her of my affection. She is the dearest, most loving of creatures; and she reminds me of you! I daresay you will laugh at this, dear; and, mind, I do not say that Clarice Lenoble is actually like you in complexion or feature,—those common attributes which every eye can see; the resemblance is far more subtle. There is a look in this dear girl's face, a smile, an I-know-not-what, which every now and then recalls your own bright countenance. You will say this is mere fancy,—and that is what I told myself at the first; but I found afterwards that it is no fancy, but really one of those vague, indefinable, accidental likenesses

which one perceives so often. To me it seems a very happy accident; for my first glance at my daughter's face told me that I should love her for your sake.

We went to the convent the day before yesterday. It is a curious old place, and was once a stately château, the habitation of a noble Samily. A little portress, in the black robes of a lay sister, admitted and conducted us to the parlour, a fine old room, decorated with pictures of a religious character painted by members of the sisterhood. Here Gustave and I were received by the superioress, an elderly woman with a mild, holy face, and a quiet grace of manner which might become a duchess. She sent for the demoiselles Lenoble, and after a delay of a quarter of an hour—you remember the toilet the girls at Hyde Lodge were obliged to make before they went to the drawing-Lotta—Mademoiselle Lenoble came, a tall, slim, lovely and lovwho reminded me of the dearest friend I have in this world. ran to her papa first, and saluted him with an enthusiastic hug; nd then she stood for a moment looking shyly at me, confused and construit. It was only for a moment she was left in doubt. ent down to whisper something in her ear—something for which his letters had in some manner prepared her. The fair young face brightmed, the clear gray eyes looked up at me, with a sweet, affectionate and she came to me and kissed me. "I shall love you very mch." she whispered. "And I love you very much already," I answred, in the same confidential manner. And I think these few words, at one pretty, confiding look in her innocent eyes, made a tie between s that it would take much to loosen. Ah, Lotta, what a wide gulf stween the Diana Paget who landed alone at St. Katharine's Wharf, the dim, cheerless dawn, and uncertain where to find a shelter in all that busy city, and the same creature redeemed by your affection, and - emitted by the love and trust of Gustave Lenoble!

After this, my second daughter appeared—a pretty young hoyden, with lovable clinging ways; and then the superioress asked if I would The to see the garden. Of course I said yes; and we were taken through the long corridors, out into a fine old garden, where the pupils, who looked like the Hyde-Lodge girls translated into French, were prancing and scampering about in the usual style. After the garden, we went to the chapel, where there were more pictures, and flowerbedecked altars, and pale twinkling tapers, burning here and there in the chill sunlight. Here there were damsels engaged in pious meditation, from five years old upwards. They send even the little ones to meditate, Clarice tells me; and there were these infants kneeling before the flower-bedecked altars, rapt in religious contemplation, like so many St. Thomas à Kempises. The young meditators glanced slyly at we passed. When they had shown me everything of special interest in the pleasant old place, Clarice and Madelon ran off to dress for walking, in order to accompany us to Côtenoir, where we were to dine.

It was quite a family party. Mademoiselle Lenoble was there, and He arrived at the château while Gustave and I were paying ou He is in the highest spirits, and treats me with visit to the convent. an amount of affection and courtesy I have not been accustomed to the ceive at his hands. Of course I know the cause of this change; the future mistress of Côtenoir is a very different person from that wretched girl who was nothing to him but a burden and an encumbrance. But even while I despise him, I cannot refuse to pity him. One forgive anything in old age. In this, at least, it is a second childhood; and my father is very old, Lotta. I saw the look of age in his face not plainly at Côtenoir, where he assumed his usual débonnaire, man-ofworld tone and manner, than I had seen it in London, when he was professed invalid. He is much changed since I was with him at Forddechêne. It seems as if he had kept Time at bay very long, and we at last the common enemy will be held at arm's-length no longer. still braces himself up in the old military manner, still holds himself more erect than many men of half his age; but, in spite of all this, can see that he is very feeble; shaken and worn by a long life of disculty. I am glad to think that there will be a haven for him at last

And now, dear, as I hope to be with you so very soon, I shall on more. I am to spend a day in Rouen before we come back—paper and I, that is to say; Gustave stays in Normandy to make arrangements before he comes back to England. I cannot comprehens the business relations between him and papa; but there is some basiness going on—law business, as it seems to me—about which pape is

and if I did not thank Gustave with my whole heart for giving mes home and a place in the world, I should thank him for giving a sheller

I am to see the cathedral and churches at Rouen, and I shall contrive to see the shops, and to bring you something pretty. Pape has given me money—the first he ever gave me unasked. I have very little doubt it comes from Gustave; but I have no sense of shame in accepting it. M. Lenoble's seems to me a royal nature, formed to be stow benefits and bounties on every side.

very important and elated.

Tell Mrs. Sheldon that I shall bring her the prettiest cap I can fail in Rouen; and, with all love, believe me ever your affectionate

)IANA.

## Book the Sebenth.

## A CLOUD OF FEAR.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF SORROW.

Who heeds the cloud no bigger than a man's hand amidst a broad expense of blue ether? The faint, scarce perceptible menace of that case little cloud is lost in the wide brightness of a summer sky. The traveller jogs on contented and unthinking, till the hoarse roar of stormy winds, or the first big drops of the thunder-shower, startle him with a sudden consciousness of the coming storm.

It was early May, and the young leaves were green in the avenues of Kensington Gardens; Bayswater was bright and gay with fashionable people; and Mrs. Sheldon found herself strong enough to enjoy her afternoon drive in Hyde Park, where the contemplation of the bonnets afforded her perennial delight.

. "I think they are actually smaller than ever this year," she remarked every season; and every season the headgear of fashionable London did indeed seem to shrink and dwindle, "fine by degrees, and beautifully less." The coalscuttle-shaped head-dress of our grandmothers had not yet resolved itself into a string of beads and a rose-bad in these days; but was obviously tending thitherward.

Charlotte and Diana accompanied Mrs. Sheldon in her drives. The rapture of contemplating the bonnets was not complete unless the lady had some sympathising spirit to share her delight. The two girls were very well pleased to mingle in that brilliant crowd, and to go back to their own quiet life when the mystic hour came, and that bright vision of colour and beauty melted into the twilight loneliness. It had seemed just lately, however, as if Charlotte was growing a little weary of the gorgeous spectacle—the ever-changing, ever-splendid diorama of West-rad life. She no longer exclaimed at the sight of each exceptional toilette; she no longer smiled admiringly on the thoroughbred horses thamping their bits in the immediate neighbourhood of her bonnet; the no longer gave a little cry of delight when the big drags came slowly along the crowded ranks, the steel bars shining as they swung loosely in the low afternoon sunlight, the driver conscious of his glory, grave and tranquil, with the pride that apes humility.

"See, Lotta," said Miss Paget, upon an especially bright May rening, as one of these gorgeous equipages went past Mr. Sheldon's andau, "there's another drag. Did you see it?"

- "Yes, dear, I saw it."
- "And are you tired of four-in-hands? You used to admire them o much."
  - "I admire them as much as ever, dear."
  - "And yet you scarcely gave those four splendid roans a glance."

"No," Charlotte answered, with a faint sigh.

"Are you tired, Lotta?" Miss Paget asked rather anxiously. There was something in Charlotte's manner of late that had inspired her with a vague sense of anxiety; some change which she could scarcely define—a change so gradual that it was only by comparing the Charlotte of some months ago with the Charlotte of the present, that she perceived how real a change it was. The buoyancy and freshness, the girlish vivacity of Miss Halliday's manner, were rapidly giving place to habitual listlessness. "Are you tired, dear?" she repeated anxiously; and Mrs. Sheldon looked round from her contemplation of the bonnets

"No, Di dearest, not tired; but—I don't feel very well this afternoon."

This was the first confession which Charlotte Halliday made of a sense of weakness and languor that had been creeping upon her during the last two months, so slowly, so gradually, that the change seemed too insignificant for notice.

"You feel ill, Lotta dear?" Diana asked.

"Well, no, not exactly ill. I can scarcely call it illness; I feel rather weak—that is really all."

At this point Mrs. Sheldon chimed in, with her eyes on a passing bonnet as she spoke.

"You see, you are so dreadfully neglectful of your papa's advice, Lotta," she said, in a complaining tone.—"Do you like pink roses with mauve areophane, Diana? I do not. Look at that primrose tulle, with dead ivy-leaves and scarlet berries, in the barouche.—I daresty you have not taken your glass of old port this morning, Charlotte, and have only yourself to thank if you feel weak."

"I did take a glass of port this morning, mamma. I don't like it;

but I take it every morning."

"Don't like old tawny port, that your papa bought at the sale of a bishop of somewhere? It's perfectly absurd of you, Lotta, to talk of not liking wine that cost fifteen shillings a bottle, and which your papa's friends declare to be worth five-and-thirty."

"I am sorry it is so expensive, mamma; but I can't teach myself to think it nice," answered Charlotte, with a smile that sadly lacked the brightness of a few weeks ago. "I think one requires to go into the City, and become a merchant or a stockbroker, before one can like that sort of wine. What was it Valentine quoted in the Cheapside, about some lady whom somebody loved?—'To love her was a liberal education."

"I am sure such wine ought to do you good," said Georgy almost querulously. She thought this bright, blooming creature had no right to be ill. The headaches, and little weaknesses and languors and ladylike ailments, were things for which she (Georgy) had taken out a patent; and this indisposition of her daughter's was an infringement of copyright.

"I daresay the port will do me good, mamma, in time. No doubt I shall be as strong as that person who strangled lions and snakes and dogs with incalculable heads, and all that kind of thing."

"I really wish you would not talk in that absurd manner, my dear,"

said Mrs. Sheldon with offended dignity. "I think you really cannot be too grateful for your papa's kind thoughtfulness and anxiety about you. I am sure I myself am not so anxious as he is; but of course his medical knowledge makes him doubly careful. Six weeks ago he noticed that you wanted strength—tone is what he calls it. 'Georgina,' he said to me, 'Charlotte wants tone. She is beginning to stoop in a really lamentable manner: we must make her take port or bark, or something of a strengthening kind.' And then a day or two afterwards he decided on port, and gave me the key of the cellar-which is a thing he rarely gives out of his own hands—and told me the number of the bin from which I was to take the wine—some old wine that he had laid by on purpose for some special occasion; and no one is to have it but you, and you are to take a glass daily at eleven o'clock. Sheldon is most particular about the hour. The regularity of the thing is half the battle in these cases, he says; and I am sure if you do not observe his wishes and mine, Charlotte, it will be really ungrateful of

"But, dear mamma, I do observe Mr.—papa's wishes. I take my glass of port every morning at eleven. I go to your cupboard in the breakfast-room and take out my special decanter, and my special glass, in the most punctiliously precise manner. I don't like the wine, and I don't like the trouble involved in the ceremony of drinking it; but I

go through it most religiously to please you and papa."

"And do you mean to say that you do not feel stronger after taking

that expensive old port regularly for nearly six weeks?"

"I am sorry to say that I do not, mamma. I think if there is any

change, it is that I am weaker."
"Dear, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheldon captiously, "you are

really a most extraordinary girl."

Mrs. Sheldon could almost have found it in her heart to say, a most ungrateful girl. There did seem a kind of ingratitude in this futile consumption of old port at fifteen shillings a bottle.

"I'll tell you what it is, Lotta," she said presently, "I am convinced that your illness—or your weakness—is all fancy."

"Why so, mamma?"

you."

"Because, if it were real weakness, that old port must have made you stronger. And the fact that the port does you no good, is a proof that your weakness is only fancy. Girls of your age are so full of fancies. Look at me, and the martyrdom I go through with my nervous headaches, which perfectly prostrate me, after the least worry or excitement. The nerves of my head, after going into the butcher's book, are perfect agony. When you come to have a house to look after,

and find what it is to have the same saddle-of-mutton charged for twice over, with the most daring impudence—or to have capers and curispowder, that you know you've never had, staring at you from every page of your grocer's book, and nothing but your memory between you and utter ruin—you'll discover what it is to be really ill."

In this easy manner did Mrs. Sheldon dismiss the subject of her daughter's illness. But it was not so easily dismissed by Diana Paget, who loved her friend with a profound and pure affection, than which no sister's love was ever warmer or stronger. Even Valentine's preference for this happy rival had not lessened Diana's love for her friend and benefactress. She had been jealous of Charlotte's happier fate; but in the hour when this jealousy was most bitter there had been no wavering in her attachment to this one true and generous friend.

Miss Paget was very silent during the homeward drive. She understood now what that change had been in her friend which until now had so perplexed her. It was a decay of physical strength which had robbed Lotta's smile of its brightness, her laugh of its merry music. It was physical languor that made her so indifferent to the things which had once awakened her girlish enthusiasm. The discovery wa a very painful one. Diana remembered her experience of Hyde Lodge: the girls who had grown day by day more listless, now in the doctor's hands for a day or two, now well again and toiling at the old treadmill round of study, now sinking into confirmed invalids; until the bitter hour in which parents are summoned, and the doctor urges rest, and the fond mother carries her darling home, assured that home comfort and tenderness will speedily restore her. Her schoolfellows cluster round the carriage to bid her "good-bye until next half," full of hopeful talk about her swift recovery. But when the vacation is over, and Black Monday comes, she is not amongst the returning scholars. Has she not gone up to the higher school, and answered Adsum to the call of the Great Master?

Diana remembered these old experiences with cruel pain.

"Girls, as bright and lovable as she is, have drooped and faded away, just when they seemed brightest and happiest," she thought as she watched Charlotte, and perceived to-day for the first time that the outline of her fair young cheek had lost its perfect roundness.

But in such a case love can do nothing except watch and wait. That night, in the course of that girlish talk in Charlotte's bedroom, which had become a habit with the two girls, Diana extorted from her friend a full account of the symptoms which had affected her within the last few weeks.

"Pray don't look so anxious, dear Di," she said gaily; "it is really nothing worth talking of; and I knew that if I confessed to feeling ill, you and mamma would straightway begin to worry yourselves about me. I have felt a little sick and faint sometimes; and now and then a sudden dizziness has come over me. It is nothing of any consequence,

and it passes away very quickly. Sometimes I have a kind of torpid, languid feeling, which is scarcely unpleasant, only strange, you know.

But what does it all amount to, except that I am nervous?"

"You must have change of air, Lotta," said Diana resolutely, "and change of scene. Yes, no doubt you are nervous. You have been kept almost a prisoner in the house through Mr. Sheldon's punctilious nonsense. You miss our brisk morning walks in the Gardens, I daresay. If you were to go to Yorkshire, now, to your friends at Newhall, you would like that change, dear, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I should dearly like to see aunt Dorothy and uncle Joe;

but-"

"But what, darling?"

"I should scarcely like being at Newhall, unless—you'll think me very foolish, Di—unless Valentine was with me. We were so happy there, you see, dear; and it was there he first told me he loved me. No, Di, I couldn't bear Newhall without him."

"Poor aunt Dorothy, poor uncle Joe! feathers when weighed in the scale against a young man whom their niece has known less than a

twelvemonth!"

No more was said about Charlotte's illness; Diana was too prudent to alarm her friend by any expression of uneasiness. She adopted a cheering tone, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

While Diana's concern for her friend's altered health was yet a new feeling, she found herself called upon to attend her father once more in the character of a ministering angel. And this time Captain Paget's illness was something more than gout. It was, according to his doctors—he had on this occasion two medical attendants—a general breaking-up of the system. The poor old wanderer,—the weary Odysseus, here of so many trickeries, such varied adventures,—laid himself down to rest, within view of the Promised Land for which his soul yearned.

He was very ill. Gustave Lenoble, who came back to London, did not conceal from Diana that the illness threatened to end fatally. At his instigation the Captain had been removed from Omega-street to pleasant lodgings at the back of Knightsbridge-road, overlooking Hyde Park. This was nearer Bayswater; and it was very pleasant for the fading old worldling. He could see the stream of fashion flowing past as he sat in his easy-chair, propped up with pillows, with the western sunlight on his face. He pointed out the liveries and armorial bearings; and told many scandalous and entertaining anecdotes of their past and present owners to Gustave Lenoble, who devoted much of his time to the solacement of the invalid. Everything that affection could do to smooth this dreary time was done for the tired Ulysses. Pleasant books were read to him; earnest thoughts were suggested by earnest words; hothouse flowers adorned his cheerful sitting-room; hothouse fruits gladdened his eye by their rich warmth of colour, and

invited his parched lips to taste their cool ripeness. Gustave had a piano brought in, so that Diana might sing to her father in the dusky May evenings, when it should please him to hear her. Upon the last feeble footsteps of this old man, whose life had been very selfish and wicked, pity waited with a carefulness so fond and tender that he might well mistake it for love. Was it fair that his last days should be so peaceful and luxurious, when many a good man falls down to die in the streets, worn out with the life-long effort to bear the burden laid upon his weary shoulders? In the traditions of the Rabbins it is written that those are the elect of God who suffer His chastisement in the flesh. For the others, for those who on earth drain the goblet of pleasure, and riot in the raptures of sin, for them comes the dread retribution after death. They are plunged in the fire, and driven before the wind; they take the shape of loathsome reptiles, and ascend by infinitesimal degrees through all the grades of creation, until their storm-tost, wearied, degraded souls reënter human semblance once more. But even then their old stand-point is not yet regained; their dread penance not yet performed. As men they are the lowest and worst of men; slaves toiling in the desert; dirt to be trampled under the feet of their properous brethren. Inch by inch the wretched soul regains its lost inheritance; cycles must elapse before the awful sentence is fulfilled.

Our Christian faith knows no such horrors. Even for the penitent of the eleventh hour there is promise of pardon. The most earnest desire of Diana's heart was that her father should enroll himself amongst those late penitents—those last among the last who crowd in to the marriage feast, half afraid to show their shame-darkened faces in that glorious company.

If we forgive all things to old age, so much the more surely do we forgive all injuries to the fading enemy. That she had suffered much cruelty and neglect at the hands of her father, was a fact that Diana could not forget, any more than she could forget the name which he had given her. It was a part of her life, not to be put off, or done away with. But in these last days, with all her heart she forgave and pitied him. She pitied him for the crooked paths into which his feet had wandered at the very outset of life, and from which so weak a soul could find no issue. She pitied him for that moral blindness which had kept him pleasantly unconscious of the supreme depth of his degradation—a social Laplander, who, never having seen a western summer, had no knowledge that his own land was dark and benighted.

Happily for Diana and her generous lover, the Captain was not a difficult penitent. He was indeed a man who, having lost the capacity and the need for sin, took very kindly to penitence, as a species of sentimental luxury.

"Yes, my dear," he said complacently—for even in the hour of his penitence he insisted on regarding himself as a social martyr—" my hie has been a very hard one. Fortune has not been kind to me. In

the words of the immortal bard, my lines have not been set in pleasant places. I should have been glad if Providence had allowed me to be a better father to you, a better husband to your poor mother-a better Christian, in fact-and had spared me the repeated humiliation of going through the Insolvent Debtors' Court. It is not always easy to understand the justice of these things; and it has often appeared to me that something of the favouritism which is the bane of our governments on earth must needs obtain at a higher tribunal. One man enters life with an entailed estate worth seventy thousand a-year, while another finds himself in the hands of the Jews before he is twenty years of age. There's something in this world amiss shall be unriddled by and by,' as the poet observes. The circumstances of my own existence I have ever regarded as dark and enigmatic.—And, indeed, the events of this life are altogether inexplicable, my love. There is that fellow Sheldon, now, who began life as a country dentist, a man without family or connections, who- Well, I will not repine. If I am spared to behold my daughter mistress of a fine estate, although in a foreign country, I can depart in peace. But you must have a house in town, my dear. Yes, London must be your head-quarters. You must not be buried alive in Normandy. There is no place like London. Take the word of a man who has seen the finest Continental cities, and lived in themthat is the point, my love-lived in them. For a fine afternoon in the beginning of May, an apartment in the Champs Elysées, or the Boulevard, is an earthly paradise; but the Champs Elysées in a wet December-the Boulevard in a sweltering August! London is the only spot upon earth that is never intolerable. And your husband will be a rich man, my dear girl, a really wealthy man; and you must see that he makes a fitting use of his wealth, and does his duty to soviety. The parable of the Talents, which you were reading to me this afternoon, is a moral lesson your husband must not forget."

After this fashion did the invalid discourse. Gustave and Diana perceived that he still hoped to have his share in their future life, still looked to pleasant days to come in a world which he had loved, not wisely, but too well. Nor could they find it in their hearts to tell him that his journey was drawing to a close, and that on the very threshold of the peaceful home which his diplomatic arts had helped to secure, he was to abandon life's weary race.

They indulged his hopes a little, in order to win him the more easily to serious thoughts; but though at times quite ready to abandon himself to a penitential mood that was almost maudlin, there were other times when the old Adam asserted himself, and the Captain resented this intrusion of serious subjects as a kind of impertinence.

"I am not aware that I am at my last gasp, Diana," he said with dignity, on one of these occasions; "or that I need to be talked to by my own daughter as if I were on my death-bed. I can show you men some years my senior driving their phaetons-and-pairs in that park.

The Gospel is all very well in its place—during Sunday-morning ervice, and after morning prayers, in your good old county families, where the household is large enough to make a fair show at the end of the dining-room, without bringing in hulking lads who smell of the stables; but I consider that when a man is ill, there is a considerable want of tact in bringing the subject of religion before him in any obtrusive manner."

Thus the Captain alternated from sentimental penitence to captions worldliness, during many days and weeks. The business of the Haygarthian inheritance was progressing slowly, but surely. Documents were being prepared, attested copies of certificates of marriages, births, baptisms, and burials were being procured, and all was tending towards the grand result. Once, and sometimes twice, a-week, M. Fleurus came to see Captain Paget, and discussed the great affair with that invalid diplomatist. The Captain had long ago been aware that in entering upon an alliance with that gentleman, he had invoked the aid of a coadjutor likely to prove too strong for him. The event had justified his fears. M. Fleurus had something of Victor Hugo's famous Powie in his nature. Powerful as flexible were the arms he stretched forth to grasp all prizes in the way of heirs-at-law and disputed heritages, unclaimed railway stock, and forgotten consols. If the Captain had not played his cards very cleverly, and contrived to obtain a personal influence over Gustave Lenoble, he might have found himself thrust entirely out of the business by one of the Frenchman's gelatinous arms. Happily for his own success, however, the Captain did obtain a strong hold upon Gustave. This enabled him to protect his own interests throughout the negotiation, and to keep the insidious Fleurus at bay.

"My good friend," he said, in his grand Carlton-House manner, "I am bound to protect the interests of my friend M. Lenoble, in any agreement to be entered upon in this matter. I cannot permit M. Lenoble's generosity or M. Lenoble's inexperience to be imposed upon. My own interests are of secondary importance. That I expect to profit by the extraordinary discovery made by me—by ME—alone and unaided, I do not affect to deny. But I will not profit at the expense of a too generous friend."

"And what recompense am I to have for my work—a work at once painful and impoverishing?" asked the little Frenchman, with an angry and suspicious look. "Do you believe that I do that to amuse me? To run the streets, to go by here, by there, in hunting the papers of that marriage, or this baptism? Believe you that is so agreeable, Monsieur the Captain? No; I desire to be paid for my work. I must have my part in the heritage which I have help to win."

"It is not won yet. We will talk of your recompense by and by."

"We will talk of it this instant—upon the field. It must that I comprehend where I am in this affair. I will not of mystifications, of prevarications, of lies—"

"M. Fleurus!" cried the Captain, with a hand stretched towards the bell.

"You will sound—you will chase me! Ah, but no!—you cannot afford to chase me yet. I have to find more papers of baptisms and burials. Go, then, we will talk of this affair as friends."

This friendly talk ended in Captain Paget's complete victory. M. Fleurus consented to accept his costs out of pocket in the present, and three per cent of the heritage in the future. It was further agreed that the Captain should select the English attorney who should conduct M. Lenoble's case in the Court of Chancery.

This conversation occurred at Rouen, and a day or two afterwards the necessary document was drawn up. Gustave pledged himself to pay over a fourth share of the Haygarthian fortune to Horatio Paget, and three per cent upon the whole amount to Jean François Fleurus. The document was very formal, very complete; but whether such an agreement would hold water, if Gustave Lenoble should choose to contest it, was open to question.

The solicitor to whom Horatio Paget introduced M. Lenoble was a Mr. Dashwood, of the firm of Dashwood and Vernon; a man whom the Captain had known in the past, and from whom he had received good service in some of the most difficult crises of his difficult career. To this gentleman he confided the conduct of the case; and explained his apprehensions with regard to the two Sheldons.

"You see, as the case now stands, they think they have the claimant to this money in Miss Halliday—Sheldon's stepdaughter. But if they got an inkling of Susan Meynell's marriage—and, in point of fact, the actual state of the case—they might try to get hold of my friend, Gustave Lenoble. They could not get hold of him, mind you, Dashwood, but they would try it on, and I don't want trying on of that kind."

"Of course not. I know Sheldon, of Gray's Inn. He is rather—well, say shady. That's hardly an actionable epithet, and it expresses what I mean. Your friend's case seems to me tolerably clear. That little Frenchman is useful, but officious. It is not a speculative affair, I suppose? There is money to meet the current expenses of the business?

"Yes, there is money. Within reasonable limits my friend is prepared to pay for the advancement of his claims."

After this the Haygarthian business progressed, slowly, quietly. The work was up to this point underground work. There were still - Papers wanting—final links of the chain to be fitted together; and to the fitting of these links Messrs. Dashwood and Vernon devoted themselves, in conjunction with M. Fleurus.

This was how matters stood when Captain Paget drooped and languished, and was fain to abandon all active share in the struggle.

## UNDER THE LIMES

ı.

SHE sat beneath the linden trees:

Murmur of multitudinous bees

Was heard about.

She said, "A bee is in my hair;

And stings are things I cannot bear:

O, take it out!"

II.

"Lime-blossoms in the summer-tide
To bees are sweeter," I replied,
"Than you can be.
A mere winged insect cannot taste
Entangling hair, bewildering waist,
Which madden me."

III.

No bee was caught in that sweet hair;
And as to acupuncture, there
Was no such thing.
This only do I know, sometimes
Love roamed beneath those blossoming limes—
And Love can sting.

MORTIMER COLLIN

# BELGRAVIA

SEPTEMBER 1868

## BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY

OR THE

Adbentures und Misudbentures of Kobert Binsleigh

CHAPTER IX. I GO TO LONDON.

It was at the George Inn, Warborough, that I spent the wretched night of my departure from Hauteville; but not in sleep. Slow and lreary were the hours of that hopeless night, as I lay in a small room of the inn, thinking of all I had lost, and the utter loneliness of the life hat lay before me. I had opened and kissed Miss Hemsley's little leanish volume, and had striven to pin my mind to those pious sences of Kempis, or Gersen, or whoever was the saintly creature that composed them. But my spirit was too wide of that calm mystic region which the recluse inhabited, and I could not yet bring myself take comfort from a consoler whose experience had so little in common with my own sorrows. I could but lay the precious volume under my pillow, as a charm or talisman, and then lie broad awake thinking of my hard fate, which had from my very cradle—nay, before my birth itself—made me a mark for the poisoned arrows of hate.

I had not even so much curiosity as to open the note-book thrust apon me by my generous mistress. What cared I how rich or how poor was to enter on my strange, friendless life? It was enough for me how that my dear benefactress still loved and trusted me; and this nowledge was more precious to me than all the wealth of the Great logal, of whom I had lately read in the Jesuit Bernier's travels.

Before leaving Warborough I made all possible inquiries about the issing girl for whose absence I had been so unjustly blamed. After ach questioning, and going from one person to another, I found one the hangers-on of the coachyard, who remembered to have seen Jack awker's daughter leave by the night mail, so close-hooded that it was the law accident he had caught a glimpse of her face, which he remembered by having seen her at market with her mother. He wondered

YOL YL

what should be taking the girl to London, and made bold to ask her whether she was going out to service; but she had answered only by a shake of her head.

On this I went to the coach-office and questioned the clerk who booked the passengers' places; but here I could discover nothing to cast light upon Margery's departure. The places had all been engaged by persons of the male sex, but the clerk remembered one of these persons saying that the single place he engaged was wanted for a young woman. I sought in vain to obtain a description of this man. The clerk could only tell me that he looked like a gentleman's servant.

"I suppose you know all the servants at Hauteville Hall by sight?" I said; but the young man replied in the negative.

"Was the man who took the place short and stout, with reddish hair?" I asked.

"I rather think it was some such person," replied the clerk; "but I didn't observe him closely I would scarce venture to be positive. He seemed in amazing haste to be gone."

The person I described was Mr. Lestrange's valet and confidential follower; for I could not but think that gentleman was at the bottom of my foster-sister's flight, and had forged—or ordered the forging of—the letter which flung the guilt on me. I had good cause to know him as an unprincipled profligate, by the witness of his own lips; and I had heard his broadly-declared admiration of Margery's beauty. Nor could I forget the malignant look which he had given me when he surprised me on my knees at Miss Hemsley's feet. To gratify his own wickedness, and at the same time to ruin me in the estimation of my Hauteville friends, would be a double stroke of mischief to delight that cruel and treacherous nature.

I arrived in London at dusk, and great was my wonder at the vastness of the city; the noise and riot; the gaudy, painted signs of merchants and chapmen swinging across the street; the sedan-chairs with running footmen carrying flambeaux, which we met at the court-end of the town; the stark, ghastly heads of the Scottish traitors rotting on Temple Bar; the roar and turmoil; the noisy hucksters and impudent beggars who assailed the coach-door; the newsboys bellowing and blowing horns with as much excitement as if the Pretender had again landed on our shores, or the king been stabbed in his coach by some Jacobite desperado. At any other time I should doubtless have been both amused and delighted by the strangeness of these things; but my heart was burdened with too many cares and troubles, and I looked upon all I saw as on the scenes that pass before one's eyes in a dream—mere confused pictures in which one has no part.

It was of course too late to deliver my letter of recommendation to Mr. Swinfen, so I lay at the inn where the coach stopped, and spent another sleepless night in a stifling chamber, the one small window

whereof opened upon a covered gallery that ran round the inner quadrangle of the house. The strange noises, the brawling of some drunken revellers in an apartment below, the arrival of ponderous wagons and coaches which lumbered into the court-yard long before cock-crow, would have deprived me of slumber even if my own uneasy thoughts had not been sufficient to keep me awake; and at cock-crow began shrill cries and bawlings of hucksters in the street without, mingled with a constant rumbling of wheels.

Never, I think, had I known the meaning of the word solitude until that bitter morning when I seated myself in a darksome little den, or partitioned corner of the coffee-room, called a box, and breakfasted alone in London. Crusoe on his desert island had at least the animal creation wherewith to consort; but I, in all this vast metropolis, knew not so much as a dog. Nor did the friendly looks of strangers invite my confidence. Roughness and impoliteness marked the manners of all I had hitherto encountered. Even the waiters seemed to regard me with suspicious looks; and I doubt not that my gloomy face and dispirited manner were calculated to inspire curiosity and disgust. man who cannot face the world with a smile is likely to be suspected of having some sinister cause for his despondency. I breakfasted quickly, and it was but eight o'clock when I had finished—too early an hour, most certainly, for a ceremonial visit to Mr. Swinfen. Nor had I the smallest inclination to explore the town, of whose wonders I had heard no much. What are sights and wonders to the man who has just been abruptly torn from all he loves? St. Peter's of Rome may be at his elbow, and he will scarce raise his weary eyes to look at it. The shadow of Pisa's leaning tower may slope across his pathway, and he will not take the trouble to glance from the shadow to the substance. I sat listlessly, with my arms folded on the little table before me, listening idly to the talk of customers ordering breakfast, and waiters attending upon

I had sat thus for nearly an hour, when I bethought myself of Lady Barbara's note-book, and, to while away the time, set myself to examine its contents. It was a little memorandum-book, originally of some twenty pages, but all except three of these had been torn out. One little silken pocket was crammed with bank-notes, which I unfolded, and found to amount to near three hundred pounds. But in another pocket there was something more precious than these bills on the directors of the Bank of England. This was an oval crystal locket, with gold rim, containing a miniature likeness of my dear lady, and a lock of dark hair, which I knew for hers. Nor was this all the comfort hidden in the tiny volume. One of the pages was inscribed with sentences of hope and counsel in Latin and English, hastily written for my consolation by the hand of my dear benefactress:

<sup>&</sup>quot; Sperate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

Ainsleigh? Are you nearly related to that Roderick Ainsleigh of whom Lord Hauteville was so fond?"

"I am his only child, sir."

"Indeed! I did not know he lived so long as to marry."

I felt my face flush at this.

"His marriage was an obscure one, sir, and he died in poverty. But for Lady Barbara's goodness I doubt if I should be living to tell as much. I owe everything to her."

"And I am glad to see that you are proud to acknowledge your indebtedness," replied Mr. Swinfen kindly.

After this he talked much to me, examining me as to my education, and directing me in the course which I should have to take in order to prepare for entering the profession that had been chosen for me. I will not linger over the details of this period of my life, since the labour I devoted to the study of the law was wasted work. The career which I thus begun was destined to have neither middle nor end, but to be abruptly cut short almost at the outset. Fate called me to a harder life than that of a law-student, and it was my lot to play my humble part in a more stirring drama than was ever enacted in that grave sanctuary of legal lore in which I now took up my abode.

My patron kindly sent one of his clerks with me to hunt for a set of chambers suited to my purse and position.

- "You cannot practise too much economy at the outset of your career," said Mr. Swinfen, just before he dismissed me. "Advancement at the Bar is a plant of slow growth, and the man is lucky who, after some eight or ten years' patient industry, can command bread and cheese, and wear a decent coat. But if the struggle be a hard one, the prizes are splendid; and the man of parts who can dine on a red herring and a dish of tea, or a fourpenny plate of beef from the eating-house, may hope to mount the woolsack. I trust you have an inward conviction that you are destined to be Lord Chancellor, Mr. Ainsleigh?"
  - "Indeed no, sir," I answered, smiling.
- "Then I am sorry for it. Every man who passes the Temple gate should say to himself 'Bacon, or nothing!"
  - "And suppose it is nothing, sir?"
- "For such a man there is no possibility of utter failure. In trying for the highest rung of the ladder he will at least contrive to scramble to the middle. But for the fellow who enters his name at the Temple because it is a genteel thing to do it, who spends his nights at Vauxhall, and wastes his substance at cards and in cock-pits, and bring loose-lived women to his chambers, and cheats his tailor to sport a suit of cut velvet in the Ring, the road he travels is the highway that leads to the dogs. I hope you are not come to London to be a man of pleasure, Mr. Ainsleigh."
- "I have little inclination for pleasure, sir, and not a single acquaintance in this city."

friends, I should have at least no enemies, and I might make myself a name and a home amongst settlers as friendless as myself."

The thought was but for a moment. What would home or friends

or name be to me without Dorothea Hemsley?

"Perish the thought of new lands across the sea," I said to myself; "I will stay in England and be near the dear girl I love, perhaps to serve her in some hour when she may need the strong arm of a faithful friend."

To this bold outburst followed sudden despondency. Alas, poor wretch; should I be any nearer Dora at London than at Nova Scotia? She was severed from me by a gulf more impassable than that sea which the American emigrants had traversed under command of Colonel Cornwallis.

At noon I left the inn, and inquired my way to the Temple. Being now in a somewhat more hopeful frame of mind, I regarded the bustle of the streets with curiosity, and was even amused by the strangeness of all I saw. My way took me again beneath the gloomy arch which I had ridden under in the coach, and I looked up with a shudder towards those ghastly severed heads which were impaled there as bloody memorials of a nation's severity. I could but think this dreadful exhibition eminently calculated to keep alive the Jacobite feeling which Lady Barbara had told me was by no means drowned in the blood that had been shed since '45, and I wondered much at the foolish policy which had elevated traitors into martyrs.

I was much pleased with the tranquil and studious air of the Temple, whose shadowy courts and solemn squares seemed to me to be peak it a retreat for learning. I had yet to discover how such appearances may deceive, and how many a shallow pate idles and drinks and games away existence in a suite of chambers, the very atmosphere

of which whispers of a Bacon or a Selden.

Mr. Swinfen's apartments I discovered in a handsome row of houses commanding a view of the river, on which I saw innumerable boats plying, and all the pleasant water-traffic I had read of in the Spectator. Towering grandly above all meaner roofs I saw the noble dome of St. Pan's, and beyond many spires and steeples dimly blue in the hazy distance, for there was a notable difference between the sky that overarched this city, and the clear ether above Hauteville Woods.

The gentleman to whom I was recommended was happily at home,

and received me with much graciousness.

"I would do a great deal to serve any relative of Lady Barbara's," he said courteously, after he had read my patroness's letter; "I knew her father, and I remember her ladyship before she married Lestrange. She spent but one short season in London before her marriage, and would have been one of the reigning belles of that season but that she was too modest to assume so public a position. And so you are an

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be beaux, who knew the town, and boasted loudly of their acquaintance with fine gentlemen and their conquests among fine ladies. I was
indeed at once horrified and disgusted by the tone in which these
scoundrels talked of women of quality, whom I have since discovered
they knew only by name. Sometimes towards evening I found my
spirits oppressed by an almost painful sense of solitude. I felt a desire
to hear my own voice, nay, sometimes even a panic-stricken notion that
I had lost the faculty of speech, so strange sounded the syllables when
I tried to roll out a few lines of Demosthenes, or demanded with Cicero
how it came to pass that, for the last twenty years, no man had been
my enemy who had not also shown himself a foe to the republic.

On these occasions, when my eyes ached with long hours of reading, and my head was heavy from the continuance of study, I snatched up my hat, ran downstairs, and went out in the fog and drizzling rain, or in the bleak winter wind, to loiter in the crowded streets, and amuse myself with the busy life about me. And in this the hermit of London has a supreme advantage over the rustic solitary. Friendless he may be, but never quite companionless, for in every coffee-house or city tavern he can find company which, if not select, is by no means uninstructive. While my legal education progressed steadily in the solitude of my garret-chamber, the streets and the humbler class of coffeehouses enlightened me as to the ways of the world. I learned to talk politics, became vastly familiar with the affairs of the Prince of Wales and his party, railed against the old king for his devotion to ugly women, reviled the Duke of Cumberland, growled at the money taken from us by the Prince of Wolfenbuttel, and eagerly perused the adventures of the young Ascanius, a romantic history of the Chevalier Charles Edward's adventures in the year forty-five. I purchased this luckless prince's bust in plaster, which was at this time much sold in London; while a wealthy squire in Staffordshire went so far as to clothe a fox in scarlet military coat, and hunt him with hounds clad in tartan.

I remembered what Anthony Grimshaw had told me of my father's sentiments on this subject, and was already at heart a stanch Jacobita. Nay, I think the frequent sight of those ghastly trophies on Temple bar would in itself have been sufficient to inspire me with sedition. But in the character and fortunes of the Pretender there was an all-powerful magnet which drew to him the youth of the nation. What generous lad or sentimental woman would be faithful to an elderly German ruler while the brave young heart of an exiled prince was pining in obscurity, dependence, and banishment; and while the country from which he was excluded seemed to have gained so little by its ill-treatment of him?

I had lived in London three months, and had eaten my Christmas dinner at a tavern in Fetter-lane. Once only had I heard from Lady Barbara, though I had written to her at the milliner's address

times. Her letter was long and kind. She gave much comfort dvice, but, alas, little news of her whose name alone would ave shone upon the page as if written in starlight. Of r and his wife the charitable lady wrote with deep thing had been heard of the poor runaway, and the ner and mother were all but broken. Lady Barbara had my times to see them. Sir Marcus and his family were to to London in January, and then my dear benefactress said she ald contrive to see me, though it must needs be by stealth.

From this letter I derived new comfort; to this promised meeting I looked forward with eager hope. Should I see her as well as Lady Barbara? Alas, I knew that no good could come of any meeting between us two. But none the less eager was my longing—none the less sweet the dreams in which sleep restored my lost happiness, and I fancied that Dora and I were seated side by side in the sunny window at Hauteville, with our books about us, as we had sat so often in the summer days that were gone.

It was while I was looking forward to the arrival of the family in & James's square, that a change took place in my mode of life, and the loneliness of my humble chambers was exchanged for company which I found sufficiently agreeable.

I had returned to my chambers late after treating myself to a sight of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, which was then being played at the rival houses, at one Garrick and Miss Bellamy, at the other Barry and Mrs. Cibber, on which the wits declared that one saw at one house Romeo and Juliet, at the other Juliet and Romeo. Several distinguished members of Mr. Garrick's company had withdrawn themselves to Covent Garden, and there had been complaints made of him in a prologue, whereon Mrs. Clive replied sharply in an epilogue spoken by her at Drury Lane, and there was thus war between the patent theatres. It was to see Garrick that I had spent my shillings, and the delight afforded me by that great man's genius had amply repaid me for my extravagance.

It was black as Erebus on the staircase leading to my garret, but I was accustomed to the crazy old stair, and mounted quickly without tripping. But close by my own door I stumbled against some heavy body.

"Who is this?" I called out, surprised.

"A wretch who would be lying on a door-step in the open street if he were not sheltered here. You are new to London, Mr. Ainsleigh, and should have some spark of charity's divine warmth yet left in your heart. I crept here at dusk, thinking to find you at home, and have kin here in hiding ever since. Will you give me a supper and a night's shelter?"

"I would rather give you the money to pay for them," I answered, "since you and I are strangers."

"That is your true London charity-alms given at arm's length," replied the stranger with a sneer. "I don't want your money, I want your friendship."

I could see nothing of the man's face or figure in the darkness, but

he spoke like a gentleman, or at least a man of some education. "Come, Mr. Robert Ainsleigh," he continued, "you had best take

me into your chambers, and strike a light. We shall understand one another better when we see each other's faces. I do not come to you as the first that offers, and a crown from you is not the same to me as another man's five shillings. For the last week I have been hanging about the Temple, where I was once a student-at-law, and have watched you come and go. I like your face. I feel an interest in you that I don't feel in other men, because you are beginning life pretty much as I began it, and with the same chances before you. You stand almost alone in the world, as I did, and you belong to a good old family, as I do."

"How do you know all this?"

"From a clerk of Swinfen's, who remembers me when I was a gentleman. Come, Mr. Ainsleigh, you had better unlock your door and strike a light."

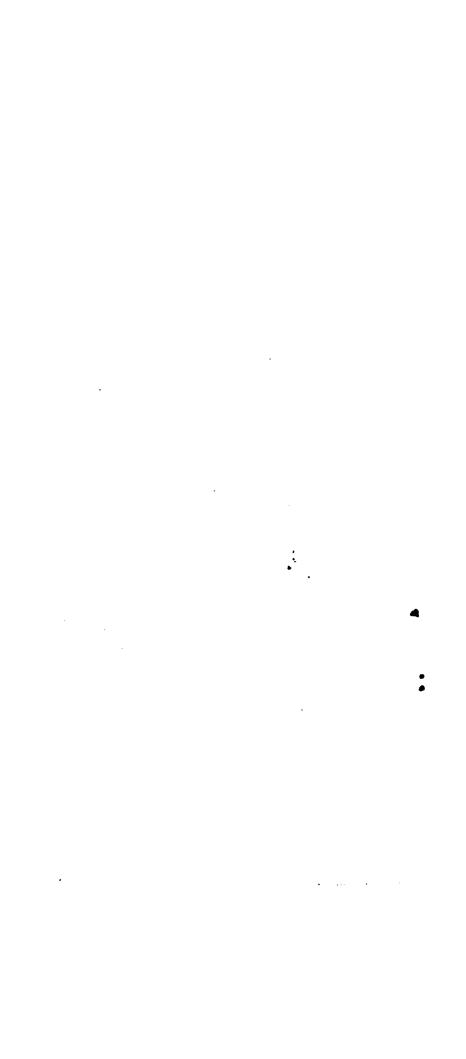
I had no inclination whatever to admit this forward stranger into my rooms, but yielded weakly because I knew not how to refuse. I opened my door, and the unknown followed close upon my heels, as if determined I should have no time to change my mind. When I had managed to light my solitary candle I turned and scrutinised this new acquaintance as closely as the feeble glimmer of the tallow candle would allow me.

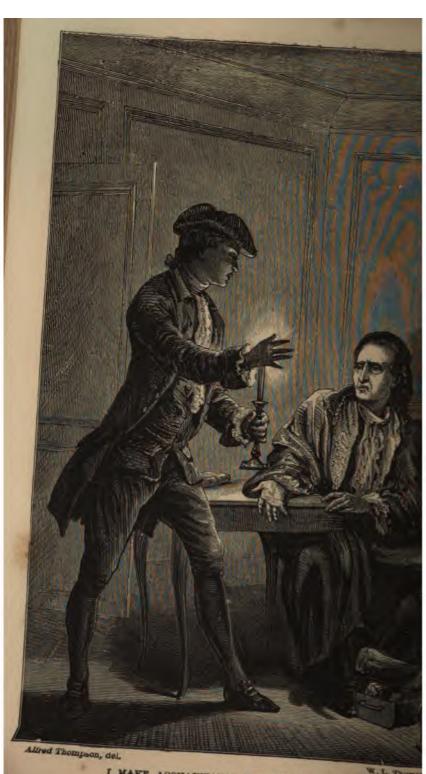
He was a man of from thirty to five-and-thirty years of age, with a face that had once been handsome, but which was prematurely worn by care or dissipation. He wore no wig, but his light-brown hair, plentiful at the back though his brow was bald, was tied with a greasy black ribbon. His clothes were of the shabbiest, but had once been His eyes were large, gray, and penetrating; but I was at this time too bad a judge of countenance to perceive their sinister expression. As it was, however, his face did in nowise prepossess me, and when I too weakly yielded to him I was influenced by his conversation alone. He had groped for a chair while I lighted my candle, and sat by my cheerless hearth, shivering.

"Let me light your fire," he cried, espying the fuel in a box by the rusty fender. "I can make a fire as well as any Temple laundress, and cook a steak better than most of them."

He suited the action to the word, and was on his knees piling up coals and firewood in the little grate before I could object.

"And now, Mr. Ainsleigh," he said, flinging himself into a chair when the fire was lighted, "let us talk reasonably. You are a solitary young man, just beginning the world, with fair prospects of success,





I MAKE ACQUAINTANCE WITH PHILIP BARGENT

and with, I have no doubt, a decent allowance from your aristocratic kinswoman."

"What right have you to be so certain of my business?" I asked

angrily.

"The right which knowledge of the world gives to every man who a not an arrant blockhead. I know you are living on money from your kinswoman by the left-hand-"

"Pshaw! let us have no affectation of anger. What if I knew your father? I'll not say I did, but I know those who knew him. I know you are a dependent on the bounty of Lady Barbara Lestrange, and that you were turned out of doors by her husband."

"Oblige me by carrying your knowledge elsewhere, sir. It is close men midnight, and I do not care to be entertained with your version

of my biography."

"I want to show you that I am no flatterer, and that I can beg without licking the shoes of my patron. Come, Mr. Ainsleigh, you want a servant, and I want a master. Give me a closet to sleep in, or let me lie on the mat at your door. You pay your laundress something, and I will do her work for nothing. I know more law than many a prosperous counsellor, and can give you some help in your studies it on will consent to take it from such a vagabond as me. I can valet ou, and cook for you, run on your errands, and show you the town, hich I know by heart, and which is a profounder science than you may fancy. I want a shelter—and a friend."

"Friendship is scarcely won by such means as you employ."

"Say, then, an acquaintance, a companion. Someone fresh and young and true, with whom a battered wretch may consort to the profit of his soul and body. Mind you, Mr. Ainsleigh, I am a beggar to-night, but not a beggar always. I suppose you have heard of that notorious beast of burden, the bookseller's hack? That is my species. have a prose translation of Homer that I hope yet to turn into cash, in a portmanteau in pawn at my last lodging."
"From the Greek?"

"No; from Chapman. I know something of Greek too, but we bookmakers prefer adapting the labours of a predecessor. I have also a history of that strange extinct race the Amazons, which I think might tempt Mr. Cave, could I but approach him in a decent coat."

It is needless to dwell longer on my conversation with this gentleman, whose persuasion ultimately prevailed with me. That he was a -f some education and had fallen from a better estate was very s; and this touched me, for I remembered that my father's conmust have much resembled that of this penniless stranger. hen common humanity pleaded for this unfortunate. Could I, and been reared by charity, refuse a shelter and a crust to another? , the man might be a rogue, but true compassion first feeds and clothes the reprobate, before it essays to reform him. Swayed by these considerations, I consented to share my lodgings with the stranger. I assisted him to make up a bed on the floor of my sitting-room, selected for him a few articles from my well-stocked wardrobe, and promised that, so long as he proved honest and I had money, he should not starve. And thus, on the very threshold of manhood I suffered myself to be coaxed into an alliance with a vagabond, of whom I knew nothing save that he was impudent and persevering.

### CHAPTER X.

#### A DANGEROUS COMPANION.

When I arose next morning, I found my breakfast comfortably prepared, the room swept and dusted, and the charwoman who had hitherto attended me dismissed, while my new acquaintance, dressed in the clothes I had given him, presented a decent, and even gentlemalike appearance. He certainly had not exaggerated his handiness, for my room looked cleaner than ever it had done under the regime of my deaf laundress; and the steak which he had cooked for my breakfast might have gratified the senses of a Lucullus.

He would fain have breakfasted off the fragments of my own meal, but this I refused. If he was good enough to live with me, he was good enough to eat with me. I had a lurking consciousness that I had done a foolish thing, but felt that I could not amend my folly by a haughty treatment of my unknown companion. While we breakfasted, he gave me a brief sketch of his career and fortunes.

"My name is Philip Hay," he began; "and I am the son of a parson, a man of great learning, but a poor spirit, who spent his life in the seclusion of an agricultural district, neglected his flock while he read the classics, and brought up his family on the produce of his garden and pigstye. I can hardly remember wearing a shirt that was not ragged, or a coat and breeches that had not served my elder brother faithfully before they fell to my share. At our table butcher's mest was not the rule but the exception; and I am somewhat inclined to attribute my want of moral stamina to that deficiency of beef from which I suffered in my boyhood. Butcher's meat is the foundation of your true Englishman. I will not say that my father gave me a good education, for he suffered me to pick up the crumbs of his learning very much as the cocks and hens that stalked about our carpetless parlour at meal-times were accustomed to pick up the fragments of each repast. I may say without boastfulness, since my education has never been of the smallest use to me, that I had a natural aptitude for learning. Nothing in the way of scholarship came amiss to me. I knew my Greek alphabet before I was breeched, and read Erasmus in the original while other lads were blundering over their first declension. This early proficiency soon attracted the notice of neighbours, who entirely unlearned themselves, were disposed to regard me as a juvenile prodigy; very much as they would have done had Nature gifted me with two heads, or enriched me with a superfluous arm. My reputation at twelve years old spread as far as the mansion of a wealthy nobleman, who sent for me one day when he had a house full of company, and bade me repeat an ode of Horace, and specimens of other classic poets, for the amusement of his guests. The result of this exhibition was an invitation to spend the holidays with my lord's son, an idle but by no means stupid young jackanapes, whom my My father learned example might possibly convert to industry. was but too glad to accept such an invitation; friends and neighbours declared that my fortune was made; my mother patched and turned the soundest of my old clothes, and my father pledged his credit to procure me the first suit of new ones I ever owned. I left home in high spirits, ingratiated myself at once with my patron's son, Viscount Escote, whom I was so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as to amuse, and whose friendship or fancy I was soon master of. this young gentleman I spent the merriest, and indeed the happiest, period of my life, and the acquaintance thus begun was not destined to lapse. The boy had a warm heart, and I had perhaps reason to love him even better than I did.

"Lord Escote's tutor, a very grave and pompous gentleman, was at first inclined to object to his pupil's affection for my society, but as I speedily discovered his own incompetency, and was able to pose him at any moment by a seemingly-innocent inquiry about a crabbed sentence in Juvenal, or an obscure verb in Æschylus, he soon became more amiable, and permitted me to enjoy my share of the good things which he obtained by the exercise of grave humbug and sanctimonious imposture. When his lordship went to the university, some four years after our first meeting, nothing would please him but I must go also; and his father, Lord Mallandaine, being by this time deceased, and he succeeded to the title, with no one but a foolish, indulgent mother to govern him, he of course had his way, and I enjoyed the education of a gentleman at my patron's charge.

"I could tell you rare stories of those wild days, Mr. Ainsleigh, stories of exploits that redound rather to my eleverness than to my patron's morality or my own sense of honour. To sum up the whole, we were both expelled the university under circumstances of peculiar disgrace; and Lord Mallandaine, not caring to face a doating mother, proposed a continental tour, with me for his companion. Together we visited France, Italy, and the Low Countries, intrigued with Venetian courtesans, and gamed with Parisian dandies, got up cock-fights in the Colosseum at Rome, and sparring-matches in a Florentine palace, returned to England low in pocket and broken in health, discontented with each other and disgusted with the world. I happened fortunately to be master of more than one important secret of my patron's, and in consideration of this fact, rather than from any remnant of his early

friendship for me, my lord presented me with a few hundreds, and bade me make my fortune at the Bar, for which profession, he was good enough to observe, my natural impudence and capacity for lying eminently adapted me. I thanked him in my politest manner, and, cursing him in the spirit, wished him good-day. Since then we have met rarely, and then only by accident, and my chief consolation whilst going to the dogs has been to know that he is treading the same road."

"That is scarcely a Christian sentiment," said I, "since, by your

own showing, Lord Mallandaine was kind to you."

"Kind? yes! He kept me about him so long as I amused him, and kicked me off when he tired of me. You do not know—your simplicity cannot conceive—the things I have done for that man, the degradations to which I have submitted, the perils I have encountered. Believe me, your Sganarelle's situation is no sinecure. And some day, in a brief fit of virtue, Don Juan turns away his faithful servant."

"How came you to succeed so ill at the Bar?"

"You will understand that better ten years' hence. I began steadily enough, and for the first two years ate my dinners and studied with a pleader; but the habit of dissipation was too strong upon me. I took to spending my nights in gaming-houses, and even worse places of extertainment, brought discreditable company to my chambers, got into ill-repute with the Benchers, and it ended by my being kicked out of the Temple, as I had been kicked off by my patron, and as I had been expelled from my university. You perceive I have a genius for getting turned out of doors."

"And since this time you have lived by literature?"

"I have lived by writing for the booksellers, if you call that litera-I have composed more biographies of lately-defunct ture: I don't. celebrities than I can count; have written a history of the Greek and Roman heroes, adapted for schools, and stolen from Plutarch; have composed metrical translations of such Latin poets as are least fit for publication; have invented a scandalous history of the Princess of Wales, whom I have no grounds for supposing anything but a very estimable matron; and have written pamphlets for and against every party. And now, sir, you know the worst of me. Upon my merits I have not presumed to touch; but even my enemies admit that I have an easy temper and a daring spirit, and that I can be a firm friend to the man who wins my regard. I have flung myself upon your charity, because I like your face; and it is for you to decide whether you will turn me out of doors, or allow me to remain as your faithful drudge and servitor until my luck turns, as it is sure to do in a week or two, when I will freely pay my share of our expenses, and continue truly grateful for your company.

And now came my fatal moment of weakness. I was but just twenty, and easily won to pity the misfortunes of my fellow-men, however well-deserved might be their woes. The man's story was in every manner

alculated to prejudice me against him; but I reflected that this very act told in his favour, and was at least evidence of his candour, since twould have been easy for so clever a rascal to give a plausible account f himself. There seemed a reckless honesty about the fellow that ascinated me in spite of myself. How often had I felt the solitude of my chambers intolerable, and here was a learned and jovial companion ager to share them with me. True, that his character might be against tim; but I had now begun the world, and must expect to encounter trange characters. And then, I doubt not that my vanity was tickled by his avowed fancy for me; and I suffered this adroit flattery to inhence me in his favour. What chance has rustic youth against a itizen of the world such as this? The snare had been ingeniously preserted, and I walked blindfold into the meshes.

"I'll not turn you out of doors!" I cried heartily; "and if you possess the learning for which you give yourself credit, I shall be very glad of your company."

"Your hand on that," said Philip Hay; "and now that I am movided with a decent coat I'll go and look up Mr. Cave, and see I I can strike a bargain with him for my Amazons."

On this he departed, and was no sooner gone than I began to pender seriously whether this Mr. Hay would ever return, and if I had not been cheated out of a substantial suit of clothes by this eloquent adventurer. I had been warned against the tricks of the town, and this might be one of them. I laughed aloud as I thought how easily I had been cheated.

In this matter, however, I was agreeably disappointed. At five o'clock in the afternoon in comes my gentleman, with his hat cocked on one side and his face triumphant.

"Look you there, Mr. Robert Ainsleigh!" he cried, flinging a purse dguineas on the table. "Your clothes have brought me luck. One happened to be in rare good-humour to-day, and I have struck Fory fair bargain for my history. There was a great hulking fellow, with a queer twitch of his face and limbs, hanging about the shop, went near to spoil my market by the display of his learning. He cried out that the Amazons were fabulous females, and that I vald know as much of them as I knew of Achilles—just what was old in Homer, and fragmentary snatches of the Cyclic poets. tinguished my twitching friend—who wore a coat that was patched the elbows and ragged at the cuffs, showing at once premeditated overty and natural slovenliness—and talked Cave into an affection or my Amazons. Here are ten guineas earnest-money, and by your ave, Mr. Ainsleigh, we'll spend a pleasant evening. Shall it be at Tarylebonne-gardens or Don Saltero's, Ranelagh or Vauxhall? Under 'hich king, Bezonian?"

I would fain have avoided appearing in public with my new actuaintance, of whom I knew nothing that was not to his discredit; vol. vi.

but his good-humour and joviality soon vanquished my scruples. I had a natural curiosity about the pleasures of the town, those darsing scenes of riot and delight which I had heard so praised by my fellog-students in the dining-hall—the places not to know which was to be in some manner behind the age. In a word, I suffered Mr. Philips Hay to lead me where he pleased; and those evenings which hitherto been spent in the studious quiet of my chamber, or the grang gossip of an obscure coffee-house, were now given entirely to the plate sures of the town.

I might perhaps have continued to regard Philip Hay's assume affection for myself with doubt and suspicion if that reprobate in vidual had required anything from me. But his fortunes revived from the first day of our acquaintance, and he was more extravagant in his expenditure than myself, notwithstanding that my purse had been replenished by a bank-note enclosed in Lady Barbara's last letter the reproached me loudly for my parsimony when I refused to dried or game in the vivacious company to which he introduced me at Vans hall and other public places; and on more than one occasion, by a somewhat scornful offers to pay my score, drew me into an outly which I afterwards regretted, for I never forgot that I owed all the my benefactress; and the natural pride of manhood was only stained by the hope that I should one day be able to repay all.

Nor were my nights spent in noisy pleasure at Don Saltero's, wasted in the Ranelagh Rotundo, unattended by the after-bittern From scenes so frivolous, from company so loose at of remorse. unprincipled, my thoughts went back to Hauteville, the calm day and happy evenings, the pleasant conversations over my lady's tea board, the summer sunsets Dorothea Hemsley and I had watched from the Italian garden, when the night-dews hung heavy on the ross, and the last of midsummer's nightingales sang loud in the dusky distance of the wood. But, in spite of these better thoughts, the pleasures into which my companion plunged me were not without their charm, The restraint in which my boyhood had been spent especially fitted me to be the fool of such frivolous temptations; and my Mephistopheles contrived his snares with a rare genius. Seldom did he suffer wear ness to mar my amusement. A skilful courtier, set on by wily ministers to lure a crown-prince from thoughts of statecraft into the vile slough of dissipation, could not have acted his part with greater care or wisdom. In a word, my tempter played upon me as Prince Hamlet bade the courtiers play upon "this pipe;" and it was only afterwards, when I saw the other side of his cards, that I knew the subtlety of his game, and how utterly helpless I had been in his hands.

I had enjoyed the privilege of Mr. Hay's society for six weeks before Sir Marcus Lestrange and his family came to London. I had ventured to call more than once in St. James's-square, where the houseporter informed me that his master was suffering from an attack of

n Paris. I was relieved to hear of Everard's absence, and to know hat Dora was for the present free from the attention, or persecution, of her enforced suitor.

We came through St. James's-square one night, after an evening pent at Vauxhall, whence it had pleased us to return on foot. I have ince had reason to believe that Mr. Hay had his own special purpose a bringing me this way on this particular night. We had supped with ome of his rackety acquaintance at the gardens, and he had induced not odrink a little more than usual. The punch, the company, and he long walk in the night-air had combined to excite my brain, and for the first time during our acquaintance I had spoken freely of my riends at Hauteville; nor did I perceive until afterwards, when considering my night's folly in the sober reflections of the next morning, now artfully my companion led me on to the revelation of my most

ecret thoughts.

The windows of Sir Marcus's house were blazing with the light of numberless candles as we came into the square. The family had urived, and Lady Barbara was holding a reception. The great hallloor was open, and we saw the splendour within, with guests ascending and descending, and footmen bawling in the hall and on the staircase. Without there was a crowd of chair-men, footmen with flaring torches, ink-boys, and lantern-bearers, though it was a fine spring night, and the stars shining high up in the clear cold gray. We stood to watch the company passing in and out, powder and diamonds, rustling trains of gorgeous hues, and gold and silver brocade, that flashed in the clare of the torches. The crowd proclaimed the names of beaux and belles, soldiers and statesmen. Now there was a hush and murmur in the crowd as Mr. Pelham descended from his chariot, with ribbon and star upon his breast, and a smile upon his florid countenance. How mon was that respected head to be laid low! And here, close behind him, came the Duke of Newcastle, looking right and left. with his glass held affectedly to his eye, challenging the plaudits of the crowd.

"What a grinning baboon goes yonder!" cried my companion, who hew everyone; "it is a monkey that clambers into power on the

shoulders of better men."

A thick-set, clumsy-looking man, with a dark scowling face, came

presently through the crowd.

"Yonder goes the Secretary of War, Henry Fox," said Mr. Hay: "one of the greatest statesmen we have, but not eloquent as a speaker. Did you ever see such a hang-dog countenance? One would say 'twas a fellow that had just committed murder and hid the body in a ditch. But the man is a genius! If he and Pitt could but combine their forces, the brotherhood of Pelham must bow their diminished heads. Sir Marcus is well in with the Ministry, you see, and I doubt not will get some new berth abroad or at home. Why, with

such interest, you ought to be in the House of Commons, instead of slaving for the reward of a shabby stuff gown, and the right to cross-examine the witnesses for the crown against a sheepsteale! But come away; it is sorry pleasure hanging about the door what we feel ourselves good enough for the best company in the drawing-room."

"I am not so sure of my own merits as you are of yours, Philip,"I answered, laughing; "but there is one in that house I would give

great deal to see."

"And that one is Miss Dorothea Hemsley, a young lady with the thousand pounds for her fortune, who is engaged to her cousin Engaged

We had now drawn a little aloof from the crowd; Philip Hay hithrust his arm through mine, and was leading me homewards.

"What do you mean?" I cried, aghast at such sacrilege as this in mention of a name that was, and has ever been, sacred to my ears.

"I mean that I am a man of the world, and know what stuff we are made of. You tell me that Miss Hemsley is plighted, or all plighted, to young Lestrange, as hardened a sinner as my late pure Mallandaine, from whom I have heard his character. And you watched her, and seen her unhappy; and you surprised her one tears; and she owned that the burden of her sorrow was hard to he Yet with all her sorrow she found time and patience to teach you, and was pleased you should polish her Italian; and sang wayou, and walked with you, and watched with a face white as a corporation while Sir Marcus reviled and banished you, and sent you a little promonkish book for your comfort. Why, man alive, the woman low you—it is as plain as the nose on your face—and would marry you of hand if you had the spirit to ask her."

"That is impossible—even if I could do such an act of dishonagainst Lady Barbara, which I could not. Those who have authority

over her would take care to prevent such a marriage."

"Yes, if you were so dull a blockhead as to ask their permission."

But I don't suppose even your rustic simplicity is simple enough that. There are parsons by the score in May Fair and the Fleet will marry you without leave or license from parents and guardians and you will surely not let the young lady be sacrificed to a man hates for lack of a little courage on your part."

"If daring of mine could secure her happiness, there are few parts." I would not dare," I answered boldly.

"Pshaw! thou art a creature of ifs and buts. Had I such god fortune as to win the heart of an orphan heiress, I would not shivering on the door-step while my lady-love was pining for within."

The cold night and the walk had sobered me by this time, and the

nan's tone offended me. I begged him to trouble himself no more about my business, which I assured him I could conduct without his advice. He received my rebuff with his usual good-humour, and for some time forbore to offend by any mention of Dora's name.

## CHAPTER XI.

#### WE PLIGHT OUR TROTH.

On the following day I received a note from Lady Barbara. It had seen written before the assembly of the previous night, and it informed me that the writer would walk in the Mall in St. James's Park at hree o'clock on that afternoon, attended only by a footman, and would be pleased if I could join her there, as if by accident.

Philip Hay was present when I received this letter, and soon after reposed an expedition that would occupy the afternoon and evening. When I declined this he questioned me so closely that I confessed I was poing to meet my patroness. He congratulated me on being so high in her favour, and went out upon his own business.

My heart beat high as I entered the Mall. If Dora should be with Lady Barbara!—if!—but I knew this could not be. My lady herself and been anxious to banish me from that sweet society, and would she wain expose me to the danger which had already well-nigh wrecked my leace? No; I felt sure my benefactress would be alone; and yet it was with a pang of disappointment I saw her solitary figure approach me.

It was not the fashionable hour for promenaders, and except for an secsional passer, or a strolling nurse-girl with her brood of children, had the walk well-nigh to ourselves.

Lady Barbara dismissed her footman, bidding him return for her in half an hour. She led the way to a retired seat under one of the newly-budding elms, and here we sat side by side, my lady for a few noments silent with emotion, and I no less deeply moved.

Presently she took my hand and kissed it.

"Dear Robert! dear adopted son!" she murmured gently, "it is hard to meet you thus by stealth."

"Nothing is hard to me, dear madam, except the loss of your effection."

"And that loss can never happen to you. I have only to look in your face, and the past comes back to me, and I fancy you are your father, and I am young, and jealous, and wicked, and miserable once more. No justice that I can do to you will atone for that old wrong to him. O, if it could! But that is a vain wish; a wrong done to the dead is done for ever. How well you look! how manly you have grown! You had never much of the rustic air, but even that you had is gone, and you are a courtier, a man of the world. In what school have you been graduating?"

I blushed as I bethought myself that it was in those notorious

seminaries of Ranelagh and Vauxhall I had acquired the manly air which my dear lady was pleased to congratulate me.

"Speak to me of yourself, dear madam," I said, "and of-"

"And of Dora!" said Lady Barbara, as I paused confused. ".
Robert, that is a business which sorely troubles me."

"What business, madam?"

"Dora's marriage with Everard. As the time draws near I be to doubt the wisdom of my husband's conduct in this matter."

"As the time draws near!" I cried, my heart beating pains "What do you mean by those words, madam?"

"Ah, I forgot! You know nothing of what has happened since left Hauteville. Sir Marcus has hurried on this marriage between niece and his son. I fear he has pressed his suit somewhat too sistently. The dear child yields, but I am sure she is unhappy; an Robert! I sorely fear it is for her fortune Everard is so eager."

"I know as much, Lady Barbara," replied I, and proceeded to peat the remarks on this subject with which Mr. Everard had favo me. "No man who loved a woman would speak of her thus," I in conclusion.

On this my lady became very thoughtful.

"O, Robert, would to Heaven I knew what is best to be done!" cried after a pause.

"Anything is better than that Miss Hemsley should be unhal said I; "and I do not believe that marriage can result in her happi O, madam, believe me, this is no selfish argument. It is not bet I love her that I say this. Alas, what hope have I? Sever her Everard Lestrange to-morrow, and she is no nearer me. But should her peace be sacrified to any ambitious design of her i dian's?"

"It was her father's wish also, Robert. Mr. Hemsley was a city merchant, who owed his position in society to his alliance with Lestranges. He had a great friendship for my husband, and it we who first mooted the idea of Dorothea's union with her cousinwill was made with a view to this; and if Dora marries without guardian's consent, she forfeits half of her fifty thousand pounds, we sum goes to Sir Marcus."

I was inexpressibly glad to hear this; it seemed to lessen by half the distance between the heiress and me.

"Ah, madam, how happy the lover who should win her agains uncle's will!" cried I.

"Even then she would have no despicable fortune. The stricterms of Mr. Hemsley's will are by no means singular in days clandestine marriages are so common, and an heiress the mark for adventurer. There is some talk of a bill to stop Fleet marriages they say Henry Fox will oppose it with all his might, since he ow happiness to a stolen match."

"You spoke of Miss Hemsley's marriage as near at hand, madam. When is it to be?"

I faltered, and felt myself cowering like one who waits his deathblow.

"Alas, Robert, very soon; in a few weeks."

"That is indeed soon. But surely, madam, if this young lady does not love her cousin you will interfere to prevent her misery? If Sir Marcus be the guardian of her fortune, you are as surely the proper guardian of her peace; you cannot consent to see her sacrificed."

"I know not what I ought to do, Robert," replied my lady helplemity; "I wish I better knew the dear girl's heart; and yet I dare not
question her. I have tried my uttermost to dissuade Sir Marcus from
this hasty marriage; but he is inflexible. And Dora is his niece and
ward, not mine. Everard is in Paris, where he is appointed Sccretary
of Legation; but he comes back to-morrow night. He is on the road
at this moment, and the preparations for the wedding are already begun. The milliners are busy with the bride's finery; but the poor
child takes no pleasure in laces and brocades. I remember the fuss
about my own wedding-clothes, and what weary work it all seemed to
me. Ah, Robert, these loveless, joyless marriages must surely be displeasing to Heaven. But I see my servant coming back to us. You
must go, dear; I shall write to you soon. Good-bye, and God bless
you!"

So we parted; I to return to the Temple, sorely depressed in spirits. Nor were Mr. Hay's persuasions of any avail with me for some time after this. The very thought of crowded public gardens filled me with sversion; I sickened at my comrade's boisterous jokes; I buried myself in my books, and would have given much to be rid of this old man of the mountain, who had contrived to fasten himself upon my shoulders. I think Mr. Hay's tact enabled him to perceive this; for he left me to myself for upwards of a week soon afterwards, absenting himself upon his own business, as he said.

Days and weeks passed, and brought me no letter from Lady Barbera. I suffered tortures of anxiety, and every evening after dark stole away from my books and walked to St. James's-square, where, under cover of the friendly night, I reconnoitred the mansion that sheltered Dorothea Hemsley. The lighted windows, more or less brilliantly illuminated, told me nothing of her who was perhaps sad and sorrowful within. Sometimes the thought that she was being forced into a lateful marriage went nigh to drive me to desperation. I remembered what Philip Hay—that soldier of fortune and citizen of the world—had aid to me. The great doors of the diplomatist's house stood open between me. Why should I not rush in and rescue my darling from her oppressors by force of arms—my own strong arms, which should be able to shield and save her from all the world? Why should I not do this? Why indeed, except that I had no right to suppose such a pro-

ceeding would be agreeable to Miss Hemsley. Could I have been assured of her love, there would have been little need of hesitation. But how was I, the least-learned of students in the science of woman's heart, to interpret with any certainty tender looks, and gentle blushes, and downcast eyelids, and faint fluttering hand, and low tremulous voice? Those sweet signs of maiden bashfulness might mean so little, or so much.

One night that I found the house in St. James's-square dimit lighted, and the porter standing at the open door tasting the evening air, I made so bold as to ask that functionary whether there was not soon to be a marriage in the family he served. The man had not been at Hauteville, being no doubt too burly and ponderous a person for removal from his leather-hooded chair in London, and I therefore ran mo hazard of recognition.

Yes; he informed me that on Thursday fortnight the young lady of the house was to be married. The blow struck hard. Thursday fortnight! It was now Tuesday; in sixteen days Dora would be gone from me for ever.

I returned to my chambers with a distracted mind, but happily found a brief note from Lady Barbara awaiting me.

"We shall be at Vauxhall to-morrow evening," she wrote; "be sure to be at ten o'clock in the dark walk to the right of the statue of Neptune,—and be cautious. We shall not be alone."

"We." Did "we" mean my lady and Miss Hemsley? I thought as much; and I know not how I lived till the next night. Philip Hay's presence and lively interest in my welfare seemed at this time particularly obtrusive. He questioned me closely as to where I was going to spend my evening, and said he had made a special appointment for me with some friends of his own at Vauxhall.

I doubt not that some movement of vexation at this intelligence betrayed where I was going, if he had not the knowledge already from another source.

Evening came, and I found myself for the first time alone in the gardens, fluttered with unspeakable hopes, and very anxious to avoid any encounter with Mr. Philip Hay. Though I had meant to arrive only a few minutes before the hour named by Lady Barbara, it was but nine o'clock when I entered the gates, so swiftly did my desires outrun time. I kept entirely to the dark walks, and looked at my watch every time I came to a solitary lamp. Every footstep fluttered me, every rustle of brocade set my heart beating with a sudden tumult. I thought the gardens could never have been so full of fops and belles the dark alleys never so affected by the company.

At last the clock struck ten; the distant music grew confused in my ears; placid stars above and twinkling lamps below swam before Two ladies in hoods and masks approached, and in another my eyes.

moment Dora was at my side.

"Dora—Miss Hemsley!" I faltered; and then I know not what impulse possessed me, but, forgetful of all except the delight of this meeting, I clasped the dear girl in my arms. "My love, my darling!" I cried, "this hateful marriage must not be."

"No, Robert," she murmured, gently withdrawing herself from my embrace, "it shall not be. I have been very weak and cowardly; but when the time drew near, despair made me bold, and I cast myself upon Lady Barbara's mercy. Dearest aunt! she is all goodness, and she will not suffer me to be wretched for life, as I should be if I married one I cannot love, whom I cannot even respect."

"Yes, Robert," said my lady, "we must save this dear girl. I knew not her heart till the night before last, when some tearful words the let fall tempted me to question her. We must save her—but how? I cannot openly oppose the will of her guardian, my husband; and I know nothing against my stepson. It is a faithful lover must have her, Robert."

My lady and Dora had both removed their masks. The sweet girl stood before me, one moment pale as a lily, and in the next blushing crimson.

"There is one, madam, who would shrink from no dangerous service if he might be permitted to save her, and who would take her for his wife penniless more proudly than as heiress to a great fortune. But he is obscure, dependent, almost nameless.—Would you not despise such an one, Dora?"

"Despise you!" faltered my angel tenderly; and she gave me a divine look from her blue eyes.

"I begin to think I am not wanted here," cried my lady, laughing; "I will go and pay my respects to Neptune.—Ah, Dora, will you hang your pearl necklace on the sea-god's trident if you escape shipwreck on life's troubled ocean?"

She was gone. I led my darling to a bench, and we sat down tide by side. She put on her mask again; was it to hide those maiden blushes? And then, emboldened by sudden joy, I spoke to her of my love, and implored her to consent to a speedy clandestine marriage.

"I would not offer you a name so obscure, Dora," said I, when I had pleaded in swift passionate words that came from the very depth of my heart; "I would rather wait and work patiently till I was worthier so dear a partner. But by this way only, or by a resolute refusal on your part, which would expose you to all the tortures of domestic persecution, can your union with Everard Lestrange be woided; and O, my darling, I think I would sooner see you dead than united to that man, for I know he is a villain. Who else should have forged the vile letter that banished and disgraced me? Who else should be privy to poor Margery's flight? Ah, Dora, you know how little of my time was spent at the warrener's lodge after one deax

person came to Hauteville. I was but too forgetful of my old humble friends. No, darling, you must not marry Everard Lestrange; but can you consent to share a lot so lowly as mine?"

"Yes, Robert," she whispered; and for a few blessed moments

we sat silent, with clasped hands. This was our betrothal.

A faint rustling of the bushes behind startled us. I sprang to my feet.

"Who is there?" I cried, with my hand on my sword-hilt, for I

was inclined to suspect an eavesdropper.

Again I heard a stealthy rustling, and swift footsteps in the next walk. I examined the hedge, which grew thick and high; but the listener, if there had been one, was gone. Those rapid retreating footsteps were his, no doubt.

Lady Barbara came hurrying towards us.

"Come, children," she cried, "is all settled?"

"There is nothing settled, dear madam, except that Miss Hemsey has blessed a most unworthy creature with her love."

"O, Robert, if I can read you aright, she will have no cause to repent her confidence. Dear children! But there is not time for so other word. We are here with a party, you know, Robert, and have stolen away from them. Our friends will be looking for us. Am I to arrange everything? Yes, I suppose mine is the only cool had among us. I will write to you, Robert."

"Lady Barbara!" called a gentleman, running towards us.

"See, here comes Mr. Dolford, one of our beaux! Away with you, cousin, away!"

I pressed Dora's hand, murmured a blessing upon my cousin and my love, and vanished as my lady's cavalier approached her, complaining bitterly of her absence.

"We have all been hunting you, ladies. Calcavanti, the conjuration, is just beginning his wonderful performance. It is the best thing to be seen this year, and I would not have you miss it.—Lestrange

been positively distracted, I protest, Miss Hemsley."

I felt like a creature in a dream after leaving Dora. My head swam with the sweet intoxication of so much happiness. I could not tear myself from the garden, but hung about the darker walks in the faint hope of seeing her again. It was not till after midnight that I left the pleasure-haunt and walked eastwards under the pale April stars.

# CHAPTER XII.

## I AM CHEATED INTO RUIN BY A TRAITOR.

AFTER that too happy meeting at Vauxhall my spirits were too much distracted for the common business of life, and I found the society of Mr. Hay far from agreeable. I longed to be alone with

my hopes and anxieties, but knew not how to get rid of a companion who cost me nothing, and took pains to make himself useful and necessary to me. In telling him what I had told him of my secrets, I had given him some right to be interested in my affairs, and this privilege he used with much freedom, and to my extreme annoyance, until I lost temper one day, and informed him that I preferred to manage my own business without his advice or interference.

If I had hoped to rid myself of him by this means I was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Hay was blessed with an imperturbable temper, and an easy impudence not to be disconcerted by any rebuff.

"That's wrong, Bob," he replied; "the advice of a man of the world is always worth having; and I'll wager I could help you to a wife and a fortune if you'd let me."

"I have no doubt of your genius for intrigue," I answered coldly; "but how is it you have not found those blessings for yourself?"

"How do you know that I have not had and lost them? A man of my stamp runs through a fortune, and quarrels and parts company from a wife, while a fellow of your icy nature is deliberating a love-letter."

During this period of anxious expectation I found it impossible to rid myself of my companion's observation. If I went out after dark to watch the house that held my treasure, as I did every evening, be guessed my errand, and upbraided me for my pusillanimity. I tried to quarrel with him; but, as it did not suit the gentleman's purpose that we should part, I found this impossible.

It was a week after my meeting with Dora, and it seemed an age, when a visitor came to my chambers, and the door being opened by Mr. Hay, that person appeared before me in high spirits, to announce that a young woman wanted to speak to me.

"She is dressed like a milliner's girl or a lady's-maid," he said; "but I'll wager it is thy inamorata in disguise."

I flew to the door, and found Miss Hemsley's maid, a young Frenchwoman, whom I had seen often at Hauteville, and who was no especial favourite of mine. She had a pinched, sallow countenance, with small piercing black eyes. She spoke English very tolerably, but with an impleasant nasal twang, and I had heard Lady Barbara extol her as a model of industry and fidelity. I felt, therefore, that my own dislike of the girl was an unworthy prejudice of the masculine mind, which is ever apt to associate an unpleasing face with an inferior nature. Today I could have hugged Ma'amselle Adolphine, so delighted was I to welcome anyone who brought me tidings of Dora. I led her into my sitting-room, where Mr. Hay was lounging over a newspaper.

"As this young woman has come to speak of private business, I should be very glad to have the room to ourselves for half-an-hour, Hav." said I.

"With all my heart, Bob; I can read the news at a coffee-house well as here.—Your servant, madam."

Mr. Hay saluted my visitor with a profound bow, and favoured her with a significant glance which I at the moment took for a simple fashionable leer, much affected at a time when your spurious fine gentleman's language to women was always spiced with double meaning, and his every look a declaration. I saw Mr. Hay safe outside my door, and then turned eagerly to the Frenchwoman.

"Now, Adolphine, what news from your mistress?" I cried. "Have you brought me a letter?"

"Ah, but no, monsieur!" shrieked the girl; "mademoiselle is too well watched for that. She cannot run the hazard of writing. It is nothing but drums, and dinners, and masquerades, and picture-sales, and parties to Ranelagh all the day and all the night, and he, Monsieur Everard, is always there—always upon her steps. It is my Lady Barbara who sends me to-day. The marriage that you know of is to take place at once, at the Fleet, at May Fair, anywhere that they will ask no questions. And if you have a friend who can help you to arrange the things, my Lady Barbara says—ah, let me not forget what it is she has said—since you know not the town, you are to confide in your friend, pourvu that you care to trust him."

A friend? What friend had I? There was my companion, Mr. Philip Hay, clever, unscrupulous, practised in intrigue, and only to eager to be useful. But could I venture to trust my happiness to him?

"What next, Adolphine?" I cried.

"The marriage must be immediately, see you, Monsieur Robert. This day-week is fixed for the wedding with Monsieur Everard. To-Mademoiselle will be night there is a masquerade at Ranelagh. there, with my Lady Barbara and Monsieur Everard. At half-past twelve o'clock, when the rooms are most crowded, she will complain of the heat, and will retire to the cloak-room with her aunt, where she will slip a black-silk domino over her dress and will come out to the portico, always with her aunt. You must be upon the spot with a hackney-coach ready to carry her away. It must all be done quick like the lightning, for Monsieur Everard will not be slow to take alarm; and then you will drive at once to your parson, and he will marry you sur-le-champ. And after, you had best to leave the country with your bride, says my Lady Barbara, if you would not have bloodshed between you and Monsieur Everard."

"I can protect my wife and my honour in England or elsewhere," I answered proudly; and then with a throbbing heart I sat down to write to my dear girl, assuring her of my gratitude and love, and thanking her a thousand times for her confidence; a long, wild, rambling epistle I doubt not. I had not time to read it over, for the French-woman was in haste to be gone, so I crammed the letter and a couple of guineas into her hand and dismissed her.

When she was gone I paced my chamber thoughtfully for some time, debating the prudence of confiding in Philip Hay. After serious

effection I decided in his favour. True that I knew him to be a rascal, et if well paid for his fidelity he would surely be faithful. And what nterest could he have in betraying me? Some help in this matter I nust assuredly have. I knew nothing myself of Fleet marriages or the law relating to them; and there was no time for me to obtain such knowledge from strangers. I had often enough been hustled in Holborn and on Ludgate-hill by the low wretches who touted for those reprobate parsons who made a living by such clandestine unions; but I could at least trust Philip Hay rather than one of these vulgar adventurers. arrange a marriage between midnight and sunrise might be, nay, no doubt would be, a matter of some difficulty; and for this I needed just such help as my companion could give me; while in the event of any pursuit on the part of Everard Lestrange, the assistance of such a sturdy henchman would be of no small service. It was already late in the afternoon, and there was little time for indecision; so I decided on trusting Mr. Hay with this precious secret, and on his return hastened to make him my confidant.

"It is just such an adventure as I love!" he cried gaily. "Leave all to me, and I will engage that the soberest parson in the purliens of the Fleet prison shall be in waiting with book and gown to unite you to your heiress at the unearthly hour of one to-morrow morning. He will ask an extra fee for the unusual hour, though it is scarcely so uncommon as you may think; but of course you'll not object to that."

"And will such a marriage be strictly legal?" I asked.

"Faith yes, Bob; the Gordian knot shall be as tight as if an archbishop had the tying of it—unless, indeed, you give special notice to the parson beforehand, when these ecclesiastics have a way of forgetting to read some essential bit of the service, which omission enables Signor Sposo to bid Signora Sposa good-morning some fine day when she grows troublesome. O, they are rare obliging fellows, I assure you, these parsons; but though these marriages are legal enough, it is a felony on their part to perform them, for which they are liable to prosecution. But they snap their fingers at Mr. Justice, and contrive to live a jolly life. There was Dr. Gainham, for instance, playfully entitled Bishop of Hell, a rare impudent dog; and the famous Keith, who made a handsome fortune by his chapel in Mayfair; and when there was some talk of his brother ecclesiastics putting down his traffic, vowed if they did he would buy a piece of ground and outbury them."

While my companion rattled on thus, I was meditating my plans for the night. Yes, Lady Barbara was right. It would be best to carry my bride from England, and place her where she would be safe from Everard Lestrange's persecution. I could come back to my native shores to fight him, if my honour should demand such an act; but my

first thought must be of Dora.

I had luckily upwards of a hundred pounds in hand; and this, after feeing Mr. Hay with a twenty-pound note, would leave me plenty for a

journey to France, and a month or two's living in some pleasant rustic retreat, which Dora, who knew the Continent, should choose. "And I will be her slave, and lie at her feet, during the brief happy holiday of our honeymoon," I thought; "and then I will come back to London and work for a position at the Bar, and redeem my name from the stigma of the fortune-hunter, and every penny of the income from her five-and-twenty thousand pounds shall be spent on herself, so that she may forget she is married to a poor man."

My fancy flew to a pretty rural cottage I had seen to let in one of the lanes beyond Kensington, during a recent pedestrian jaunt to that quarter, and which I imagined just such a simple paradise as my low would like.

"I will send Hay to secure it to-morrow," I said to myself, "while Dora and I are posting towards Dover, and I will ask Lady Barbara to furnish it for us.

Mr. Hay departed in search of a sober parson, and to order the posthorses and chariot to convey us to Dover; while I busied myself with the packing of a trunk to take with me on my journey. Never had I been so particular about my toilette. I deliberated solemnly between a blue suit and a chocolate one, and no elegant trifler of Pall Mall could have been more particular than I in my selection of cravat and ruffles.

By the time I had made my arrangements and counted my money, Mr. Hay returned. He had settled everything most pleasantly—found an exemplary parson, a real Oxford man, without a fault except a capacity for losing money at faro, at the tavern of the Two Sawyen, Fleet-lane. The chaise and horses were ordered, and would be in waiting close to this place of entertainment.

"And by to-morrow noon you will be in Dover," said my coadjuter, "in time for the packet that sails at four in the afternoon, wind and weather permitting. And now let us go and dine together. What, man alive!" he cried, in answer to a dissentient look of mine, "will you refuse to crack a bottle with a faithful friend at parting? By—, Mr. Bob, unless I am used as a friend I will have no hand in this business. I am no dirty tool, too base to touch but not too vile to use!"

"It was no want of friendship that made me hesitate, Phil," I replied; "but I am in too anxious a mood for pleasure, and shall be poor company. We'll have a bottle together, notwithstanding."

I looked at my watch, a bulky Tompion with a clumsy outer-case of leather, that had belonged to my grandfather the colonel, and had been flung aside as old-fashioned by my father when he went to Cambridge, and left in a drawer at Hauteville, where Lady Barbara found it, and gave it to me. It was early yet, and indeed, but for Mr. Hay's invitation to dine, I know not how I should have got rid of the hours that must pass before my appointment at Ranelagh.

My officious friend took me to a tavern that was strange to me, a house in Chelsea, where he ordered an excellent dinner, and so much

rine that I remonstrated with him for his folly. But he informed me hat we were not going to dine alone, and presently arrived a person of allitary aspect, in a uniform which I had never seen before, whom Mr. lay introduced as Sergeant O'Blagg of the East India Company's serice, a gentleman who thought no more of storming a Mahratta fortress han of cracking a bottle of burgundy, and who stood high in the estination of Major Lawrence.

This brave warrior, whose Hibernian accent was in nowise modified y long service in the East, favoured us during dinner with many won-leful stories of his adventures in those distant lands, and dilated with somewhat florid eloquence upon the wealth and glory to be won there.

"You gentlemen who know no more of war than those petty European kirmishes about which you kick up such a row, with firing of big guns and ringing of big bells, bedad, for a victory that you're neither better we worse for, except in the matter of a new tax on your boots, or your ig, or your tay, ye've no notion of our conquests out yonder, where, at mesack of a town, there's diamonds as big as beans to be picked up in the streets, and the pearls fly as thick as hailstones about our midiers' heads; and there's big brazen idols in the temples with their momachs full of rubies and emeralds and such-like, just as you stuff a Michaelmas goose, sir, and him as splits the haythen image asunder with the butt-end of his bayonet gets the stuffing for his pains. Why, be Great Mogul has seven golden thrones—or maybe some of 'em's lver—covered with jewels"—the sergeant called them "jools"—"every We of 'em handsomer than t'other, except the one that's called the paykk throne, and that whops the lot, and is valued at forty millions of lpees."

So he ran on, to the apparent delight of my companion, but to my wn unutterable weariness. What were the jewelled thrones of the Great logul to me, who knew but one treasure, and sighed but for one dear rize? The sergeant's company vexed me; but Philip Hay explained me in an undertone that he had met this old friend by accident in the street, and could not well avoid asking him to join us at dinner. I beerved that the soldier drank ferociously, and both he and Hay pressed be wine on me; but this kindness I resolutely declined. I would have given much to have been away from these boisterous boon-companions, and heartily repented my confidence in Mr. Hay, which had placed me in such an unwelcome position.

I gave but little attention to the sergeant's stories, which he told in a noisy, uproarious manner peculiar to the lower orders of his country-non, and garnished with military oaths. My thoughts were far away from that boisterous table. When the bottle was pushed towards me, with clamorous protestations against my abstinence, I filled my glass mechanically, and in this manner when the night grew late I had drunk some three or four glasses of a claret which seemed to me a thin poor

wine, ill-adapted to steal a man's brains. Yet by ten o'clock I falt a kind of stupor creeping over me—a confusion of the brain, in which the strident voice of the Irish soldier roaring his florid stories of Indian conquest and loot, of Dupleix and the Great Mogul, peacock throng, and royal elephants in jewelled harness, seemed strange and distant to my ears.

In this condition of my mind I was perpetually troubled by the idea that I had no right to be here. It was in vain that I looked at my watch, which showed me that I had nearly three hours to wait before my presence would be required at the gates of Ranelagh. At last I started up from the table in haste, telling Philip Hay that I could stay no longer, and if he was not ready to accompany me, would go alone.

He pointed to an eight-day clock in a corner of the room.

"Art thou mad, Bob?" he cried; "it has not yet gone the half-how, after ten. Drink a glass of this rare old Hollands, and take things easy."

He forced a glass of spirit upon me, which I drank unwillingly enough. It had a strange burning taste, and I had reason afterwards to know that it was no such simple liquor as Hollands I was thus made to drink, but a dram doctored with an Indian spirit that maddens the brain.

"We can get rid of the sergeant in half an hour, and then go out and get our hackney-coach," whispered Hay close in my ear. "There is no need for him to know our business."

I acknowledged the wisdom of this, and tried to listen with some degree of patience to the soldier's long-winded stories, and my friend's comments upon them; but before I had listened long, the voices of the two mingled confusedly, then grew to a buzzing sound, and at last died away into a low murmur, like the pleasant rustling of trees on a summer afternoon, as my head sank forward on the table, and I slept.

I was awakened suddenly by a violent slap on the shoulder, and a loud voice crying:

"Twelve o'clock, Bob; the landlord is shutting his doors, and 'time we went in search of our coach. Why, what a dull companion thou hast been!"

I staggered to my feet. My eyeballs burnt, and my head ached to splitting; for a moment I scarce remembered where I was, or the events of the day.

"Heavens, I have slept!" I exclaimed at last; "and Dora waiting for me, perhaps. Why, in perdition's name, did you make me drink?"

"You must have the weakest head in Christendom, child, if three glasses of French wine can muddle it. Come, the reckoning is paid, and a long one, for that Irishman drinks like a fish; we can settle that between us by and by. Allons!"

He slipped his arm through mine, and led me from the house. The feeble street-lamps swam before my eyes, and I could hardly have

walked without my companion's support. Not far from the tavern we found a hackney-coach that had just brought a family-party from the heatre, and this carried us at a good pace to Ranelagh, before the loors of which pleasure-place we alighted.

Here all was confusion and riot—torches blazing, chair-men bawling, footmen squabbling, ducal chariots stopping the way, and a crowd of finely-dressed people going in and out of the lighted doors.

My companion held me tightly by the arm, and it was as much as recould do to keep our places in the crowd. Standing thus, hustled and pushed on every side, we waited for a time that seemed to me very long, but no black-robed mask approached us. Maskers in red and blue and yellow, Great Moguls and Turkish princesses, shepherds and thepherdesses, sailors, sultans, chimney-sweeps, harlequins, Punchinellos, fir John Falstaffs and Abel Druggers, passed and pushed us, but she fir whom I waited with throbbing heart and burning brain did not appear.

At last I felt myself tapped on the shoulder by someone amongst the crowd behind us, and turning, found myself face to face with two women in black dominoes and masks. One removed her mask instantly, and I recognised Mademoiselle Adolphine.

"Get us to a coach as quick as you can, Mr. Robert," she entreated hurriedly; "my young lady is like to swoon herself.—O, but I pray you to sustain yourself, mademoiselle! The coach is all near, and monsieur will lead us there. Lean you on his arm, mademoiselle, and on me.—And you will tell the coachman where to drive, and follow in another coach, is it not, monsieur? Ah, what of dangers, what of heards we have run to rencounter you! Monsieur Lestrange is yonder in waiting for mademoiselle, who has gone away with her aunt to the cloak-room; and Miladi Barbara goes to monsieur to say that mademoiselle is too ill to return to the dance. Word of honour, it is a pretty omedy!" and chattering thus, the French maid hurried and bustled in to the door of a coach, into which she pushed her timid companion, who did indeed seem half-fainting.

I pressed the poor little trembling hand, which clung convulsively to mine.

"Shall I not come with you, Dora?" I asked.

Philip Hay pulled me from the carriage-door, directed the manwhere to drive, and thrust me into our coach before I had time toremonstrate.

"Drive like ten thousand devils!" he shouted to our Jarvey, who,

no doubt used to such clandestine errands and the double or treble pay attendant on them, whipped his jaded horses into a gallop, and in another minute we were tearing, rattling, jolting eastwards at a pace that shook every bone in our bodies, and precluded any attempt at conversation.

I looked out of the window several times on the journey, to satisfy myself that the other coach was following. I think we could seem have left Ranelagh an hour and a half when we pulled up in a wretched dirty lane, before the dreary entrance of a tavern, when dinginess was but just made visible by an oil-lamp hanging over the threshold.

"Is this the house?" I asked with a shudder. "What a horse place!"

"Zounds, Bob, what a fool thou art! Does it matter by what gate a man goes to heaven? Quick, man! here are the ladies; there is no time for dawdling. My parson will be drunk or asleep if will not quick; 'tis an hour after our time.—This way, mademoiseles support your mistress. The stairs are somewhat rotten, and might be cleaner.—The chapel is an ugly one, miss; but this dirty stair is like Jacob's ladder, for here are seen angels ascending and descending.—Come, Bob."

He opened a door and ushered us into a chamber lighted with two tallow-candles in brass candlesticks. These stood on a table covered with a dirty cloth, and surmounted by a greasy, dilapidated-looking prayer-book, upon the cover of which, in tarnished gilding, appeared the arms of one of the colleges. A man, dressed in a grimy surplice, and with a red cotton-handkerchief tied round his head in lieu of a wig, was nodding half asleep over an empty bottle; but he was broad awake in a moment at our entrance, saluted us briskly, clapped himself behind the table, opened his book, and began to gabble the marriage-service, as if for a wager.

The irreverence of the whole affair shocked me inexpressibly. Was this, save one, the most solemn of all ceremonials, to be thus ratted over by a drunkard?

"Stop, sir!" I cried; "let the lady at least remove her mask."

"Mais tu es bête!" roared Philip Hay. "Veux-tu que tout le monde saurait demain ce que se fait ici ce soir? The lady will keep her mask; 'tis the custom with people of her rank.—Go on, parson, and let us have none of your clippings of the service. This is a bond-fide marriage, remember; but you'll be paid as well as if we wanted to play fast and loose by and by."

I took the little hand in mine. It trembled no longer, but was now icy cold. The parson rattled on with the service. Mr. Hay stood grinning at us, with his arms akimbo and his hat on. The bride's responses were given in a faint murmur that was almost a sob. The ring was slipped upon the alender finger, and the ceremonial

being concluded, a greasy book was produced, in which I signed my same, and the bride after me. As she took the pen, Mr. Hay gave a loud huzza, which withdrew my attention from the register. It seemed the signal for a fresh arrival. The door of an inner room pened, and a gentleman entered, who took off his hat and saluted ne with a bow of mock ceremony. This new-comer was Everard Lestrange. His ironical courtesy, and the sardonic grin upon his hated nee, told me that I was undone. Till this moment my brain had need and muddled by the stuff that had been mixed with my kink; but my enemy's presence sobered me.

"Let me be first to salute the bride," exclaimed my lady's stepsm. "You may remove your mask now, Mistress Ainsleigh, and let sear husband imprint a hymeneal kiss upon the prettiest lips in Chrismadom."

She, my wife,—bound to me irrevocably by the ceremonial just publied over by a half-drunken parson,—took her mask from her face, and looked at me pleadingly, piteously, tenderly, with her soft brown that

It was my foster-sister, Margery Hawker!

#### IN THE COMMON ROOM

In Orford Shetch

If the specimens which different writers have upon various occasion held up to us were true types of the character, the casual reader could scarcely be blamed were he to pronounce that anything to do with the life and surroundings of the university don would fail to furnish an attractive or an agreeable theme. Sir Thomas Overbury has described him as a prig of the first water; Theodore Hook directed all the darts of his sarcastic armory against him, and host of minor writers have followed suit after their own fashion. When he has not devoted his existence to toadying young tufts, he has been a bookworm; and if in point of years he has not verged upon imbedia senility, he has been made to play the rôle of an awkward your ecclesiastic, fresh from his own Common Room, guiltless of all musdane experience, whose most felicitous effort towards making himself agreeable consists in a series of futile attempts to pass his ball through a croquet-hoop, and an utter inability to attune his conversation to that of the cap-setting young ladies of Little Peddlington. Conventionality is seldom accuracy to nature; and in this particular instance there are additional reasons why the conventional type should seem to exemplify at best nothing more than an exceptional development In the first place the portraits usually given us are either entire fancy pieces, or else caricatures. The university don of fiction is either wholly evolved from the inner consciousness of the writer, or he the humorous exaggeration of some actual entity. In the second place the atmosphere of the Common Room, in which the don lives and moves and has his being, is not exempt from the influences of periodical change. Even here, as elsewhere, the human product of one generation will differ in a variety of essential points from that of other generations. Judged by the experience of to-day, the sketch of a Common Room and its inmates ten years ago would be quite false. Who knows what will be the complexion of the first Parliament elected under Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill? In the same way, how are we to predict what changes may not sweep over the Common Rooms of Oxford and Cambridge some twenty, ten, or even five years hence?

Discarding, then, all history of the past and all speculation upon the future, let us so far take the curious reader behind the scenes of academical life as to introduce him to those personages by whom the strings of the University are pulled, and those regions in which the process is performed, as they each of them exist at present. "Cus-

tomary suits of solemn black," grave gentlemen of well-matured years, stem spectacles, staid talk, an utter ignoring of the whole world outmide the sacred portals of the college, a species, in fact, of troglodyte antediluvianism,—these were the images which were supposed to be indissolubly associated with the traditional university don. Once enter the Common Room—that penetralia of everything rigidly academical -and you were in an atmosphere from which all traces of youth and youthful folly were banished: that was the old-fashioned stereotyped idea of the everyday-life in those reverend latitudes. But it was old-**School**, and any representation of the tribe to be noticed here must be made in very different colours. It is true that there still linger a few fossil-like specimens of the antique don in the shape of an occasional senior fellow, but they are very few; and if you talk with these elderly gentlemen on the present condition of the University, they will shake their heads, and tell you in tones full of misgiving that the times have changed marvellously since they first got their fellowips thirty years ago. A race, meanwhile, has sprung up which knows not, or does not acknowledge, Joseph (the refrain of a music-hall ballad taints even a scriptural quotation with a suspicion of vulgarity),—full different sympathies, fired with different aspirations. Posts in the management of the college affairs are gained at a far earlier age than formerly the case; and the result is that a very marked phenomenon in Common-Room life under the existing régime is the young

Not a particularly-pleasant one either, for precocious academical secess is apt to exercise a disagreeable influence upon its victim. cosy, snug apartment is the Common Room of St. Andrew's College. From floor to ceiling it is oak-paneled; its carpet is of the richest Turkey material; the wines of which it boasts are as fine as any that money can buy; its windows command a glorious view over a lawn mooth as velvet, past perfectly-grown trees, on to the fairest of Oxford's graceful spires. Yet, in spite of all these attractions, the Rev. Octarius Mudwell, who graduated in the year '35, and who seldom moves from his college, scarcely ever enters an appearance there. Why? The old place, he will tell you, is rendered to him insufferable by the new dement which has been imported into it, in the shape of these very imior fellows, these pretentious young coxcombs, these doxosophists, basely out of their teens, whose success (we are still quoting the Rev. Octavius' words) makes them positively light-headed. A little strong, perhaps, is this criticism of the senior fellow of St. Andrew's, but on the whole it is not quite gratuitous. Of all prigs upon the surace of the earth the young university prig is the worst, and of such creatures the class which is our venerable friend's aversion is mainly We will suppose, if you please, that we are in the chamber already mentioned. Decanters are on the table, and the company present numbers perhaps some twelve, who, after dining in the college-

hall, have just entered, doffed the academical robes in which the repast has been enjoyed, and have taken their seats. That young gentlemanhe looks perhaps twenty-two, and may be a year or two more—whose air is full of affectation, whose movements are redolent of concait, and whose words fall with languid and artificial cadence from his lips, is a genuine type of his order. After an academical career which in point of distinction does him all possible credit, little Tuppins has been newly elected to his fellowship. Having hitherto consorted mainly with other clever boys of his age, it might be supposed that suddenly find himself in the midst of men considerably his seniors, would have imbued him with some slight measure of modesty. Nothing of the sort On the very first evening on which Tuppins made his appearance in the St. Andrew's Common Room, engaging easily in conversation with Slohgoe, one of the oldest tutors of the college, and detecting, fancying he detected, some flaw in his remarks, he turned round to him and, with an air of exquisite impudence, disgusted him with the que tion, "What could have made him bold enough to pronounce in examination recently past on his (Tuppins') merits?" To-night has brought with him two of his most intimate friends, who also has recently won their way to fellowships, and who have all the same supreme belief in their own infallibility. They are full of the cant that stage through which they are now passing; the traditions of the intellectual undergraduate clique still cling to them, and if they were asked to enumerate the three members of the University most competent to pronounce an opinion upon any matter off-hand, they would unquestionably select themselves. They talk—for they are talking only for effect, and principally for the sake of scandalising a middle-aged sedate gentleman who sits on their left—a jargon of Voltaire and They discourse of the highest problems of metaphysics with an inimitably-confident air, which only argues an experience as limited as their conceit is unlimited. Sometimes it fortunately happens the these vapid young pretenders to omniscience meet with a richlydeserved snub at the hands of an older habilue of the Common Room. For instance, this same Tuppins was talking the other night to another youth of his own standing, his voice pitched in that shrill treble which the university prig is in the habit of affecting as being indicative of mind, de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis. His tone was con of studied and offensive scepticism, and his manner was unusually demonstrative. The reason was that Straddlebrook was sitting by, another fellow, who has been in the college longer than the period of Tuppins' lifetime, and who does not quite fall in with the slightly-atheistic views of the flippant young Oxford radical. "Let us disgust old Straddlebrook," was his comment to Simpkins as the pair strolled up the Common-Room stairs. Gradually the conversation got on to Professor Juggles, well known for the breadth of his religious belief. Straddlebrook interposed. "My good sir," interrupted Tuppins, "Simpcins and myself were Juggles' favourite pupils, and we ought to know comething of his opinions." "That may be," rejoined Straddlebrook, who was not unequal to the occasion, "but, my dear young gentlemen, you seem to forget that we old men knew Professor Juggles when you were in your cradles." At this reply Tuppins and Simpkins coked decidedly crestfallen. They deserted the symposium, and went to the rooms of the former, there to drink tea, and talk German phi-

osophy and water.

Such being the demeanour of the newly-elected fellow towards his eniors, how does he comport himself towards those of whose number he ms recently one—the tribe of undergraduates? That is a stage in his sistence which he does all in his power to ignore. As he sweeps up he hall to the high table at the end of it, at which he as a don has the rivilege of banqueting, he will cast a look of disdain upon the ignobile rulgus of youths who have not yet taken their degree. When he has o meet them elsewhere, in the cloisters of his college, or in the open treet, if he does not studiously turn his head the other way, or walk with his eyes downfixed upon the ground—a gait of this description your young don fancies symbolical of intellect and expressive of deep meditative abstraction—he will perhaps just acknowledge their existence by the faintest of nods. What wonder, then, if honest Jones, who entered St. Andrew's contemporaneously with Tuppins, but without the same mental and educational advantages, and with a taste for the river more strongly developed than for the schools, calls Tuppins "a conceited donkey," and wonders how he gets on in the Common Room with a genial, good sort of fellow like Smith?

For a very different specimen of this genus is the Rev. Edward Smith. He, too, is comparatively young-about forty; he is a tutor of St. Andrew's, and universally popular. Look at him as he sits there, perfect type of the intellectual middle-class gentleman. There is nothing pedantic about him, and yet his knowledge of the ethics is as the German Ocean to a mud-pool in comparison with that of which Tuppins can really boast. His lectures are always well attended; he does not mind what pains he takes; and many is the grateful youth who does not attempt to deny that had it not been for Smith's coaching, he would never have passed the schools. Mr. Smith, too, is a steady supporter of athletics, and especially of the river; and it is not mpossible that he will pull stroke in the next torpid. He is devoted o his work, and he knows that his work is well done. Very slowly ndeed does he sip his claret, of which he will confine himself to two classes, for in ten minutes' time he has an appointment with a pupil at is rooms, to whom he is about to administer a friendly "posing" in Md-Testament history. That middle-aged gentleman next him, crossrained, with starch-stiff collars reaching fairly over his ears, square as o the cut of his head, and more closely resembling in appearance the Oxford don of tradition than anyone else in the room, is the Reverend

William Muffles, dean of the college, who is never wearied of holding forth upon the utterly corrupt and abominable nature of all undergraduates. Mr. Smith, however, playfully rallies him on his dyspeptic views of youthful follies, and at the present moment he is defending some particular undergraduate against the censorious criticism of Mr. Muffles, or, as he is universally called by the irreverent junior members

of the college, "the bilious Billy."

If the stranger enters one of these apartments, whose occupants we are now describing, with the expectation of listening to any rest brilliant or strikingly-original conversation, he will be grievously disappointed. Your Oxford don is reticent to a degree. When seated in convivial conclave he contents himself, as a rule, with uttering small jokes apropos of nothing in particular, and indulging in the ordinary tittle-tattle of the day. But you will witness no enthusiasm, and you will hear little or nothing of argument. Times there are, of course when the usually-placid surface is ruffled, and the trained apathy of the fellow deserts him; but these are few and far between. If any great novelty is proposed in the organisation of the University by the House of Congregation; if any important election is pending; sometimes if the season is one of political suspense and change, -a little rel life is imparted to the scene. But for the most part the wine is discussed amid a gentle murmur of academical "shop," or in something very like total silence. Here again, however, there are Common Rooms and Common Rooms. For instance, the Common Room of St. Barnabas, a college which boasts of a greater number of firsts than any other in the University, presents a very different appearance from that of St. Boniface. At the former, when dinner is concluded, you may see, perhaps, four or five elderly hard-working clergymen-all of them tutors-meet together for a few moments, drink one glass of wine, and separate for an evening's work. St. Boniface Common Room is a very different affair. In the first place there are one or two fellows of & Boniface who take no part in the actual tuition of the college, but who simply draw their stipends, using the institution, which thus generally supports them, as a kind of academical club. Mr. Wyvill yonder has little enough, in point of appearance, of the regulation Oxford don about him. In age about thirty-five, tall, handsome, and always well dressed, he divides his year pretty equally between his rooms in his college, his chambers in town, and the Continent passim. He is a good shot and an expert fisherman; he knows the Highlands by heart, and has the best salmon-streams in Norway at his fingers' ends. Residence in Oxford is not compulsory with him; he likes the place; it suits him; and for this reason he keeps up his college academical connection.

But the St. Boniface Common Room is quite exceptional in its way. The regulation Oxford don is as a rule nearly expressionless, so far as character is concerned. You may meet, however, here certain members of the University who would have delighted Thackeray, and who would

have earned a whole "Roundabout Paper" to themselves. in close conversation with the Reverend Robert Wyvill-for in spite of his unclerical appearance a reverend he is—sits the Reverend Barney O'Brian, D.C.L. He, too, only frequents Oxford on occasions, and the present happens to be a very particular occasion indeed—a college festival, or, as it is technically known, a "gaudy." The dinner in hall has been more than ordinarily elaborate, and the guests more than usually numerous. Dr. O'Brian is full of that flow of talk which chancterises the Celt; he is in an anecdotical vein, and, the stern realities of existence failing him, is drawing largely for his facts upon his fancy. If you overheard the conversation, you would know that he is recounting at the present moment his mythical acquaintance with most of the numbers of the Cabinet to his companions; that, on the Mr. Toots' principle, he is relating how he has received that morning a letter from the Earl of Carabas, K.C.B., addressed, "My dear Barney," imploring him to give him ex officio his advice as to the present ministerial complication. Mr. Wyvill smiles in a good-natured and well-bred manner, for he is well aware of the romancing eccentricities of his semi-clerical, cemi-legal next-door neighbour. To our left hand there is another specimen of the don genus, a gentleman of nearly sixty years of age, entertaining Conservative opinions of a very heavy Hanoverian descrip-His home is Oxford. Once, the story runs, he endeavoured to acclimatise himself to a country living which fell vacant. But it would He found he could awake no responsive vein in the parishioners of Mudbury; he threw up his benefice, and straightway settled down in his St. Boniface rooms once more. In the public management of the University he takes his due part. He is always ready to give his vote in congregation against any innovation that may be proposed, and never fails to protest on principle against any diversion of the administration of the college revenues.

Immediately opposite him is seated a fellow of St. Marmaduke's, of a description that you might have searched for in vain in Oxford ten years ago. He wears a tawny-red beard, and is of well-developed physical proportions. He is a member of the Alpine Club, and is great upon his experience of avalanches and crevasses. Just now he is endeavouring to persuade a lethargic companion that there is nothing like a course of good precipice-climbing for the Long Vacation. He is extremely egotistical, and in spite of his extraordinary mountain feats is apt generally to become a bore. If you look to the right you will be met by the Reverend Theophilus Marner, a fellow of St. Boniface of some ten years' standing. There is nothing particularly remarkable about the man, or about his career. At Oxford he has done everything which can be done by sheer hard work; he has gained four first classes, and that without the slightest approximation to genius about him. He has never lost a day's reading in his life; and he never will. He has never kindled a single sparkle of interest in the breast of any human being outside his family; nor will he. He has always been immaculate, and always dull. He lectures in the college; but the prosy monotone in which he addresses his pupils is fatal to increasing their real stock of ideas. His mind is a perfect store-room of a certain kind of knowledge; but it is knowledge which, having secured for its possessor a series of university distinctions, has for ever done its work, and which will never be imparted to anyone else, for the Reverend Theophilus Marner is what might be most aptly described as an "intellectual stick."

Perhaps if there is one time at which these Common Rooms become more interesting studies than at another, it is on those occasions known as degree-days. Quite a new and unaccustomed element is then poured into them. From the four winds of heaven old college friends parted for long years have come up to take their Masters of Arts, and then for the first time are they permitted to ascend the daïs of the high table, and to take their places amidst the fellows upstairs, "across the walnuts and the wine." This latter privilege is an act of courtesy rather than of right; for the theory of the Common Room is, that it is nothing more than a convenient postprandial drawing-room to those who are upon the foundation of the college, and who support it by a voluntary This irruption of guests is regarded in a variety of ways by the different occupants of the apartment—some are really glad for a temporary infusion of fresh blood; others preserve a moody silence, and accord a tacit disapproval to the conversational sallies of the strangers. But of this a scene might be made which would deserve a paper to itself.

Such is the Common Room, such the life in it; interesting enough and amusing enough to the chance looker-on, but apt to become grievously monotonous to those who never relinquish its atmosphere. However pleasant the chamber, however exquisite the wines, both alike must pall upon those who enjoy them when they are always shared in the same company and at the same hour. The little more than semi-intellectual existence of the Oxford don is tolerable for a season, but for a season only.

#### THE MUMMY

"Never any," says Camden, "neglected burial but some savage nations, as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some variet philosopher, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtier, as Mecænas, who was wont to say, Non tunellum curo, sepelit natura relictos."

The fire-worshippers, the Ghebirs, who expose their bodies to he vultures, may be considered, however, as forming an exception to the rule of Camden, since they adopt this custom on religious grounds. "What is," says Zoroaster to Ormuzd, in the Zendavesta, \*the third thing which is displeasing to earth, and prevents it from being favourable?" Ormuzd replies, "It is the constructing of tombs upon it, and the depositing of bodies therein." "When a man dies," says the Zendavesta, "in the valleys where the villages are situated, the birds precipitate themselves from the heights of the mountains, descend down into the valleys, and devour his body with avidity. Then the birds arise and fly to the summit of the mountains, and thus the body of man is transported to the mountain-tops." notion of flying on the broad wings of the vulture to the sacred summits of mountains has something of material poetry about it; and to be devoured by vultures, creatures of the air, presents an incontestably loftier idea to the imagination than that of being devoured by worms. The most poetical expression of satisfaction at being so devoured is that put by a Romaic ballad into the mouth of the exposed head of \* decapitated Klepht. "Feed on," says the head to the eagle; "glut thyself on my strength; thy wings will become larger by an ell and thy claws by a span."

The Egyptians, however, have never been surpassed in the religious reneration and observance which they expended in these integuments of flesh and bone, which we must all shuffle off some day or other, and which a Grecian philosopher described on seeing a corpse as "the shell of a flown bird."

Though the ancient Egyptian by no means regarded the body as the mere shell of the flown bird—as the sheath of the chrysalis from which the butterfly had flown, he religiously reverenced it as a sacred deposit which the soul of the departed had left behind; a pledge of immortality, whose preservation and welfare was indissolubly connected with that of the spirit itself, and whose dishonour would incur punishment for the living as well as torment for the dead. The body in fact was almost as divine as the soul; and kings and chieftains were worshipped in the flesh as much as in the spirit.

The greater part of the national existence of Egypt, it has been said, seems to have been spent in a struggle against the natural laws of corruption for about four or five thousand years; and the long ranges of mummy cases, with their painted decorations, with their monotonous uniformity of almond-shaped eyes and hieroglyphics indecipherable to the uninitiated, stowed away in countless crypts and vaults, like the rolls of papyrus on the shelves of a Roman library, represent well the interminable similarity of the years of Egyptian history.

This veneration of the mummy, of death in an artificial, monotonous form, was a perniciously bad education for a nation. Not indeed to any ancient Egyptian could be addressed the warning of the Latin moralist:

"Et sepulchri Immemor struis domos;"

for the chief thought and energy of all Egypt was expended for millenniums on the corpse and the sepulchre. The greatness of the reign of a monarch was measured by the size of the pyramid he could raise, or the depth of the hypogeum which he scooped out of the mountain for the reception of his shrivelled bituminous corpse. little else than a kind of tomb. The pains, and prodigality, and expenditure of human life with which a king endeavoured to hide within a mountain of stone one small chamber where his worthless remains might rest for ever in inviolable security, denote one of the most singular psychological conditions of humanity in the whole history of the race; but there is one thing still more curious, and that is the unerring sagacity with which a Belzoni—gifted with a finer scent for a royal mummy than a jackal or a hyæna for a corpse—arrives, after the lapse of thousands of years, and drives onwards through a tortuous up-and-down labyrinth of stone, in spite of every cunning device of Egyptian architects to mislead the explorer, right to the heart of the pyramid, disinters Cheops or Ramses, and makes his body a show for London or Paris holiday people; though these indeed now may, with all the rest of the world, be said to be satiated with the mummy in a sight-seeing way, and a glass-eyed, red-lipped effigy of a recent criminal at Madame Tussaud's would be a more paying spectacle than the royal form of the greatest of the Pharaohs, freshly unswathed from his bandages.

Yet what a strange spectacle must Thebes, the great necropolis of Egypt, have presented when the business of embalming was in fall fashion! The quarter devoted to the manufacture of the mummy was in the centre of the city. There, in silence, under the supervision of the priests, the various castes of embalmers worked day after day. In interminable alleys and halls these busy artisans expended their care and their labour with the regularity of a Birmingham manufactory on the production of the mummy, and, like the razor or the pin, the body required the joint and successive manipulations of many hands before it

is raised to the mummy state. Girt with panther-skins and helmeted the the skin mask of a jackal's head, the disembowellers were busy in a alley on ghastly rows of thousands of corpses. These, when thus epared, were passed on to the spice-stuffers, who filled the corpse the aromatic preparations; a third set of workmen plunged the corpse a seething bituminous bath, which, like the Styx, was to render body invulnerable to corruption. Then, the blackened form was ivered over to other artificers, who deftly swathed it in the interminate folds of the long bandages of linen, after which it was consigned its papyrus-case, and received the outer embellishments of the inter and the varnisher, and the scribe in hieroglyphics, who with ush and reed-pen gave it the last touches of ornamental labour.

But even these classes of mummy-workmen were subdivided again to others, for the mummy manufactory necessarily was fashioned out to grades which represented all the hierarchical castes of Egypt; there ere distinct mummy manufacturers for the aristocracy, for the citizens, d for the populace and slaves-nay, even for the birds and beasts. The ummy of the king, or the priest, or the noble, or the rich man, was divered over to the guild of wig-makers, who devised for it a wonarful structure of intricately-woven jet-black hair, and a beard knit ith elaborate skill, while eyes of precious stones and enamel were fitted nto its mask. On ladies of rank no pains or expense was spared in prearing this mortuary toilette, which was intended to endure for ever. here was a sort of special gynaceum in the establishment for them; nd there the perfumer and the goldsmith and the worker in precious tones expended all their art in impregnating their delicate forms with manding perfumes, and adorning them with gilding and jewelry for ternity: they gilded the lips and the nails and the bosoms; they rossed their hands upon their breasts in attitudes of prayer, or in other mys: a mother disinterred in Thebes presses against her bosom the ittle mummy of a newly-born child.

The mummies of persons of a lower class had less of this delicate nanipulation; their swathing-linen is coarser, and their outer adornments likewise of a rougher fashion; while the pauper and slave, having one through the embalming process, were bundled and rolled up into mmon cases woven out of dried palm-leaves. But not only the pauper and the slave were submitted to embalmment, but all animals, donestic or wild, consecrated by the fetish worship of Egypt, were also abjected to the process—cats and dogs, ichneumons, crocodiles, scaraei, and serpents. Egypt, as we have said, expended its existence a one interminable revolt against the tyranny of death, and undertok the defence not only of humanity, but of the brute creation, both a its nseful and its noxious members, against the laws of corporeal disjunction; and indeed so mechanically fossilised became life in Egypt at the innumerable inhabitants of each gigantic necropolis must have semed in their silence and darkness almost as much alive as their

descendants whose whole energies were expended in making prepartions for sepulchral state when released from the ennui and monotory of daily life.

For the whole land of ancient Egypt became but a kind of vestibule of the sepulchre-the people lived in order to die, and the chief care of men and women must have been to become decent mummiesthe houses and palaces of the living were but mere temporary objects of consideration compared with that eternal resting-place on which, according to the condition of each, all the skill and art of Egypt was to be lavished. The king or the priest of Egypt did not, like the Bishop of St. Praxed, merely give orders about his tomb on his deathbed, he was preparing it his whole life long-all his aspirations were postbumous and subterranean. How often must Ramses or Sesostris have come to superintend the construction of his palace-sepulchre as thossands of naked, onion-fed workmen proceeded, under the whip of the inspectors, to hew out gallery after gallery, antechamber after antechamber, colonnade after colonnade, and burrowed deep into in bowels of the mountain! How often must he have wandered with pleased and vacant eye, while his dreamy inner vision was fixed beyond the horizon of the grave, before the quaint skeleton-like representations of his sports, his festivals, his hunting-parties, his battles, his sieges, and his conquests, with which the painter had lined the walls of his eternal subterranean palace; how lovingly he must have regarded the innumerable slabs of hieroglyphic inscriptions which were to record for all time the monotonous grandeur of his reign, and in the midst of which he was to repose for ever! For these Pharaohs of Egypt must have been as like each other as the Noahs, Shems, Hams, and Japhets made by the Nuremberg toy-maker. The great wonder is, that Nature did not grow weary, and either put an end to the race, or produce something fresh by way of change; then, if ever, was there room for a lusus natura.

What worth, indeed, could the living man figure to himself to possess in the vicinity of forty or fifty centuries of the dead, embalmed and preserved religiously, in the serenity and sanctity of post-morten habitations! Forty or fifty centuries of the dead of Egypt must have represented millions and millions of inhabitants, who claimed etermal possession of the soil, which was honeycombed and covered with stapendous constructions for their protection. The living were a memappendage of the dead, and the long history of Egypt was a subjection and a slavery to extinct forms. All notion of progress was utterly absorbed in the past; hundreds of millions of witnesses and gnardians of the past were there close by and beneath the living, to pleaf for and defend it; how could the little army of breathing men form any notion of departing from traditional observances and beliefs, of which this vast army of the dead were the representatives? If these dark millions of the tombs were to emerge into upper air, disturbed in

heir sepulchral ease by the violation of the rites and customs which gave them still a hold on existence, it would have been a frightful barody in rehearsal of the day of the Last Judgment, and the valley of the Nile would have swarmed with bituminous crowds some hundred and fifty times more numerous than the existing population of Egypt. If old doctrines and ideas still so often rule from the tombs of the dead over mankind, what must it have been in Egypt, where conservatism was embalmed, and stuffed, and perfumed in countless forms, and allowed a realm of sanctity to itself, and adored in the shape of countless human fetishes, whose shrines were to remain for ever inviolable!

Hence Egypt never rose to any true conception of the beautiful or the ideal; the soul in Egypt never got free from the body. Psyche's wings could never there have quivered on her light shoulders; they could never have extricated themselves from the foul bandages of the mummy. The most that Egypt attained to in the way of art was the grand expression of colossal immobility in her pyramids and temples; of screne strength and patience, sitting enduringly like the Memnons or the Sphinxes, with their hands on their knees, or cronching in imperturbable repose, waiting with a calm smile for the centuries to pass by, and to enter into the quiet of eternity. Never would they have given a divinity the action of an Apollo Belvidere. And Egypt contimed for centuries worshipping her hideous divinities, her gods with the heads of hawks, and eagles, and lions, and apes, after the bright and radiant divinities of Hellas were born, and Venus Anadyomene sprang fresh and rosy from the sea and shook the pearls of ocean from her long tresses. So Egypt went on chiselling her monotonous stiff hieroglyphics on her heavy granite obelisks and walls,—the knowledge of whose meaning was the privilege of a select caste, -when Homer and the Rhapsodists were moving the hearts of heroes and inspiring them with immortal fire and enthusiasm; when Pericles was addressing his fellow-citizens on the Pnyx, in a language never surpassed in pace or nobility, filling their souls with burning patriotism and a love of fame and immortality, and teaching them that not the dark sepulthre alone, but that the whole earth was the monument of the brave and devoted patriot.

Then, again, the very process of embalming is the most unspiritual as well as unpoetical method of treating the remains of the dead. The dissolution of the body by natural agents is infinitely more desirable than this hideous paredy of life, this revolting artificial preservation of aform in which all the grace and beauty and loveliness has been pressed out, and nothing but a hideous mockery of the fine shape of man or woman is made permanent. The blackened, shrivelled, undecaying figure is a libel on humanity, and a permanent protest against the immortality of the soul. Yet the care which all civilised races have betweed upon the interment of the body after death is one of the strongest

testimonies of the almost universal faith of mankind in that immortality. The careful interment of the dead is one of the most distinctive marks of humanity; none of the brute creation, not even those who approach, like birds, the nearest to man in exhibitions of conjugal love and affection for their offspring, evince a care for the interment of the body The respect for the human form when when once life has departed. deprived of life rests on convictions and sentiments of which few render account to themselves; but the unconscious, the latent beliefs, affections, and sympathies of mankind afford the strongest arguments against materialism. When we come to examine ourselves we find that the most constant motives of action in our lives are beliefs for which no philosopher has ever been able to find a reason. To take one of the most universal of beliefs, for instance, and without which man could effect nothing, a belief on which all knowledge, art, and science is based—the belief in causation; no philosopher has ever given anything approaching to a reason why we believe there exists any connection between cause and effect but that of mere sequence. versal reverence of mankind for various civil and social institutions could never be explained by any utilitarian system; and any universal consentaneous veneration of the most civilised human races is a guarantee of some underlying sanctity or divine truth. Among the Greeks and the Romans it was considered an act of piety to bury even the corpse of a stranger. This universal respect for the tenement of a departed life is the strongest natural testimony perhaps of all we possess, as Wordsworth has endeavoured to show in his Essay on Epilaphs, that the spirit which animates the thinking brain of man does not perish like the life of the brute; for the reverence which is paid is paid as due to the habitation of a departed soul. But it is no reverence to violate the laws of nature in order to preserve a ghastly similitude of the form whose chief glory is to have been once animated Better to expedite its dissolution into the elements than to degrade it into a hideous, vulgar, unnatural mockery of its former It were to be wished that this fashion of embalming had not been started again in America; for although we may overcome some of our repugnance in the presence of the preserved form of one of the Pharaohs, we are not able to read without disgust that the body of pork-merchant of Chicago has been thought worthy of embalmment, and that there is a window in the lid of his coffin through which you can behold him in feature and in habit as he lived. The business of embalming, so sanctified by religious faith, so interpenetrated with religious observance, was carried on in ancient Egypt on such a colossal scale that all modern imitations must be ridiculous.

W. STIGAND.

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# OUT OF THE STREAM

Here, in a creeklet of the islc—
Away from sun and stream—
I ship my sculls a little while,
To dawdle or to dream.
A deathly brown is on the grass;
The zephyr's ghost is laid;
The leaves are stilly; and the glass
Is eighty in the shade.

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To dawdle or to dream, perchance,
In face of such a crew,
Of such a voice, of such a glance,
Is not a thing to do.
If talking be a fitter task,
"Tis harder far to try:
There's little that I have to ask,
And little to reply.

There's nothing fair in such a match;

"Twas won before we fought.

I came upon the Thames to catch,
And end by being caught.

I ply my hooks, and she her eyes;
I capture, she beguiles.

I've gentles for my bait; she tries
The gentle bait of smiles.

Let politicians fight their fight,
Conservative and Rad.;
Let players act, reviewers write,
And bards be good or bad.
Let ev'rybody go his way,
Against or with the stream;
But be it mine, for half a day,
To dawdle or to dream.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

## LONDON CLUBS

#### BY WALTER THORNBURY

Clubs Past and Present.

CLUBS PRESENT: No. III. WHITE'S-BOODLE'S.

THE fire at White's Chocolate-house has been immortalised, as we have before observed, by Hogarth, in his celebrated picture, Plate YL of the "Rake's Progress." Who can forget the fat vacant nobleman in the richly-laced suit, borrowing money for fresh ventures of the watchful lean money-lender? How deep the fool's cuffs are covered with gold-flowered embroidery! How totally absorbed the other players are in the turn of the coloured cards and the variations of the fickle dice! By the wired-in fireplace sits a moping man who has lost everything; even his heavy greatcoat hangs in despondent folds, and he hugs his booted leg in the very abandonment of despair. He does not even observe the slovenly boy of the house, who is handing him, on a tray, the big glass of strong waters that he has ordered. In the front kneels the bald-headed rake, his wig long since lost. He is cursing Heaven in the very frenzy of his misery; his eyes roll, his teeth are clenched, he is ripening fast for Bedlam. A fire, too, has just broken out; the smoke is oozing above the wainscot, through which the fire will soon strike with its fierce red tongues. This the gamblers do not heed—no one has yet seen it—but the watchmen have just broken in, to give the alarm; and there they are, pointing up with their staves and shouting direc-The adjoining palace will soon be hot with the flames, and the green-covered tables will be red-blazing. The fire broke out at about four o'clock on a Saturday morning, April 20, 1773; destroyed three houses, and damaged several adjoining ones. The wife of the proprietor (Arthur) leaped out of a two-pair window on a feather-bed, and was not much hurt. A fine collection of paintings—the dark old masters that Hogarth was always railing at (no doubt)—of Sir Andrew Fountaine's That little strutting sultan, valued at 3000l., was entirely destroyed. with the red face and white eyebrows—George the Second—was at the fire, with his hopeless, frivolous son, the Prince of Wales. They stayed more than an hour, and encouraged the firemen and people to work the engines. A guard of grenadiers from the palace kept off the rabble The King ordered twenty guineas to the firemen and workers at the engines, and five guineas to the guard; the Prince (second fiddle of course, according to etiquette) sent the firemen ten guineas; so that, thus rewarded, the men no doubt splashed the water in gallant streams over the burning hazard-tables, the smouldering packs of cards, and the calcined dice.

In due time poor burned-out Arthur advertised in the *Daily Post*, May 3, 1773, to inform his noble patrons in general, and the fat nobleman who borrowed of the Jews, and that moping highwayman, in particular, in the following manner:

"This is to acquaint all noblemen and gentlemen that Mr. Arthur, having had the misfortune to be burnt out of White's Chocolate-house, is removed to Gaunt's Coffee-house, next to the St. James's Coffee-house, in St. James's-street, where he himself begs they will favour him with their company as usual."

But let us trace this Chocolate-house from the very beginning. That pleasant black-browed man, Sir Richard Steele, mentions White's in the first number of the *Tatler*, and announces that "all accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of 'White's Chocolate-house.'" It was then distinguished for gallantry and intrigue. Addison, in his prologue to Steele's *Tender Husband*, talks of catching the "necessary spark" sometimes "taking snuff in White's."

The Chocolate-house gradually shrank into a private club. The original book of rules and list of members is dated October 30, 1736. The earliest members were the Duke of Devonshire, the Earls of Cholmondeley, Chesterfield, and Rockingham, Sir John Cope, Major-General Churchill, Bubb Doddington, and Colley Cibber, the redoubtable enemy of Pope. The earliest rules were:

"That every member is to pay one guinea a-year towards having a good cook.

The supper to be upon table at ten o'clock, and the bill at twelve.

That every member who is in the room after seven o'clock, and Plays, is to pay half-a-crown."

. From 1736 the records of the club are nearly complete. Many of the subsequent rules are curiously characteristic of the state of society at the time.

"26th Dec. 1755. That the piquet-cards be charged in the dinnerer supper-bill.

22d March 1755. That the names of all candidates are to be deposited with Mr. Arthur, or Bob (Mackreth).

20th May 1758. To prevent those invidious conjectures which disappointed candidates are apt to make concerning the respective votes of their electors, or to render, at least, such surmises more difficult and doubtful, it is ordered that every member present at the time of balloting shall put in his ball; and such person or persons who refuse to comply with it, shall pay the supper-reckoning of that night.

11th Feb. 1762. It was this night ordered that the quinze-players shall pay for their own cards.

15th Feb. 1769. It was this night agreed, by a majority of nineteen balls, that every member of this club who is in the billiard-room at the time supper is declared upon table, shall pay his reckoning, if he does not sup at the Young Club."

In 1775 the club was restricted to 151 members, and the annual subscription raised to ten guineas. In 1780 it was ordered that a dinner should be ready every day at five o'clock during the sitting of Parliament, at a reckoning of twelve shillings per head. In 1781 the club was enlarged to 300 members; and in 1797, when it was enlarged to 400, the following rules were added to the book:

"No person to be balloted for but between the hours of eleven and twelve at night.

Dinner, at ten shillings and sixpence per head (malt liquor, biscuits, oranges, apples, and olives included), to be on table at six o'clock; the bill to be brought at nine. The price and qualities of the wines to be approved by the manager.

That no member of the club shall hold a faro-bank.

That the dice used at hazard shall be paid for by taxes; that is, every player who holds in three hands to pay a guinea for dice.

That no hot suppers be provided unless particularly ordered, and

then be paid for at the rate of eight shillings per head.

That in one of the rooms there be laid every night (from the queen's to the king's birthday) a table with cold meat, oysters, &c. Each person partaking thereof to pay four shillings; malt liquor only included.

That every member who plays at chess, draughts, or backgammon, do pay one shilling each time of playing by daylight, and half-a-crown each by candlelight."

Swift, in his Essay on Modern Education, says that "the late Earl of Oxford (Harley, his patron), in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's Chocolate-house (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that infamous accedemy, as the bane of half the English nobility."

There is a legend, preserved by Davies in his Life of Garrick, of the way in which Colley Cibber was received into White's. "Member of White's?" says Davies; "and so, I suppose, might any man be who wore good clothes, and paid his money when he lost it." He feasted sumptuously on the day in question with Mr. Arthur and his wife, and gave a trifle for his dinner. After he had dined, the club-room door was thrown open; and when the gay old laureate was introduced he was saluted with a loud, joyous, and prolonged acclamation of "O, King Cole! come in, King Cole. Welcome, welcome, King Colley!"

Walpole is never tired of alluding to the humours and eccentricities

of White's. In December 1744, writing to his gossip Mann, then resident at Florence, he says, "One of the folk at White's has committed a murder, and intends to repeat it. He betted 1500l. that a man could live twelve hours under water. He hired a desperate fellow, sunk him in a ship by way of experiment, and both ship and man have not appeared since; another man and ship are to be tried for their lives." They should have tried Mr. Blake the assassin.

In 1741 he writes to his crony: "There is a man about town, a Sir William Burdett, a man of very good family, but most infamous character. A wager was entered in the bet-book at White's that the first baronet that would be hanged would be this Sir William Burdett."

About 1750 the spirit of gambling seems to have been rampant at A bet-book, with entries as early as 1744, is still preserved. There are bets recorded as to whether Arthur, who was then a widower, would be married before a member of the club about the same age, also a widower; whether Sarah Duchess of Marlborough (the virago who tired out Queen Anne) would outlive the old Duchess of Cleveland; whether Colley Cibber would outlive both Beau Nash and old Mr. Swinney; and whether a certain minister would cease to be in the Cabinet by a certain day. It was this very year (1750) that Walpole records the celebrated bet at White's, one of the most coolly-heartless bets ever made, even at this fashionable resort. Perhaps, however, after all, it was only a newspaper-story. It ran thus: a man, dropping down dead at the door of White's, was carried inside. The club instantly began to bet as to whether he was dead or not. Those who thought there was hope wanted to bleed him; but the opposition, who were certain he was dead, and at all events did not want the question reopened, inter-Posed, and loudly protested against a proceeding that would, as they asserted, affect the fairness of the bet.

It was in 1750 (the year of the earthquake) that a person was supposed to have come into White's, and been so shocked on hearing bets laid as to whether the shock had been caused by an earthquake or an explosion at the powder-mills that he left in horror, protesting that they were such an impious set, that he verily believed that if the last trump was to sound they would instantly back Puppet-row against Judgment. But there is so much of the French mot about this smart paragraph of Walpole's, that we strongly suspect the story to be of Strawberry-Hill manufacture.

This same year (1750) Lord Lyttelton the historian, writing to grave Dr. Doddridge, says: "The dryads at Hagley are at present Pretty secure; but I tremble to think that the rattling of a dice-box at White's may one day or other (if my son should be a member of that noble academy) shake down all our fine oaks. It is dreadful to see, not only there but in almost every house in town, what devastations are made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play."

The club removed in 1755 to the east side of St. James's-street

(No. 38). The house had previously been occupied by the Counters of Northumberland, widow of Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland, who died in 1688. The old lady, niece by marriage of Ledy Suffolk, told Walpole, who was always fond of illustrations of social changes, that a bareheaded footman used to always walk on either side of her coach. Her granddaughter-in-law, the Duchess of Somerset, never at down before her without express permission being granted. The provided counters had published a volume of prayers. She would surely have turned in her coffin to think that her mansion had been changed into a gambling-club.

Two of the most desperate gamblers at White's were Sir John Bland, of Kippax Park, and Lord Mountford. They both came to a bad end. Walpole mentions seeing in the wager-book this remarkable entry: "Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash out-

lives Cibber."

"How odd," says Walpole, "that the two old creatures, selected for their antiquity, should live to see both their wagerers put an end to their own lives! Cibber is within a few days of eighty-four, still hearty and clear and well. I told him I was glad to see him look well. 'Faith,' said he, 'it is very well that I look at all!" Lord Mountford would, however, have won the bet; for Cibber died in 1757, Nash in 1761.

Sir John Bland frittered away his whole fortune at hazard, and shot himself in 1755. Walpole describes him as losing more than even the Duke of Bedford had done, having in one night (though he recovered the greater part of it) sunk two-and-thirty thousand pounds. were dismal reckonings to be made for the gay evenings at White's, so poor Lord Mountford found to his cost. He had lost money, and fearing poverty, had made applications for a Government appointment, secretly resolving to live or die according to the answer he received. The answer came, and was unfavourable. The depressed gambler instantly began to consult friends, directly and indirectly, on the easiest mode of cancelling his life. He then invited a dinner-party for the next day, supped at White's, and played at whist till one o'clock on the New-Year's morning. Lord Robert Bertie drank to him "a happy new year," and Lord Mountford made no reply, but passed his hand in a distressed way over his eyes. The next morning he sent for a lawyer and three witnesses, executed his will, made them read it twice over, paragraph by paragraph, and asked the lawyer if that will would stand good though a man were to shoot himself. Being answered it would he said, "Pray remain while I step into the next room," went into the next apartment, closed the door, and blew out his brains.

James Maclane, a famous highwayman, taken in 1750, had actually the impudence to take lodgings in St. James's-street, over against ite's. A rascal of graceful person and elegant manners, he was no of a Scotch dissenting preacher who had settled in Ireland.

Wasting all his father's money, he had turned butler to an Irish colonel; and being sent away for dishonesty, started as grocer in Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square. On the death of his wife, by the advice of an Irish apothecary, who became his comrade, he turned highwayman. Among others, Maclane stopped and robbed Horace Walpole and the Earl of Eglinton. He was at last apprehended for stopping the Salisbury stage, having offered some of the stolen lace-coats for sale to a Monmouth-street salesman, who gave information. When this man was cast into Newgate, Walpole says half White's, with Lord Mountford at their head, went the first day to see him. His aunt was crying over him; and as soon as the fashionable mob had left she said to him plaintively, "My dear, what did the lords say to you? Have you ever been concerned with any of them?"

"Was it not admirable?" says Horace, in his cynical way. "What a favourable idea people must have of White's; and what if White's

should not deserve a much better?"

White's was desperate indeed about 1750. In 1751, seven young men of fashion, headed by the dashing St. Leger, gave a dinner at White's. One dish was a tart of costly cherries from a hot-house; and thinking the bloom of the wine gone after the first glass, the young takes drank only one glass from each bottle of champagne. "The bill of fare," Walpole wrote to Harris, "got into print, and with good people

has produced the apprehension of another earthquake."

In 1756, Walpole and a party of congenial friends (Dick Edge-cumbe, George Selwyn, and Gilly Williams) amused themselves by inventing a satirical coat-of-arms for the two gaming-clubs at White's—the Old and the Young. Mr. Chute, the Strawberry king-at-arms, as Walpole called him, helped to devise this, and Edgecumbe painted it. The blazon was vert (for a card-table); three parolis proper on a chevron sable (for a hazard-table); two rouleaux in saltire between two dice proper, in a canton sable; a white ball (for election) argent. The supporters were an old and young knave of clubs; the crest an arm out of an earl's coronet shaking a dice-box; and the motto, "Cogit amor nummi." Round the arms was a claret bottle-ticket, by way of order. This heraldic painting was bought at the sale of Strawberry Hill by the club-house for twenty-two shillings.

One of the characters at White's in Wilkes's time was Rigby, a government subordinate. In the North Briton, No. 31, Wilkes compares the convivial, amiable, and engaging Rigby, with the abstemious, temperate, and regular Pitt. In this mock-heroic parallel Wilkes says pleasantly: "Mr. Pitt, by the more manly sense and the free sallies of a warm and sportive imagination, can charm the whole day, and, as the Greek said, his entertainments please even the day after they are given. Mr. Rigby has all the gibes and gambols and flashes of merriment which set the table in a roar; but the day after, a cruel headache, at least, frequently succeeds. In short, I wish to spend all my days

with Mr. Pitt; but I am afraid that at night I should often shake Mr. Rigby and his friends."

This same Right Hon. Richard Rigby, writing to Selwyn, March 1, 1745, says: "I am just come home from a cock-match, where I hm won forty pounds, and not having dined, am waiting till I hear the rattle of the coaches from the House of Commons, in order to dined. White's. \* I held my resolution of not going to the Ridotto all past three o'clock. \* \* The next morning I heard that there had been extreme deep play, and that Harry Furnesse (secretary and afterwards a lord of the treasury) went drunk from White's at six o'clock, and won the dear, memorable sum of one thousand guineas. He was the chief part of Doneraile and Bob Bertie."

Arthur died in June 1761, and was succeeded by Robert Market, who married Mary Arthur, the only child of the former proprietor. In 1763 Mackreth also retired. On the 5th April 1763, Mackreth with to Selwyn as follows: "Sir,—Having quitted business entirely, and is my house to the *Cherubim*, who is my near relation, I humbly be leave, after returning you my most grateful thanks for all favours, to recommend him to your patronage, not doubting, by the long experience I have had of his fidelity, but that he will strenuously strive to oblige.—I am, sir, your most dutiful and much-obliged humble server. R. Mackreth."

In August 1763, and November 1764, Gilly Williams writes to be old gossip Selwyn, and laments the desolation of White's. January 1765, he writes, as a club-story, "The Marquis of Rockingham supplast night at White's, and blushed at Willis's request to be helped to some sturgeon. The other's good stomach got the better of his breeding, and he totally forgot the name of the variet that had run off with his sister." (A footman named Sturgeon married Lady Henrich Wentworth, the sister of the Marquis of Rockingham.)

As Fox is the central figure round which half the legends of Brookes's revolve, so Selwyn is the hero of two-thirds of the stores about White's. Selwyn was the second son of Colonel Selwyn, of Matson in Gloucestershire, who had in his youth been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. He was a contemporary of Gray the poet and Horace Walpole at Eton. His manner as a club-wit was distinguished by his ludicrous gravity of voice and countenance, his demure expression, and his habit of turning up the whites of his eye. He always seemed half-asleep, and said the quickest and brightest things in the most listless, drowsy way. One of his extraordinary excitoristics was a passion for horrors, culminating in a fondness for excitoristics was a passion for horrors, culminating in a fondness for excitoristics. He saw Lord Lovat beheaded, and went afterwards to see the old rascal's head sewn on again at the undertaker's. It was then that Selwyn, imitating the Lord Chancellor's voice, said in his dry way. "My Lord Lovat, your lordship may rise."

He once paid a visit to Paris to see Damiens broken on the wheel for

attempting to assassinate that blessing to France, Louis the Fifteenth. Mingling in the cruel crowd, in a plain undress and bob-wig, Selwyn was mistaken for a provincial hangman, who had come to study; and his brothers in art made way for him. "Thank you, gentlemen, a thousand times," said Selwyn, bowing; "but I have not the honour to be of the profession—I am only an amateur."

Though member for Gloucester for thirty years, till turned out for supporting the mischievous American war, Selwyn never distinguished himself as a debater. He was more famous for his jokes behind the scenes, and for snoring during Burke's endless speeches, in perfect unison with the first minister, Lord North. In French society Selwyn was even more relished, Mr. Jesse says, than in English. He was an especial favourite of the queen of Louis the Fiftcenth; and he was the person who introduced Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole. Selwyn was a mighty gambler at White's; but latterly he got the better of the habit. "It is too great a consumer," he used to say, "of four thingstime, health, fortune, and thinking."

The following are good specimens of the jokes that once set White's in a roar:

The beautiful but silly Lady Coventry was one day exhibiting to him, for his approval, a new dress, covered with silver spangles, each as big as a shilling. "Why," said Selwyn, "now you will be change for a guinea."

When a thief named Charles Fox was hung at Tyburn, someone saked Selwyn whether he attended the execution. "No," was Selwyn's reply; "I make a point of never frequenting rehearsals."

Seeing Wilkes listening to the reading of the king's speech previous to its delivery, Selwyn quoted the line in the Duncial:

"So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend."

At the sale of Pelham's effects, Selwyn pointed to a silver dinnerservice, and observed: "Lord, how many toads have been eaten off these plates!"

When one of the waiters at Arthur's was committed to prison for a felony, Selwyn remarked, "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

When Fox was once boasting of having induced the Court at Versailles to relinquish all pretensions to the gum trade in favour of Great Britain, Selwyn, who was to all appearance asleep in his chair, immediately exclaimed, "I'm not surprised, Charles, at that; for you having permitted the French to draw your teeth, they would be fools to quarrel with you about your gums."

When someone asked Selwyn what he thought about starting a subscription to relieve Fox from his embarrassments, they thought it required delicacy, how would Fox take it, "Take it?" broke in Selwyn,

with lazy scorn; "why, quarterly, to be sure!"

A member of the Foley family having hurried over to the Continuate to avoid the importunities of his hungry creditors, Selwyn said, "That is a pass over that will not be much relished by the Jews."

When the farce of High Life below Stairs appeared, Selwyn expressed his anxiety to see it: "for I'm weary," he said, "of low life above

stairs."

The Earl of March (afterwards old Q., the celebrated Duke of Queensberry, one of the most profligate men of his day) was a great friend of Selwyn. In a letter from him, dated 1765, the wit appears to have lost 1000l. at play, and to have borrowed money from the Earl.

In 1768, the Earl of Carlisle sketches Selwyn's fashionable like He describes his own life at Spa, and then says that he (Selwyn) "gets up at nine; plays with Raton (his dog) till twelve, in his nightgown; then creeps down to White's to abuse Fanshawe; is five hour at table; sleeps till he can escape his supper-reckoning; then makes two wretches carry him in a sedan-chair, with three pints of claret in him, three miles for a shilling."

The following anecdotes illustrate the terribly high play at White's

at the close of the last century:

Lord Carlisle lost 10,000% in one night, and was in debt to the house for the whole. At one point of the game, he tells Selwyr, he stood to win 80,000%.

Fox figured too at White's. In the debate on the Thirty-nine Articles, Feb. 6, 1772, Walpole says "Fox did not speak;" nor could be wondered at. He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening till five in the afternoon of Wednesday. An how before he had recovered 12,000%, that he had lost; and by dinner he had ended by losing 11,000%. On Thursday he spoke in the debate, went to dinner at eleven at night: from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won 6000%; and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost 11,000% two nights after, and Charles 11,000% more on the 13th; and thus in three nights the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost 22,000%. Walpole mentions John Damer and his brother contracting a gambling debt for 70,000%, and Lord Foley's two sons paying 18,000% a-year in interest on debts.

In 1784 Mr. Martindale bought White's of Mackreth, and in 1812 it passed to Mr. Raggett. The original club-house was built by James Wyatt. It underwent several alterations. The front being thought too plain and unadorned, Mr. Lockyer was called in, and at his suggestion four bas-reliefs, to represent the four seasons, were designed by Mr. George Scharf, and the interior was redecorated by Mr. Morant. The club, limited to 500 members, was once high Tory; but

is now aristocratic and neutral.

The club has distinguished itself by several magnificent entertain-

5. On June 20, 1804, they gave a ball at Burleigh House to the eror of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the other allied sovereigns, ost of 9849*l*. 2s. 6d. Three weeks after this the princely club inthe Duke of Wellington to a dinner, which cost 2480*l*. 10s. 9d.

#### BOODLE'S.

his venerable club, at 28 St. James's-street, occupies the original oir-vivre" Club-house built by Holland. Portraits of honest blacked Fox and of the Duke of Devonshire still preserve the memories of its illustrious members. Gibbon, the richly-dressed courtly with "the fair round stomach," the pumpkin cheeks, and the pinof a mouth, used to deliver his oracles and quote the Byzantine rians, Anna Comnena, Zosimus, and Co., at Boodle's. The club so pleasantly mentioned in the "Heroic Epistle to Sir William ibers," 1773:

"For what is Nature? Ring her changes round;
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
Prolong the peal, yet, spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.
So when some John his dull invention racks
To rival Boodle's dinners at Almack's,
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three buttered apple-pies."

# DEAD-SEA FRUIT

# A Mobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

### CHAPTER XLI. STRONGER THAN DEATH.

THE day that followed was even more utterly blank and hopeless than the last. Mr. Jerningham had sent scouts in every direction, and both from him and Daniel the men had received promises of liberal reward for any tidings of the lost one. But no tidings came. The men returned, dispirited and weary; and at the close of this second blank, wasted day, fairly confessed that they could do no more.

So the night closed; and the sleepless hours were away in a house of mourning and desolation.

During these two days Mr. Jerningham and Helen de Bergerachad not met. The girl had retired when her father's friend entered the sitting-room which they shared in common. She shrank from seeing him after that moment of anguish in which she had betrayed that secret which, of all others, she would most jealously have guarded. She now avoided Mr. Jerningham, and he guessed the reason of her avoidance. Nor did her father attempt to conceal the truth.

"You were wiser than I, dear friend," he said, "when you warned me against the peril of that young man's residence in our home. Only the night before his unhappy disappearance he made a confession of his love for my darling, and pleaded his cause with me, with all possible humility, and with very little hope of acceptance, I am sure."

"And you rejected his suit?"

- "What else could I do? In the first place I considered myself pledged to you. I had no brighter hope than that you should win my daughter's love, and I believed her heart to be free. In the second place this young man—for whom I have a real affection—could offer no security for my dear girl's happiness except his love; and at my age one has outlived the idea that true love will pay rent and taxes, and butcher and baker. No; I gave Eustace a point-blank refusal, and he left me broken-hearted."
  - "Did Helen know of his appeal to you?"

"Not a syllable. Nor did I imagine until the other night that he had made so fatal an impression on her mind. I see now that it is so, and fear that his untimely doom will only render the impression more lasting."

"Yes," replied Mr. Jerningham gravely; "that is a thing to be

dresded. My dear friend, do not think of my disappointment, though I will own to you without shame that it is a bitter one. The dream was so bright. Let us think only of this dear girl's happiness, or if that cannot be secured, her peace of mind. Would it not be wise to remove her from this scene as soon as possible?"

"Decidedly; she broods perpetually upon that poor young man's fate, and is kept in a fever of expectation by the hope of tidings which I fear will never come. Yes, it would certainly be better to take her

mway."

"That is easily done. You can take her to Pendarvoch. We are expected there, you know. I will remain here a day or two longer, for the last feeble chance of the missing man's reappearance, and will then follow you. We are only fifty miles from Pendarvoch, and you can manage the journey easily with one change of horses. Shall I order the carriage for to-morrow morning?"

"If you please. I will talk to Helen about the arrangement. I do not think she can object."

"If she does, you must do your utmost to overrule her objections. Be sure that it is of vital consequence to remove her from this scene of gloom and terror. Believe me, I am influenced by no selfish motive when I ask you to take her to Pendarvoch. If that young man should be restored to us, I will bring him there to her. He shall plead to you again, and this time shall not be rejected."

"Harold!"

"Yes, you think me mad, no doubt. For my own part, I can only wonder that I am not mad. I tell you, if Eustace Thorburn comes forth from the jaws of death, he shall come to you a new creature with new hopes, new ambitions—perhaps even a new name. O, for pity's sake do not question me. Wait till we know the issue of this hideous uncertainty."

"My dear Harold, you astound me. I thought you disliked my scretary, and you speak of him with emotion that seems foreign to

your very nature. The change is most extraordinary."

"The circumstances that have brought about the change are not ordinary circumstances. I say again, for God's sake do not question me. Prepare Helen for the journey. I will go and give the necessary orders. Good-night!"

The two men shook hands, and Harold Jerningham departed, leav-

ing his old friend sorely perplexed by his conduct.

"What a heart that man conceals under an affectation of cynicism!" thought Theodore de Bergerac. "He is immeasurably distressed by the matimely fate of a man whom he pretended to dislike."

M. de Bergerac called his daughter from the adjoining room. She came to him, deadly pale, but with the sweet air of resignation that made her beauty so pathetic.

"My darling," said her father tenderly, "Mr. Jerningham wishes

us to leave this sad place early to-morrow morning, for Pendarvch, where we are hourly expected. He will remain here some days longer, in the hope of obtaining some tidings about poor Eustace; but he wishes us to leave immediately. You have no objection to this arrangement, have you, dearest?"

"I had rather we stayed here, papa."

"But, my dear girl, what good can you and I do here?"

"None, O none! But I had much rather we stayed."

"My child, it is so useless."

"O papa, I know that," she answered piteously. "I know we can do nothing except pray for him; and I do pray for him without ceasing; but to go away, to abandon the place where he has been lost."

"But, my darling, the place will not be abandoned. Mr. Jerning—ham will remain here; and will omit no effort to discover our poets friend's fate. His uncle, Mr. Mayfield, will be here. What could we do that they will not do better?"

"I know that, dear father. I know we can do nothing. But let me stay. I loved him so dearly!"

The words slipped from her lips unawares, and she stood before her father, blushing crimson.

"O papa, you must think me so bold and unwomanly," she said.
"Till this sorrow came upon us, I did not know that I loved him. I did not know how dear he had become to me in the happy, tranquil days at home. When he left us I felt there was a blank in my life somehow, except when I was with you. But I thought no more than this. It was only when I heard that he was lost to us for ever that I knew how truly I loved him."

"And he loved you, darling, as truly and as fondly," answered the father, hiding the blushing face upon his breast.

"Did he tell you that, papa?"

"He did. The night before he started on that fatal excursion. And now, dearest girl, be brave, and let me take you from this place, where your presence can do no possible good."

"I will, dear father, if you will first grant me one favour."

"What is that?"

"Let me see the place where he perished. Take me to the sands along which he was to come, and upon which he must have met his death."

"My darling, what good can that do?"

"O, none, perhaps," cried Helen impatiently; "but it is just the one thing that can reconcile me to leaving this place. If he had died a natural death, and been buried among the quiet dead, I should ask you to take me to his grave, and you could not refuse. I ask you almost the same thing now. Let me look upon the scene of his death."

"It shall be so, Helen," replied Theodore gravely; "though I fear [shall do wrong in yielding to such a wish."

"My darling father! Then you will go with me to the sands tomorrow at low tide? You will inquire the time at which we ought o go?"

"I will do anything foolish for your sake. But, Helen, when I have lone this, you will go with me to Pendarvoch quietly?"

"You shall take me where you please."

Late in the evening M. de Bergerac saw Harold Jerningham, asertained the hour of the turning tide, and arranged the counter-orderig of the carriage. At noon, they told him, the tide would be within a hour of turning, and any ordinary walker, starting for Halko's Head t that time, might arrive there with ease and safety.

"Helen and I want to see the coast with our own eyes," said M. de lergerac, anxious to shield his daughter's weakness in some measure y affecting to share her wish; "so before we leave this place we have letermined to explore the way by which that poor fellow must have none."

"Helen!—Will she go with you?"

"Why not? She, too, would like to see this fatal coast."

" A strange fancy."

" It may be wiser to indulge it."

"Be it so. But the distance to Halko's Head by the coast is seven miles. Helen can hardly walk so far."

"I think on this occasion she could do so."

"I will go with you, and we will take a boat in which she can complete the journey, should she feel tired."

At noon next day they started — Helen, her father, and Harold Jeningham—attended by a couple of rowers, in a roomy boat. Helen would have infinitely preferred to be alone with her father; but she could not advance any objection to Mr. Jerningham's companionship, and was indeed grateful to him for not opposing her wish.

She walked by her father in silence, with her hand clinging to his am, and her eyes lifted every now and then to the steep cliffs above them—unsurmountable, eternal barrier, between the sands and the heights above. The day was bright and clear, and the April sunlight thone upon a tranquil sea. Darkness and rain, storm and wind, had overtaken that missing traveller; against him the very elements had conspired.

The little party went slowly along the sands, with the boat always in sight. Little satisfaction could there be in that melancholy survey. The cliffs and the shore told nothing of him who had perished amidst their awful solitude. At what spot the rising wall of waters had overtaken him no one could tell. Midway between Killalochie and Halko's Head they came to the inlet, or cleft in the cliffs, a narrow passage or chasm, between steep walls of crag, about a quarter of a mile in length.

Here the walking was difficult, and Harold Jerningham endeavoured to dissuade Helen from exploring the place.

"Mr. Mayfield and I went down there with our lanterns," he said.

"Believe me, there has been no trace, not the faintest indication, over-looked. The ground is so thickly scattered with sharp craggy stones at to be almost impassable."

In spite of this, Helen persisted, with a quiet resolution which impressed Mr. Jerningham. This pure country-bred girl was even more admirable than he had thought her. The calm still face, so fixed and yet so gentle, assumed a new beauty in his eyes.

"The good blood shows itself," he thought.

They all three went into the chasm. Only in the red fitful glare of the lanterns had Mr. Jerningham seen it before. It had seemed to him then more vast, more awful; but even by day the depth and solitude of the place had a gloomy solemnity. Very carefully had the searchen, with their lanterns, examined every angle and recess of the cliff on either side, every inch of the stony ground, looking for some trace of the lost, and had found nothing. To-day Mr. Jerningham walked list-lessly, scarce looking to the right or the left, hoping nothing, fearing nothing.

M. de Bergerac's thoughts were absorbed by his daughter. It was her face he watched, her grief he feared. Thus was it left to the eyes of that one mourner to catch the first sign of hope. A loud cry burst from her lips—a cry that thrilled the hearts of her companions.

"Helen, my love, what is it?" exclaimed her father, clasping her tightly in his arms.

She broke from him, and pointed upwards. "Look!" she cried—"look! There is someone there! He is there! Alive or dead, he is found!"

They looked upwards in the direction to which she pointed; and there, fluttering in the fresh April wind, they saw something—a rag—a white handkerchief—hanging from the dark mouth of a hollow in the cliff.

This hollow in the cliff was about twelve feet above the sand, and at first sight appeared utterly inaccessible.

"He is there!" cried Helen; "I am sure he is there!"

"Yes," said Mr. Jerningham, examining the face of the cliff; "there are niches cut here for foothold. Why, this must be the Saint's Cave of which they have told us. Yes, finding himself overtaken by the tide, he might have taken refuge here. It is just possible he might clamber to that opening."

"I know he was distinguished as a gymnast in Belgium," said M. de Bergerac eagerly.

"I will run back and fetch the boatmen," said Mr. Jerningham; "they are waiting for us yonder."

He pointed to the opening in the cliff, and hastened thither.

#### DEAD-SEA FRUIT

"Hola!" shouted Theodore; "art thou up yonder, dear boy?"
Helen fell on her knees among the rough stones and wet seaweed.

"O merciful Father, restore him to us!" she cried, with clasped hands. "Hear our prayers, O Giver of all good things, and give him back to us!"

Her father watched her with tearful eyes. "My darling," he said, raising her in his arms, "we must not hope too much. For pity's sake, be firm. That handkerchief may mean nothing; or, if—if he is there, he may be no less lost to us."

"Call to him again, dear father. Tell him we are here."

"Holà!" shouted the Frenchman. "Eustace, if you are up yonder, answer your friends. Holà!"

Again and again he repeated the call, but there was no answer.

"How long they are coming—how long!" cried Helen, looking despairingly towards the sea.

As she spoke, Mr. Jerningham reappeared in the opening of the cliff with the two boatmen. They came running towards the cave, one of them carrying a rope. Both were barefooted, and to them the scaling of St. Kentigern's Cave was a small affair; but each opined that for a Southron it would be a difficult business.

"A man can do desperate things when he is fighting for his life," replied Mr. Jerningham. "How is it that this cave was overlooked in our search?"

The men replied, rather vaguely, that the cave was too unlikely a place to search. They might as well have looked on the top of the cliffs.

While Mr. Jerningham asked this question, one of the boatmen stack his boathook into the cliff, and by the aid of this and the foothold cut in the craggy surface, clambered, cat-like, to the mouth of the little cave, and hung there, peering into the darkness.

"There's something here," he said; and on this the second boatman, at Mr. Jerningham's order, mounted on his shoulders, and hoisted his comrade into the cavern.

There was a pause, an awful interval of hope and terror, and then the boatman shouted to his mate below to lend a hand there, and in the next instant a limp, lifeless figure, in dust-whitened clothes, was thrust from the narrow mouth of the cave and lowered gently into the boatman's sturdy arms. But not unaided did the boatman receive his burden, Mr. Jerningham's arms were extended to assist in receiving that helpless form; Mr. Jerningham's hands laid it gently upon Helen's thaw, which she had flung off and cast upon the ground a moment before.

Dead or alive? For some moments that was a moot question. Harold Jerningham knelt beside the prostrate figure, with his head bent low upon its breast.

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"Thank God!" he said quietly, with his hand upon the young YOL VL

"It does beat." He tried to find the pulse, but a faint man's heart. groan broke from the white lips as he lifted the wrist.

"His arm is broken," said Mr. Jerningham, in the same quiet tone; and then he turned to Helen, with a sudden burst of feeling. "It is you who found him," he cried; "I dedicate his life to you."

At any other moment, such words might have provoked interrogation; but this was a time in which the wildest words pass unquestioned.

The two boatmen, aided always by Mr. Jerningham, carried the lifeless figure to the boat, where it was gently laid upon a bed composed of a folded sail, an overcoat, and Helen's shawl, against the rejection of which she pleaded pitcously.

"Indeed, I am warmly dressed; I do not want it," she said.

Mr. Jerningham seated himself in the boat, with his son's head upon his knees. He looked down wonderingly at the pale, still face, so wan and haggard with pain. It was so difficult to comprehend his own feelings, and the change that had come upon him, since he had known that this young man was his.

"No, not my rival. My repre-"My rival," he said to himself. The image I can show to the world, and say, 'This is what sentative. I was!""

Before they reached the inn at Killalochie, the village knew that the lost had been found. Scouts had posted off from the jetty with the happy tidings, before the boatmen could carry their burden on shore. He was found—alive. Everyone seemed to know this by in-Half-way between the jetty and the inn, Daniel Mayfield met stinct. them, staggering like a drunken man, pale as a corpse.

He hung over the unconscious man with womanly fondness. He pushed Harold Jerningham aside, and asserted his right to his kins-

man.

"Let no one stand between me and my boy," he cried huskily.

Scouts rushed to fetch the village surgeon; other scouts bade the landlady prepare her best room. All the common business of life was suspended in favour of this one stranger, snatched from the jaws of death.

They carried him to the best room, which happened to be Mr. Jerningham's room, and here he was laid, still unconscious, upon his father's bed.

The local surgeon came—a feeble old man in spectacles—and sounded and examined the prostrate form, while Daniel Mayfield and Harold Jerningham stood by in agony. The latter hurried from the room, sent for his servant, bade him mount one of the carriage-horses, and gallop to the station, thence by first train to Aberdeen, where be was to find and bring back the best surgeon in the place.

"You'll say he is wanted for Mr. Jerningham of Pendarvoch," he

told the man, who made haste to obey his orders.

The local surgeon had by this time discovered that there was a

broken arm, and was eager to set it; but this Mr. Jerningham interfered to prevent.

"I have sent to Aberdeen for another surgeon," he said; "and I would rather you should wait until you have his coöperation. Don't you think it would be as well to apply a cooling lotion, in the mean while, to reduce that swelling? It would be quite impossible to set the bone while the arm and shoulder are in that swollen state."

To this the local surgeon assented, with an air of profound wisdom, and in the broadest Scotch; after which he departed to prepare the lotion, leaving Harold Jerningham and Daniel Mayfield face to face beside the bed.

"How was he found?" asked Daniel.

Whereon Mr. Jerningham told the story of Helen's walk and St. Kentigern's Cave.

"God bless her!" exclaimed Daniel; "and you, too, for your interest in this poor boy's fate. He once told me you disliked him. He must have wronged you."

"I do not know that. I have been a creature of whims and prejudices, and may have been prejudiced even against him."

"I thank you so much the more for your goodness in this crisis," answered Daniel with deep feeling. "And now we need burden you with our troubles no longer. He lives! That one great fact is almost cough for me. I will fight Death hand to hand beside his bed. He is the only thing I love in this world, and I will do battle for my treasure."

He glanced towards the door, as much as to say, "Let me be alone with my nephew."

Mr. Jerningham understood the look, and answered it.

"You must not banish me from this room," he said; "I claim the right to share your watch."

"On what ground?"

"By the right of a father."

"A father's right!" cried Daniel, with a bitter laugh; "that boy has no father. He does not know so much as his father's name. He came to this place to discover it, if he could."

"And he has found a father—a father who will be proud to acknow-ledge him."

"Acknowledge him!" echoed Daniel scornfully; "do you think he will acknowledge you? Do you suppose that hatred of you has not been his religion? It has. And you would acknowledge him? You break his mother's heart, and bequeath to him a heritage of shame, and then, one fine day, four-and-twenty years after that poor heart was broken, you meet your son upon the road-side, and it is your caprice to acknowledge him. You stained his fair young life with the brand of illegitimacy. He can refuse to acknowledge a father on whom the law gives him no claim."

#### DEAD-SEA FRUIT

"There shall be no question of illegitimacy," cried Mr. Jerningham eagerly; "it is in my power to prove him legitimate."

"Yes, by a legal quibble. Do you think he will accept such re-

habilitation?"

"What other reparation can I make?"

"Conjure the dead from their graves. Call back to life the gid whose womanhood you made one long remorse. Restore the country tradesman and his wife, who died of their daughter's shame. Give back to that young man the years of boyhood and youth in which he has felt the double sting of poverty and disgrace. Do these things, and your son will honour you."

Mr. Jerningham was silent.

"Let me share your watch," he pleaded presently, in a broken voice.

"You are welcome to do that," answered Daniel; "and when it shall please God to restore him, I will not stand between you and the voice of his heart. Win his affection if you can; no counsel of mine; shall weigh against you."

#### CHAPTER XLII.

## RECONCILED.

THE Aberdeen surgeon arrived late at night, but the setting of the broken arm was deferred till the next day. The patient was now delirious, and Mr. Ramsay, the great man from Aberdeen, having heard the story of St. Kentigern's Cave, pronounced that rheumatic fever had been induced by cold and exposure in that dismal hermitage.

After this came many dreary days and nights, during which the patient hovered between the realms of life and death, tenderly watched by his uncle and Mr. Jerningham, who relieved each other's guard at his bed-side.

Then came a blessed change, and he was pronounced out of danger. The delirium gave place to a languid apathy, in which he seemed faintly to recognise the watchers by his bed, but to be too feeble to interest himself in the affairs of this life.

While the patient was still in this stage, Mr. Jerningham persuaded Daniel to return to London, where the ravening editors were clamorous for his presence; and he, yielding to these arguments, left Mr. Jerningham master of the field.

This was what the father wanted, to have his son in his own keeping, to see those dim eyes brighten as they looked at him. To be nurse, valet, companion, friend, and some day, when he had won his son's regard, to say to him suddenly: "Eustace, forgive me! I am your father!"

While the patient had lain helpless and unconscious, Mr. Jerningham had found the Ms. of the great poem, and had read, in those carefully-written pages, the secrets of his son's mind. The perusal of this poem had filled him with pride. He, too, had written verse; but not such verse as this. The grace, the purity of a mind uncontaminated by vice, were visible here, and touched the heart of the weary worldling.

"The romance of his own life is written here," he said. "It is almost a confession. But how unlike that hateful confession which I published at his age! I, whose ambition was to emulate Rousseau—that pinchbeck philosopher who never ceased to be at heart a lackey."

M. de Bergerac and his daughter left Killalochie for Pendarvoch directly the invalid was pronounced out of danger.

When he was well enough to be moved Mr. Jerningham conveyed him to Pendarvoch, whither he consented to go; but not without some show of wonderment.

- "Your friends, M. de Bergerac and his daughter, are there," said Mr. Jerningham.
- "You are very kind to wish to take me there," replied the invalid; "but I really think it would be better for me to go back to London, to my uncle Dan. I am quite strong enough for the journey."
- "Indeed you are not. Besides, I have set my heart upon your coming to Pendarvoch."
  - "You are very good. How long is it since my uncle left this place?"
  - "About five weeks."
- "And in that time who has watched and nursed me? For the last week, you, I know. But before that time? I have a vague recollection of seeing you always there—in that chair by the bed. Yes, I had a faint consciousness of your tender nursing. I do not know how to thank you. At Greenlands I used to think you by no means my friend; and yet you have devoted yourself to me for all these weeks! How can I be sufficiently grateful for so much kindness?"
- "My presence has not been disagreeable to you?" faltered the guilty watcher.
- "Disagreeable! I should be a wretch indeed if I were not grateful—if I were not deeply touched by so much kindness. Your presence has been an unspeakable comfort to me; your face has grown as familiar, and almost as dear, to me as uncle Dan's. Forgive me for having ever thought differently—for having misunderstood you so at Greenlands."
  - " Forgive me, Eustace," said Mr. Jerningham earnestly.
  - "Forgive you! For what offence?"
- "Do not ask that question. Clasp my hand in yours, so, and say, 'With all my heart I forgive you.'"

The invalid stared in feeble wonder, but did not repulse the hand that grasped his.

- "With all my heart I forgive whatever wrong your prejudice may have done me."
- "It has been a deeper wrong than prejudice. Look at these two hands, Eustace: none can deny the likeness there."

Again the invalid stared wonderingly at the speaker.

"Look!" cried Mr. Jerningham—"look at these clasped hands."
Eustace looked at the two hands linked together. In every deal
of form and colour the likeness between them was perfect.

- "Do you remember what De Bergerac said of us the first time we met at his dinner-table?" asked Mr. Jerningham.
- "I remember his saying something about a resemblance between you and me."

" A notion which you repudiated."

- "I think it was you who first repudiated the idea," said Eustoc, with a faint smile.
- "It is quite possible. I have been insanely jealous of you. But that is over now. Do you know by what right I have watched by this bed? Do you know why I persuaded your uncle to leave you, that I might watch alone?"

"I can imagine no reason."

"The right which I claimed was the right of a father. Yes, Entace, it was on your father's knees your head rested as we brought you home from death. It is your father who has watched you day and night through this weary illness."

"O God!" cried Eustace, with a stifled groan. "Is this true?"

" As true as that you and I are here, face to face."

"Do you know that I have sworn to hate you? For the man who broke my mother's heart I can never have any feeling but abhormed. Your kindness to me I reject and repudiate. We are natural enemies, and have been from the hour in which I first learned the meaning of shame."

"I have heard you plead the cause of Christianity. Is this Christian-like, Eustace?"

" It is natural."

"And you say that Christianity is something higher than nature. Prove it now to me, who have been something of a Pagan. Let me discover the superiority of your creed to my vague Pantheism. Look at me! I, your father, who have never knelt to mortal man, and but too seldom to God, I kneel by your bed, and ask, in abject humility, to be forgiven. I know that I cannot bring back the injured dead; I know that I cannot atone for the past. But if that gentle spirit has found a quiet haven whence she can look back to those she loved on

your mother stood by your side."

"She would forgive you," murmured Eustace; "God created her to suffer and pardon."

earth, I know it would console her to see me forgiven. Judge me as if

"And will you refuse the pardon she would have granted? You forgave me just now, when our hands were clasped in friendship. Do you think you can recall that forgiveness? The words have been spoken. I have the ancient belief in the power of spoken words. Eustace, am I to kneel in vain to my only son?"

The young man covered his face with his hands. He had sworn to hate this man, his arch-enemy, and the enemy had taken base advantage of his weakness, and had stolen his affection. This pale, worn face, worn with the weary night-watches of the past six weeks, was not the face of a foe. His mother—yes, she would have forgiven, and her wrongs were greater than his. And if, from the heaven her penitence had won, she looked back to earth, it would grieve that gentle spirit to see disunion here.

There was a long pause, and then the son extended his hand to his father.

"For my mother's wrongs I have hated you," he said: "for her ake I forgive you."

This was all. On the same day they travelled to Pendarvoch, and on that night Eustace slept in the picturesque castle that sheltered Helen and her father. All was harmony and affection. The invalid gained strength rapidly, and spent his evenings in a long panelled saloon, with his father and his two friends.

He told them now, for the first time, the story of that walk which had so nearly cost him his life: how, finding the tide gaining upon him as he neared the inlet of the clifs, he had sought there some means of reaching the heights above, and, finding none, had essayed to clamber to the Saint's Cave. This feat he had achieved, thanks to his experience as a gymnast; but in the last desperate scramble into the mouth of the cave he had broken his arm, and from the pain of this injury he had fainted. Of the two nights and days which he had spent in that narrow retreat, he remembered nothing distinctly. He had only a vague sense of having suffered cold and hunger, and of being tormented, almost to madness, by the perpetual roar of the waves, which had seemed to thunder at the very mouth of the cavern, and to be for ever threatening his destruction.

For a month Eustace stayed at Pendarvoch; and during this time the great poem appeared, and won from the press such speedy recognition and kindly appreciation as would scarcely have been accorded to the work of an unknown poet, if Daniel Mayfield and Mr. Jerningham had not both exerted their utmost influence in its behalf. Daniel did, indeed, with his own hand, write more than one of the notices which alevated his nephew to a high rank among the younger poets.

There remained now only the grand question of the new-found son's legitimation; but here Mr. Jerningham found himself obstinately opposed.

"I will accept your affection with all filial gratitude," said Eustace; but I will take no pecuniary benefit from your hands, neither will I accept a name which you refused to my mother."

"That is to make your wrongs irreparable."

"All such wrongs are irreparable."

Long and often repeated were the arguments held between the

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father and son upon this subject. But Eustace was not to be moved by argument. From this new-found father he would receive nothing. For the rest, his literary career had opened brightly, and the fruits of his poem enabled him to enter himself at the Temple as a student of law.

One day in June Eustace came to Greenlands to renew his suit with M. de Bergerac, by Mr. Jerningham's advice, and this time found his suit prosper.

"Jerningham advises me to consult only my daughter's heart," said the exile, "and that is yours."

Within a month of this interview there was a quiet wedding at the little Berkshire church, in whose gloomy vault poor Emily Jerningham slumbered—a ceremonial at which Daniel Mayfield shone radiant in an expansive white waistcoat, and with moustache of freshest Tyrian dya. Theodore de Bergerac gave his daughter to her husband, while Harold Jerningham stood by satisfied, with his new rôle of spectator.

The bride and bridegroom began their honeymoon in a very unpretentious manner in pleasant lodgings at Folkestone; but one day the bride ventured to suggest that Folkestone was a place of which it was possible for the human mind to grow weary.

"If you would only take me to Switzerland?" Helen pleaded, with her sweetest smile.

"My dear love, you forget that although the most fortunate of created beings, we are, from the Continental innkeeper's point of view, actual paupers."

"Not quite, dear. There was one little circumstance that no one thought it worth while to mention before our marriage; but perhaps it would be as well for you to be informed of it now."

She handed to him a paper of a legal and alarming appearance.

It was a deed of gift, whereby Harold Jerningham, on the one part bestowed upon Helen de Bergerac, the daughter of his very dear frience Theodore de Bergerac, for the other part, funded property producing something over three thousand a-year.

"Good heavens, he has cheated me after all!" cried Eustace.

"He told us the story of your birth, dear, his own remorse, an your noble repudiation of all gifts from him. And then he entreated me to let some benefit from his wealth come to you indirectly through me."

Another wedding, as quiet as the simple ceremony in Berkshire took place just twelve months after Mrs. Jerningham's death. For year Lucy Alford had lived very quietly among her new friends at Harrow, receiving sometimes a package of new books, and a brief, friendly note from the editor of the *Areopagus*, for the sole token that she wanot utterly forgotten by him. But one day he paid an unexpecte visit to the Harrow Parsonage, and finding Miss Alford alone in the

pretty garden, asked her to be his wife. Few words were needed for his prayer. The sweet face, with its maiden blushes and downcast eyelids, told him that he was still beloved, still the dearest, and wisest, and greatest of earthly creatures in the sight of Lucy Alford.

While Eustace and his young wife wander, happy as children, amidst Alpine mountains and by the margin of Alpine lakes, Harold Jerningham schemes for his son's future.

"He shall have the Park-lane house, and go into Parliament," resolves the father. "All my old ambitions shall revive in him."

But scheme as he may, there is always the bitter taste of the ashes which remain for the man who has plucked the Dead-Sea apples that hang ripe and red above the path of life.

### WILL-O'-THE-WISP

OF all natural phenomena, that called Will-o'-the-wisp has perhaps excited more curiosity, has been involved in more obscurity, and, strange to say, has been less written about, than any other. Even at the present day we meet occasionally with persons who connect this peculiar manifestation of light with the supernatural, and who prefer the appellation of elf-candles, or Jack-o'-lantern, to the probably more correct but less poetic term of corpse-candle, which the ignis fature received years ago from the graver inhabitants of Wales. The Scotch, generally more poetical than they imagine themselves to be, seem to have adopted the term elf-candles; the English, that of Will-o'-lhe-wisp—to which, appertaining to my own country, I naturally adhere.

Whence came the term ignis fatuus (ignis, fire; fatuus, giddy, wild, silly)? Would it not lead us to believe that the ancients were sequainted with these

"Wild fires dancing o'er the heath,"

and that the Latins gave them their quasi-scientific name? But it must be remembered that the Latin language, more or less pure, was very widely used in the Middle Ages. Moreover, I can find no allusion to the phenomenon of Will-o'-the-wisp in any of the ancient Greek or Latin authors who might be considered as most likely to have described it. It appears to me more probable that the term ignis fatuus was employed for the first time by some observer belonging to the age of Roger Bacon (1214 to 1292), or perhaps even later. The earliest direct allusion to it I find in Shakespeare's Henry IV. (part i. act iii. sc. 3), written about the year 1590, where Falstaff speaks of Bardolph's red nose as an ignis fatuus: "When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus, or a ball of wild fire, there's no purchase in money," &c.

About 1672 Newton wrote in his Opticks, "Vapours arising from putrefied waters are usually called ignes fatui." And in 1675 the French chemist Lemery defines the phenomenon better, though he only alludes to it in a short paragraph in his Course of Chemistry, where he says, "The ignis fatuus, or those fires which appear upon several waters in hot countries . . . . a light, spirituous, and errant flame . . . . not supplied with a sufficient quantity of matter to continue long." But we are by no means assured that he distinguished accurately between the true ignis fatuus (which is not restricted to hot countries) and the flame of burning naphtha or carburetted hydrogen so common in some parts of the East, and not unknown in our own country. The ancients have often alluded to these naphtha or petroleum flames, which issue

from the ground, and were adored in very remote periods of antiquity by the Persian fire-worshippers.

That the term ignis fatuus had been applied to the phenomenon of Will-o'-the-wisp before the time of Shakespeare is, then, certain; but that the ancients had any notion of it I can find no proof, though burning naphtha-springs and certain electrical phenomena have been observed and recorded by them. Such, for instance, is the famous Chimzera in Lycia, which, according to Humboldt, has been burning for several thousand years. The curious phenomenon we are going to examine here is quite another thing.

Will-o'-the-wisp shows itself on dark autumnal nights as a flickering wandering flame, hovering in the air at a little distance—two or three feet at most—from the ground, or above the surface of stagnant It appears sometimes about the size of a man's hand, at others not larger than the flame of a common candle; it will dance wildly about for a few instants, and then become extinguished; at this moment mother light of the same kind will show itself, near the same place; and so on for a length of time. Often several "giddy flames" will be seen at once. If the observer endeavours to approach them, the lights recede; if he rushes wildly away from them, they have sometimes been observed to follow him. Hence these remarkable appearances have ofttimes intimidated the peasantry, and have been attributed generally to evil spirits (elves, according to demonologists, are merely little devils), for it has been more than once recorded that, in endeavouring to follow the Will-o'-the-wisp over boggy lands, some persons have been engulfed in the morass, and have lost their lives. We shall see presently that such unfortunate persons have contributed to produce the dancing lights which they pursued.

It cannot be said that the phenomenon of Will-o'-the-wisp is common; at least, certain localities appear more favourable to it than others. Thus, several eminent naturalists tell us they have been out many times at night for the purpose of observing it, but without success; whilst few persons residing in the swampy districts of Great Britain are unacquainted with its appearance. The localities in which the phenomenon has most frequently been witnessed are peat-bogs, marshy districts, damp cemeteries, recent battle-fields; it is seen occasionally over stagnant waters, in damp valleys, and sometimes near isolated farmhouses and cottages on the moors, &c. Some persons have asserted that the Will-o'-the-wisp may be observed at all seasons of the year, which may be true for certain parts of the continent of Europe, and, for aught I know, for England also; but with us it is chiefly in autumn, and particularly in November, that the curious ignis fatuus may be seen flitting over the edge of a morass, hovering around the tops of withered sedges, reeds, and brushwood, dancing over old tombstones, or above the surface of a stagnant pond.

As far as my own experience goes, the localities in which Will-o'-

the presence of luminous insects hovering in clusters over the ground. But such an opinion can only have resulted from im observation, or rather from no observation at all, of the pheno in question; for those who have seen fire-flies and Will-o'-th only once in their lives could never fail to distinguish easily a from the other. Neither is it to be confounded with the more

stationary flames of ignited naphtha-springs, still common in the and in Italy, which have been also witnessed in Herefordshir

arkshire, and other places, with us.

In 1729 we have a scientific account in the *Philosophical actions* of a Will-o'-the-wisp observed by Dr. Derham. He g enough to obtain a very advantageous view of it, which is not a be done, as (he also observes) the light flies from those who at it, as if it were an animated being. The Will-o'-the-wisp apper Dr. Derham over some boggy ground between two rocky hill night was dark and calm, so that he was enabled to advance two or three yards of it. He describes it as presenting the app of "a complete body of light without any division," so that sure it could not be occasioned by any description of insects. dancing about a dead thistle, till a very slight motion of the ai sioned, as he supposes, by his near approach to it, made it sp another place; after which it kept flying before him as he advan

In 1776 we find the celebrated electrician Volta endeavou account for the phenomenon of Will-o'-the-wisp in his letters to Joseph Campi, who discovered marsh gas in the autumn of Campi, an intelligent ecclesiastic, observed that when a stick is

wisp to the combustion of this gas, but cannot account for its ignition.

"If such is indeed its nature, how can we explain its inflammation?"
he exclaims.

About ten years ago, when a student at the University of Brussels, the author and his companions more than once amused themselves by collecting this same marsh gas on the pool of St. Jos-ten-Noode. At the side of the pool is an estaminet, where beer is sold, and a boat is kept. They used to take out the boat, and stirring up the mud with an oar, collect in large beer-glasses, previously filled with water, the gas which rose to the surface. The glasses full of gas were carefully placed with their orifice downwards in a layer of water, upon so many plates, and carried into the house. One by one they were turned up, and a lighted match applied to them; when the gas they contained flared up before the faces of the astonished peasants who generally assembled there in the evening, and marvelled not a little at the sight.

On the 12th December 1776, a little before daylight, Mr. Warltire observed the phenomenon of Will-o'-the-wisp on the road to Bromsgrove, about five miles from Birmingham. "Many of these lights," he says, "were playing in an adjacent field, in different directions, from some of which there suddenly sprung up bright branches of light, something resembling the explosion of a rocket . . . and the hedge, and trees on the side of the hedge, were illuminated. This appearance continued but for a few seconds, and then the Jack-o'-lanterns played as before." It seems that he observed this light from a certain distance, and did not attempt to approach it. The observation is consigned to the appendix to Dr. Priestley's 3d vol. of Experiments and Observations on Air.

The next account is that of Dr. Weissenborn (Mag. of Nat. Hist. xs.i. 553), who says: "In the year 1818 I was fortunate enough to get a fine view of the ignes fatui. . . . I was then at Schepfenthal, in the duchy of Gotha; and one clear November night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, when I had just undressed, the bright moonshine allured me to the window to survey the expanse of boggy meadows which spread two or three English miles in length, a quarter of a mile from the foot of the hillock on which the house stands. . . . My intimate acquaintance with the locality, together with the bright moonlight, enabled me to judge of the position and direction of the luminous phenomena the display of which I saw as soon as I had posted myself at the window. I perceived a number of reddish-yellow flames on different parts of the expanse of almost level ground. I descried, perhaps, no more than six at a time, but dying away and appearing in other

<sup>\*</sup> Volta's first letter to Campi plainly shows that the inflammable marsh gas was discovered by the latter in the autumn of 1767; and certainly Campi had never heard of it before he made his interesting observation. But Dr. Benjamin Franklin appears to have heard of it in New Jersey three years previously, in 1764, as he states in a letter to Dr. Priestley.

places so rapidly that it was impossible to count them; on a rough calculation there were about twenty or twenty-five within a second. Some were small, and burned dimly; others flashed with a bright flame, in a direction almost parallel to the ground, and coinciding with that of the wind, which was rather brisk. After having looked with amazement at the brilliant scene as a whole, I tried to study its details, and soon found that the flames which were nearest originated in a quagmire by a solitary cluster of willows . . . The succession of flames by always in the same straight line, and in the direction of the wind. . . . After about an hour, a mist began to overspread the meadows; but I saw the lights still glimmering through it whilst I dressed myself, in order to examine the phenomenon in its laboratory. However, when I reached the meadows, the atmospheric conditions which give rise to the ignis fatuus had ceased to exist."

Major Blesson has given (in Edin. New Phil. Journ. Jan. 1833) another interesting account of a Will-o'-the-wisp which he observed for the first time in his life in a valley of the forest of Gorbitz, which covers part of Brandenburg. This valley is of an argillaceous and marshy nature, the water of the morass is ferruginous and covered with a film of iridescent matter. During the day bubbles of gas are observed to rise in the water, and at night flames appear to escape from its surface. Suspecting that there existed some connection between the flames and the bubbles of air, Major Blesson marked the place where they occurred; and returning in the evening he perceived there flames of a violet-blue tint, which receded as he approached them, so that he could not get near enough to examine them minutely. Several days of rain followed, which gave him time to reflect upon the phenomenon before he observed it again. He had no doubt that the flames were attributable to an inflammable gas which burnt in the daytime as well as at night, but could only be seen in the evening, when it was dark As twilight came on, after the rain had ceased, he went again to the spot and awaited the appearance of the Will-o'-the-wisp. When night approached, the flames became gradually visible; they appeared redder than before; as he advanced towards them they receded; but feeling convinced that they would return to the place where he stood when the agitation of the air ceased, he kept himself perfectly still, and they returned gradually towards him. So close, indeed, were they at a certain moment that it occurred to him to ascertain if he could light a piece of paper by their aid. For some time the attempt was unsuccessful, as the current of air caused by his breath was opposed to the experiment; but by turning his face aside, and with his handkerchief before his mouth, the paper soon became brown and covered with damp. At last, by taking a long narrow strip, he had the pleasure of seeing it take fire.

The phenomenon was, then, evidently owing to ignited gas. The author completed his observations by driving away some of the flames

until they were so far from the source that they became extinguished; and he afterwards lit with a torch a number of the little bubbles of gas as they escaped through the water on different parts of the morass.

A more recent account is the following, which is also an interesting observation:

One fine summer evening in 1840, Mr. J. H. Humphrey and his cousin, the superintendent of the quarantine establishment then existing at Sandbank, were walking by the road from Dunoon to Holy Loch, in Argyleshire, when they came to a large reedy pool, usually covered with fine water-lilies, on the left side of the road, near some property then belonging to a Mr. Hunter. It was dark, and they both saw several lights, "precisely like the flame of a common candle," flitting across the surface of the pond from one sedgy part of it to the other. stood still and observed the phenomenon attentively. The cousin obweved, "O yes; those are the Will-o'-the-wisps, to be seen frequently." They went close to the reedy edge of the pond, and "there was not a boy or a man besides themselves near the spot." The lights appeared to leap from place to place and then to vanish, just as though lighted candles were thrown across the pond and fell into the water. did not appear to rise high above the surface, but to flit across the pond about a foot or two above it.

The next account was communicated to the Times newspaper. In September 1858 a lady with her little girl and a clergyman were benighted and lost their way on one of the Taff Vale mountains, South Wales. Being on horseback, among dangerous bogs, in intense darkness, they moved cautiously along in search of a road; till, passing a little dell or ravine with a wall at the bottom of it, they saw just across it many bright lights apparently swung about near the ground. all exclaimed at once "They have sent out men to look for us with lanterns!" and so firm was this belief that, not being able to cross the wall, the reverend gentleman put his hand to his mouth and shouted long and loud. As the wall was not more than thirty yards distant, the young lady, who was mounted on a Welsh pony, scrambled down to it; when she instantly exclaimed, "They are Will-o'-the-wisps, mamma, and it's an awful bog!" which proved to be the case, for there were no human beings within miles of them. This occurred at eleven o'clock at night and at a thousand feet above the sea-level.

That same year Will-o'-the-wisp was frequently remarked in the peat districts near Port Carlisle in Cumberland. Scarcely an evening passed during the latter part of autumn but they might be seen flitting far and near over the marshes.

But of all the places where Will-o'-the-wisp may be seen in its full splendour, there are none with which I am acquainted that equal in this respect the churchyard outside the town of Gibraltar. This locality has been known for some years as a very remarkable spot on many accounts, and the climate appears to be extremely favourable to

the development of ignis fatuus. The soil of the cemetery is very sandy; many of the graves are not more than three feet deep; if it is attempted to dig them deeper the earth falls in. Burials are very frequent and space very scarce. Though no flames are observed in the daytime, the putrid odour which arises from the soil is more easily imagined than described. In fact, it is a locality par excellence for Will-o'-the-wisp, and we recommend it to the attention of lovers of natural philosophy.

The explanation of Will-o'-the-wisp is very simple. We have already seen that when vegetable matters decay under water they produce a quantity of carburetted hydrogen gas, the inflammable gas which Volta wrote about to Campi at the latter part of the eighteenth century, and which, he said, would account for *ignis fatuus*, if we could explain how it became ignited. A French writer, Lecoutourier, who died very young a few years ago, experienced the same difficulty in 1856 when he endeavoured to account for the inflammation of marsh gas, and suggested in his *Musée des Sciences* that lightning might be the cause of it. In November lightning is rare with us. But marsh gas, which is known to miners as *fire-damp*, causes those fearful explosions in coal-mines, where it occasionally takes fire—heaven only knows how!—in mines that are imperfectly ventilated.

Carburetted hydrogen is not, however, the only product of the decomposition of vegetable matter under water; several other substances are produced in these circumstances; but carburetted hydrogen and carbonic acid gas are the principal products. The same gases are evolved also when animal substances decay under water or in the damp soil; but in the latter case, besides the two gases just named, sulphuretted hydrogen, ammonia, and phosphuretted hydrogen are produced, and yield that peculiar putrid odour which characterises the decomposition of animal matter. When the gases evolved by decaying vegetable substances alone find their way through the water to the air, they give rise to no Will-o'-the-wisp, but merely to a gaseous mixture which will take fire if a light be applied to it. If an animal substance be decaying at the same time, then the gas which arises will take fire of itself as soon as it comes in contact with the air. This effect is owing to small quantities of phosphuretted hydrogen being evolved along with the other gases, and giving to the mixture the property of taking fire spontaneously. A very small quantity of phosphuretted hydrogen diffused thus through marsh gas, will produce the pheno-Wherever Will-o'-the-wisp manifests itself over mena in question. "the oozy bog" or in the dark cemetery, there lies the corpse of some animal. In the former case it may be some fish, a dog, an ox—or some unfortunate traveller!

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# IN CARNIVAL TIME

I HELD the secret of a woman's love,

A gem shut in the casket of my heart,

So prized, I even hid it from my friend,—

My other self, my nature's counterpart.

And when the Carnival had come, and he,

My bright young Henri, citywards would fare,

And we linked arms, I said no word, but thought,

With flaming cheek, "Ginevra may be there!"

The grim old city wore its festal garb,
All draped and garlanded and flower-strewn,
And through its streets the masque of joyaunce moved
Under the blue and radiant dome of noon.

Through many a mask there flashed inviting eyes,—
Stars brighter for the night wherein they set,—
And cheeks glowed into dimples, matching well
Lips that half kissed ere other lips they met.

And in the midst Ginevra swept along,
Reclining in her own luxurious grace:
Our eyes met, and she started; but, in room
Of smiles, a trouble came into her face!

I understood: she was no longer mine;
Another in that heart held sovran sway.
My presence pained her. With one mournful look,
Sad with reproach, I turned, and went my way.

I went alone, deserting Henri's side
Without a thought of him, while he, intent
On the bright whirl before him, heeded not:
Alone out of the hateful streets I went.

Out of the city, out into the fields

I staggered, as one reeling from a blow,

Uncertain of my purpose and my way:

As o'er wide wastes, in dreams, men aimless go.

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The hours wore on. Once I looked up and saw
That in the west a crimson sunset burned.
Then night, and with it tenderer thoughts of her;
And to the grim old city I returned.

I sought the gloomy house, Ginevra's home;
A light gleamed in the chamber where she slept,
Gleamed, vanished as I gazed at it, and then
Down from her latticed casement someone leapt.

Without a cry my sword sprang whistling out;
Another met it,—not a word was said;
They twined and gleamed an instant's space, and lo:
My foe dropt from my point, as drop the dead.

I dragged the body half-way to the lamp
That at our Lady's feet was flaring dim,
Then turned the face up,—God! it was my friend!
My Henri! I was bending over him!

The jealous fury raging in my heart
In a great agony an instant blazed;
"False friend!" I cried: but gazing on his face
I did him truer justice as I gazed.

It was my rival in Ginevra's love,
Yet my true friend no less, whom I had slain:
"Henri, forgive me! speak!" I cried to him:
His lips moved not; they never moved again.

I dragged his body closer to the light,
And to our Lady wholly turned his face;
My sword-hilt cross I held, and softly prayed
That Heaven would take his spirit, of its grace.

Yea, though his blood was red upon my hand,
To raise that hand to Heaven I could dare—
His death was not upon my soul; my lips
Were not so false that they polluted prayer.

#### THE GREAT KERMESSE OF ANTWERP

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER KIRTON," "WILD AS A HAWK," ETC.

"What will you?" said the coachman of my vigitante; "you have been driving about for two hours; you have been to every hotel in the town; it is the Kermesse, I tell you; and it is better to sleep in a bed than on a door-step."

There was something conclusive about his last words. I looked up at the dingy archway, and tried to conquer the repugnance I felt to the general aspect of the house. I gave a hearty gulp and stepped in.

I had been to all the hotels in the Place de Meir, the Place Verte, &c., but all were full to the roof. This one was certainly well situated in the Marché aux Souliers, just between the two Places; but then I had never heard of it—an unanswerable objection to an Englishman—and it did not look inviting. I believe that my coachman was in the pay of Jonas and his wife; but I forget—I have yet to introduce you to them.

A great unwieldy Flemish woman met me at the foot of the stairs; she looked brown and dirty; and I thought of the Ogress in the fairy tale as she smiled at me copiously out of those cunning little black beads of eyes, and fondled her fat hands. Under the plea of the Kermesse, I settled to pay a first-class price for a room au troisième, and was then handed over to the guidance of her squinting, fish-mouthed husband up the dirty staircase. I looked at the man as he showed me into my room, and I thought I had never seen a more striking likeness to the late Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit.

I did not feel happy; I kept thinking of storics about unwary travellers betrayed into a brigand's den, and put to sleep in beds with trap-doors under them.

I looked at the bed: there was no canopy to come down and crush me; there were no hangings at all; nor was there even a pretence of carpet. A round table with a decayed oilskin top, one chair with a broken back, and a miserable wash-stand.

I turned to remonstrate, but Jonas had slipped away as noiselessly as a cat.

I found my way back along the close, narrow gallery between the bedrooms. One of the doors was open, and showed a sort of cupboard lighted only by a skylight; here half a dozen mattresses were stretched on tressels. I shuddered; the weather was stiflingly hot: "If many of the rooms are thus peopled, what an atmosphere there will be during night-time!" I said musingly; for I had remarked, as an ad-

ditional objection to my bedroom, that its window opened facing those of another part of the hotel, only a few feet separating them.

There was no landlady to be seen when I reached the foot of the stairs; so I went up three steps which faced me, and found myself in the salle.

A stained, untidy cloth, suggestive both of soup and coffee, we being spread over one end of the table by the waiter.

"C'est ça—I am ver glad to see you, sir;" and he too rubbed his hands and smiled, and told me he spoke English, and that his name was Jules. He looked clean, and far more wholesome than either of his employers; and I began to make some inquiries about this Kermesse, into which I had so unexpectedly fallen.

"Tiens—it is the Kermesse—the great Kermesse of Antwerp. All the world knows of it, and comes to it; Dutch and German—Europe in fact. There used to be Kermesse in all the Flemish towns, but not now; all that is changed, and there is only this, the great Kermesse of Antwerp, the most important festival of the world."

I began to feel extremely ignorant, and I attempted to change the subject by complaining of my bed-room.

"Cest ca, monsieur, what will you?—for the Kermesse, no one care how they sleeps, so as they sleeps indoors—six in one room of two beds—and they are quite appy, because it is Kermesse. Monsieur, you should have told to keep a bed before for you, and then you could have choice; now it is not possible—c'est ca."

There seemed something like reason in this, especially when Jules went on to tell me that the festival always takes place on the Sundsy following the Feast of the Assumption, the 15th of August. If I gave up this bed and sought another inn, I might be even worse off. I ordered my supper and went out.

The streets were almost impassable; all vehicles were moving at a foot-pace; the Place Verte was one mass of heads. There were gaily-dressed strangers from all quarters, to judge by the polyglot they talked; and swarms of Anversois already in holiday garb, chatted merrily together as they tried to promenade up and down under the trees.

The Babel was increased by the constant hammering in a little pavilion at one end of the place. This was being erected for the band; there was to be a ball for the people under the awnings in the centre of the Place, and early in the afternoon a musical concours in honour of Rubens, to end by the offering of laurel crowns at the foot of Geefs grand statue.

Having seen as much as I could in such a crowd, I made my way by some of the back streets to the Place de Meir. Not quite so much bustle and noise here, the promenaders being of a better class; but more hammering. In the middle of the long wide street near the Rue de Rubens, and just opposite the King's Palace, a huge scaffold was being

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erected. This was the platform where the "Benediction" would be said by the Archbishop, after the "Célèbre Procession de Notre Dame."

All the world knows how infectious excitement is. The bright and pretty faces and eager voices and merry laughter had inspirited me. I went home determined to make the best of my inn.

In the salle, seated at the top of the table, and plainly eating and drinking his fill, was an old gentleman with a red ribbon in his button-bole, whom I at once set down to be a Frenchman. His pronunciation was so pure, so free from the flat guttural Walloon accent, his manner was so quick and lively, that I felt sure he was no Fleming. It came out afterwards that I was both right and wrong: he was Flemish by birth, and French by a long residence in that country.

I did not like my supper; the "biftek" was tough and almost raw, and the fried potatoes were only half-cooked. The sinister-faced landlord was standing obsequiously beside the new-comer, and I saw him eye me unpleasantly when I bade Jules take my dishes to the fire again. Monsieur of the red ribbon looked about him in a lordly way; he was plainly a guest worth consideration. He asked for the best Burgundy in the cellar, and invited the landlord to help him with it. The tables were getting full, as the people came flocking in to their suppers, all in eager excitement about the morrow.

Next to me sat a very young priest, with modest downcast eyes. He had never been beyond the college at Grammont before; he had now come to Antwerp, he told me, with the little bald-headed preceptor opposite, as one of the examiners of the Jesuit College; and he and his companion thus found themselves in the midst of the Kermesse. There was a deprecation in the young priest's tone, as if deploring the sacrifice of three days' amusement; but after he had a glass of beer, the twinkle in his eyes and the jokes he exchanged across the table with his friend reminded me strongly of an English schoolboy at

The word "anglais," frequently uttered at the top of the table, attracted me. Monsieur of the red ribbon was complaining to the landlord of the treachery he had seen practised on an unhappy Englishman at Dieppe, who, he said, had been put to sleep in a miserable grenier, while there were first-floor rooms in plenty.

holiday-time.

The landlord's grin, with that fish-like mouth of his, was hideous to behold.

"It does not signify," he said. "They pay all the same, wherever they are put—they are only cochons, but they are all rich."

I fancied that he looked at me; but when a man squints, it is difficult to feel positive.

Red-ribbon related several good stories, and was listened to with deference and applause. He seemed to take upon himself as by right the post of principal personage; but either prejudice or the landlord's

words had plainly warned him against me. When the young prist left the table, I tried to join in conversation with the chatty Frenchman, but to no purpose.

Cochon is an unpleasant word to hear applied to yourself by your host, especially when you are already dissatisfied with your sleeping accommodation.

Pah—how hot and close the room smelt! I opened both sides of the casement: a yet fouler smell came up from below; and I found that I was just over the stables. The windows were shut with a bang that may have startled some of my neighbours. I took up my candle and examined the bed: this was more satisfactory, though the sheets did not seem too smooth; the spring mattress was freshly covered.

Allons! I shall sleep, spite of every thing. A good night will make amends.

It seemed to me that the action of getting into bed was difficult and prolonged; that I made too deep an impression, and consequently that my pillow was uneasily high; however, I am used to German beds, and therefore accustomed, if need be, to sit up rather than lie. But my next sensation was of a decidedly novel character: was there a trap-door in the centre of the mattress, or what caused my feet to rise to the same level as my head, inducing apoplectic symptoms? Growling, and I fear somewhat anathematising the good city of Antwerp, I rolled out of bed, lit the candle, and proceeded to examine into the cause of my discomfort. The mattress had three rows of springs, and all those of the centre were broken. It was not only in theory, then, that the landlord considered an Englishman a cocker. Furiously did I hurry on my garments and scramble down to the salle, where the sound of fresh arrivals told me I should find Jules. He was there, but he had evidently supped late. He was too stupid to understand me; and when I spoke of my broken bed, he pointed vacantly to a mattress in one corner of the salle, on which a heavy bloated German was already snoring loudly. The place was thronged with men vociferating in different languages for better fare than cold meat and beer of Louvain, which seemed all that Jules could produce. A band of musical amateurs, who had come in for to-morrow's concourt, had taken refuge in their art, and were playing the Brabançoise noisily in a corner. Another group, whose cross-bows showed them to belong to the company of Arbalétriers, had begun to smoke, evidently presuming on Jules's condition. Quiet even on a broken mattress was preferable to this Pandemonium; so I went upstairs again, spread my blankets on the floor, and passed the rest of the night at least on & level surface.

The bright sun and the carillon of Notre Dame roused me before six o'clock. I am of an easy, forgiving nature, and spite of my hard lodging, I thought of the day before me rather than of the night I had left behind, and went down stairs whistling. A bad breakfast ruffled

me again. I asked for the landlady. After some delay she came forward, radiant with smiles, fondling her hands more than ever.

- "Madame," said I, "I cannot stay here unless you give me a better room and better fare."
- "Vraiment!" Madame was désolée; but she smiled so persistently, and rolled her fat hands into such a ball, that I was tempted to think she rather enjoyed the recital of my sufferings.
- "If I stay, madame, I must have a good room at the same price, and a good breakfast."
- "By all means; monsieur shall have all he wishes."

Still smiling sweetly, madame asked me to follow her upstairs. We passed along the gallery that led from the first landing, and she threw open the doors of no less than three very fair sleeping-rooms.

When I turned round to reproach her, she had disappeared.

I got a programme of the day's amusements. There was to be a

grand distribution of prizes for the winners at archery of all kinds, at rifle and carbine shooting, at skittles and bowls; but by witnessing this, I should miss the principal feature of the Kermesse—the Grande Procession of Notre Dame round her own special Flemish city. High Mass was to be at ten o'clock, and after that the procession.

It was lucky that I started early, for the streets were thronged more densely than ever. I had to wait quite half an hour before I could get across the Place Verte; and when I reached the corner, near the cathedral, I found further passage completely blocked. No use in going round, an obliging old lady told me—the procession of Guilds, with their prizes, was on its way to the Hôtel de Ville in the Grande Place. I could not possibly arrive at the cathedral till they had passed.

"But monsieur is not hurried," she went on in Flemish; "he is perhaps thirsty, and wishes to be refreshed?"

The direction of her eyes drew mine to the shining brass pitcher she carried on her arm; even without it her tall straw hat bonnet would have told me she was one of the picturesque milkwomen of Antwerp. She had a blue plaid ribbon across the crown and down the tall sides of her hat—new to-day—and its brim was lined with blue silk; close round her cheerful red-brown face she wore a quilled lace cap with long lappets; her skirt was of buff-coloured cotton, and her jacket black; over this last, however, she wore a new scarlet neckerchief.

On came the guilds, each with its flag-bearer in front, and another man carrying on a pole the trophies won on former occasions. The artisans themselves were a most insignificant set of men, and some of the prizes looked no better than pennypieces suspended by a tricolour ribbon. One—I forget the name of the company—in lieu of a flag showed a painted pole, from which hung a single medal; others had velvet banners richly embroidered, and on a cushion of similar texture showed gold and silver medals, cups, bugle-horns, and other rewards of their skill.

I soon got tired of the meagre show—which, however, seemed to delight the Anversois—and I employed myself in gazing up at the magnificent spire and its surroundings.

At last the marksmen were fairly passed, and then there was a rush to the cathedral.

It filled so rapidly, that there was no possibility of getting a chair.

Service had begun already, and clouds of fragrant incense were floating over the eastern end. I had often seen the interior of the cathedral before, but never so richly decked.

A little way beyond the cupola, towards the centre of the nave, stood on a raised throne a gorgeously clad image of Notre Dame, life-size, holding her Son in her arms; and beside each one of the central rows of clustered columns a magnificent banner of crimson or searlet velvet embroidered with her emblems. The costumes near me were sufficiently striking. There was a beautiful dark-eyed girl with a skin like a gipsy, wearing a string of pearl beads round her throat; from this hung a crucifix of carved coral, and she wore ear-rings in carved coral also, heads of saints. Across her forehead was a broad gold plate engraved with curious devices, and fastened on by this a cap of fine Mechlin lace; the rest of her dress was of dark woollen stuff, but open at the bosom, so that the pearls rested on her clear dark skin. I suspect she found out I was a heretic; for she crossed herself when she caught me looking at her, and moved further off.

The heat grew intense. The faint smell of incense, mingling with less pleasant odours, became sickening. I wished the service would come to an end.

At last the sacristan approached the great bedizened image, followed by four men bearing two long stout poles. There is a confused murmur among the people near, and a simultaneous movement towards the great doorway. No pushing or squeezing—be sure of that; among Belgians all is decorous and quiet.

I am glad to get out, my head is giddy with the heat and confined air. Where is the best place to stand? and why are those crowds of well-dressed ladies scouring off in such hot haste?

The National Guard keeps the doors to-day in its very showy uniform, and I put this question to the commandant; a smiling, fair-haired Belgian, quite seven feet high, who has just asked me to keep on the pavement. The giant is a pleasant fellow, and speaks civilly.

He tells me these are the people who have taken windows in some of the streets to see the procession pass, or in the Place de Meir to assist at the Benediction.

"But, ma foi, monsieur," he says, with a very expansive smile, "if you don't mind a little fatigue, you may see all, instead of being penned like a sheep in one place."

It seems to me that he is right, and that it will be amusing enough

#### THE GREAT KERMESSE OF ANTWERP

watch the procession form in the little triangular space the crowd as left for it round the cathedral porch.

I had not long to wait.

First came out a number of church functionaries with long lighted mdles, then the surpliced choristers and deacons, bearing out carefully not be one the magnificent banners and pennons that had decorated not piers of the nave. Presently the Archbishop's canopy appeared, and then came a pause, while the four golden eagles which had refused pass the low portal were being fitted on to each corner. The delay we me time to look at the canopy of rich crimson velvet worked in equisite embroidery with golden crowns and lilybuds. The golden ugles after some bungling are set in their places at last, but still the mopy does not move. It will stay in this corner till the Archbishop pears.

Here come more priests in transparent cambric surplices, more anners, more candles smoking and guttering, a crowd of pretty choir bys in lace and cambric. One brisk old gentleman, with a black cap on is head, directs all the proceedings with as much enjoyment as energy.

He hurries backwards and forwards along the lengthening double plumn of priests and officials, bidding this one hold his taper straight, ad advising another to rest the heavy pole of his banner on the ground Il the time for starting comes.

An increased buzz of voices from within the porch. The organ, thich has never ceased playing, sounds louder and more triumphant mes, and forth comes the Holy Image, supported on the shoulders of ix bearers. As they raise it into full sunlight, the splendour of its ichly-embroidered robes is revealed. The front seemed made of solid liver, frosted, with a pattern of lace-work. Up the sides are immense lies, which keep back the heavy train of gold tissue embroidered with ones. A glittering diadem of precious stones is suspended above the read of the effigy.

The scene all round was at this moment extremely picturesque. Leyond the shining brass helmets of the National Guard appeared a kong body of soldiers of the line. The crowd of quaintly-costumed aversois and Hollanders (the women in their curious caps and head-naments) was swaying in all directions, backed by the grotesque ables of the houses of this quarter; while in front of the great cathedral rich stood the Image and the brilliant group of banners, the flaring aoking tapers and clouds of incense marking the slow progress of the rtége as it at length began to move towards the Grande Place. Closely llowing the scolytes, who swung their silver censers from side to side, me some richly-robed priests; and last of all, under his canopy, the nerable Archbishop of Malines, bearing the Host.

When they reached the Grande Place, the pricets and the choir gan to chant the *Te Deum*, and continued it as they took their lemn progress through the principal streets.

the procession was expected.

the acolytes.

I watched them defile through the Grande Place,—that wonderful picture of mediæval habitations, where the quaint old façades try woutdo each other in grotesque ornamentation,—then hurried on by narrow ways to the Place de Meir, and was only just in time we secure a good place at the foot of the erection. It was covered with sumptuous hangings now, and had an Altar at the top of the long flight of steps. The windows of the Place, as far as I could see, offered a charming spectacle; every window and balcony full of well-dressed

and in most instances pretty women—nurses with children, &c.—the faces, full of excited expectation, all turned in the direction from which

It came at last, preceded by girls scattering flowers in its part and in front of and on the altar-steps. I had wondered what the low row of chairs on each side of the carpetted space in front of the Altar meant; had tried to appropriate one of them, and been gravely buked for so doing by a stern-looking old gentleman in black with a silver-headed mace. Now, as the cortége stopped when it reads the carpet, the surpliced priests fell away in single file, each one in the chair, and remained standing while the acolytes passed on, swinging out clouds of incense, the sweet children's voices chanting and propriate hymn as the Archbishop slowly and reverently mounted to steps to the Altar, attended by three or four priests. His canopy to

Then the Archbishop unclasped the Pix which hung suspended from his neck, and placed it on the Altar, as soon as the latter had been incensed.

mained at its foot, surrounded by the more richly-robed priests and y

The service followed, spoken in low but clear tones. The comless multitude that thronged the whole extent of the Place knelt dom in adoration when the bell rang, and the Archbishop, turning towards the people, elevated the Host.

More chanting, more prayers. The blessing given, the people rise from their knees, the Archbishop resumes his place beneath the canopy, the pretty little boys swing their censers and sing away more loudly than before, and the gorgeous procession, with its tapers still flaring smokily in the broad sunshine, takes the road back to the cathedral.

I made my way to my inn; it was nearly three o'clock by this time, and I was starving. A double row of tables was laid in the salle, and I got a much better dinner than I expected, except that the melon was cut in wafer slices; and Jules handed some flabby-looking tarts, with the objurgative, "Aux pêches, monsieur—aux pêches," as if they were too precious to be eaten; also the peaches and pears of the dessert were carried to the buffet and there halved.

Spite of all, however, I did very well. My little friend the priest appeared to have thrown modesty on one side, and seemed determined

1 enjoyment. He and his friend treated themselves to some Burgundy, 1d grew merry and loquacious thereon.

I should have enjoyed my dinner better if I had not seen Jonas reing me from time to time with his straight eye. I hate to be atched when I eat; it makes me feel as if I were allowanced. Moneur Red-ribbon was in high feather, eliciting roars of laughter from a convives by some German legends; one especially, relating to the olf on the door of the Cathedral of Aix, was wonderfully popular. ill, even when they were cheerful, and dressed in their best, the tests at the table d'hôte were an ill-conditioned mongrel set; the only resentable beings among them, except the little priest, being the red-boned chatterbox, and a young Amsterdamer, who had travelled in ngland, and who hinted to me across the table that he thought we are in queer quarters.

I went with him afterwards to the Place Verte, but the concert was rer. Afterwards we visited different picture exhibitions, all open in mour of the Kermesse; then to a ball at the theatre. There were two, think, in the town that night; but if both were as dull as that at the ariétés, I can't say much for them. The fireworks on the esplanade I front of the citadel were really good, reflected twenty-fold in the arrounding water.

My change of room proved a real blessing, and I appreciated a sound nattress most heartily.

The next day and the next passed in the same endless round of musement, and in the same crowded state of streets. It seemed as if he whole population went out walking for three days. If you had coasion to enter a shop, you found only some very inefficient "help" chind the counter, totally unable to answer you in any language but demish. The people's ball in the open air—or rather under the awnness in the Place Verte—was a miserable failure; the musicians played, and the people walked about and talked; but except three ragged chiller, I saw no one attempt to dance.

I had been three days in Antwerp, and I was to leave next morning. began to see that my imagination had led me into unreasonable predice. I did not think either the house or the landlady clean or greeable, and the living was certainly second-rate; but Jules was civil, and I had often fared much worse. Perhaps the squinting landlord and the fat woman who fondled her hands were not so bad as they eemed. These were my thoughts as I passed under the dingy archay on my way to supper.

"I should like my bill to-night, Jules."

"C'est ca, monsieur; in a few minutes it shall be ready."

I ate my supper, and waited; I tapped my glass with my knife: in ain; no Jules appeared. At last I found a bell; but after ringing wice, the landlady's daughter came in; she had her face tied up for oothsche. Jules had gone out to spend the evening, and no one could

her sweetheart.

make out a bill without his help, as he kept the accounts of all that was served; and then mademoiselle clapped her hand up to her moth with a shrill cry of pain, and left me.

I was vexed. I had settled to start by an early train for Brunck, so as to reach Namur the same evening; and I always like to have plenty of time to settle foreign hotel bills; their nines are so like five, and vice versa, that I am apt to be slow and cautious in adding them has I went up to my room, I saw mademoiselle in the yard talking to

"I should like some coffee in my room at eight o'clock to-more morning." She answered me with the utmost sweetness, and I parel on. I had finished all my packing when Jules brought the coffee.

"C'est ça, monsieur," he said, as he placed it on the table; "it is fine thing to be served in your own room, is it not, at Kermesse, when the house is full to bursting?"

He had till now been so invariably civil, that I looked up in prise.

"The Kermesse is over; and you know, Jules, as well as I do, the

nearly all your guests left last night. If you had brought me my bill last night, I should not have been so hurried this morning. Be as quick as you can about it, and then send for a vigilante."

He went away. I drank my coffee, and then I rang the bell. No one answered. I waited until within a quarter of an hour of the time at which I knew I ought to start, ringing at intervals; then I went down in dire wrath, but found no one on whom to vent it. If I lost this train, I should have to sleep in Brussels, and lose a whole day. I took up my hat to go to get a vigilante, vowing that I would leave my bill unpaid if they did not bring it, when Jules appeared with the paper in his hand.

"C'est ça, monsieur," he said with his invariable smile; "I will take it to monsieur's bedroom."

He ran upstairs before me, and stood holding the door open for m to enter.

"This is much too bad," I said; "I shall scarcely save my train."

"Ah, monsieur, it could not be prevented. Monsieur has been a

ver particular gentleman; and for particular gentlemans their bills always takes long time—"

Perhaps if he had not said this, I might in my haste have paid the

sum total without looking at the first side of the paper; for though I had only stayed three days in the house, my bill took up more than one column: now I looked over leaf. First came the charge for my room; then so much per night (an immense addition) for the change; a double charge for the badly cooked supper of the first evening; several bottles of wine I had never had, extras at meals of which I was guiltless; and finally, a demand of five francs for the extra service of Jules in bringing coffee to my bedroom. I turned to him with, I suppose, a

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athful aspect, for he fled away instantly. In his place came the stout idlady. I pointed out the obnoxious items. She smiled tearfully, if fondled her abominably fat dirty hands.

"Ah, mon Dieu, monsieur! what can people do? If monsieur will halge his little fantaisies, he must expect to pay for them. Mon mu! it makes perhaps two napoleons of difference; but what are two poleons to a gentleman who has fantaisies about his mattress and his iking? It is indeed hard on poor people who have a family to keep, I who strive to make a living for them. Ah, mon Dieu!"

The fat crocodile forced a large tear into each corner of her cunning ck eyes.

"Madame,"—I spoke rather gruffly,—"I have nothing to say to 1; I will settle this with your husband."

She swelled with wounded pride.

Her husband! what had he to do with it, poor innocent? It was sch if he could put two and two together, so occupied was he in the lar, and with his duties at the table &hôte. All must be settled with :; there was no appeal beyond.

I told her that if I had time I would appeal to the magistracy of twerp; as it was, I should decline to pay some of the most extornate items. She shrugged her shoulders.

" Pas un centime de moins, monsieur."

But I was determined, and moreover kept my temper, while she lost is; and finally paying, spite of the reductions, nearly twice as much would have been possible at a really good inn, I departed, resolving rer again to trust myself within the good city of Antwerp at the och of its great Kermesse.

"Thank heaven," I said, throwing myself back in the vigilante, "I I free of that den of dirt, discomfort, extortion, and ugliness; for even idemoiselle squints. I will take good care never to see any thing in belonging to the hotel in the Marché aux Souliers, Antwerp."

The vigilante draws up with a jerk; we are inside the railway stam. I turned to pay my fare; but the coachman sat still on his box; was not he who had opened the door for me.

"Pardon, monsieur," said a voice with a creak in it that reinded me of the unpleasant past; "it is to me that monsieur pays."

The eyes squinted more maliciously than ever; the fish-like mouth inned yet more hideously. It was Jonas himself!

"Allons, messieurs; le convoi pour Bruxelles, Bruxelles; n'y a pas temps à perdre," cried a shrill-voiced porter; and I had to dart into e bureau and take my ticket without so much as telling my cheating set what I thought of him.

# DIANA GAY

# A Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "REVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. MC.

# Book the Third

CHAPTER XIII. A NIGHT SCENE.

MRS. RICHARD LUGARD had long since begun to show signs of ill health, and kept a good deal to her room. She had grown more excitable too, or rather "more odd," as some of her friends called it. This view was at last forced upon Diana, who had been unwession her efforts to soothe her, and followed out her little charitable in foolish scheme of turning that home into a happy one. Having he her own share of troubles, our Diana thought she had begun to less what the world was very tolerably, and was entitled to give some advice.

"You see, dear Kitty," she would say to her friend, "I don't thin you go quite the right way with Richard; he requires a certain little humouring and leading. You understand?"

Mrs. Lugard would look up at her quickly:

"You know, then, it would seem? You have found it successful Diana, thinking this an earnest though ungracious request information, would bend forward eagerly and explain her little tactic When she had dwelt on them some time, and added that she kne Richard's character so well, having known him so long, and that I should be allowed his way in small things, and hinting that a cheefu smiling welcome was a wonderful reformer, Mrs. Lugard turned quiet to her, and coldly said:

"Why should I take this trouble when there is a friend ready! come into our house and do it all for me? How good-natured of he is it not?"

Diana was not a little taken back at this thrust.

"You know you begged of me to come to you," she said after moment; "but if you wish—"

"Yes," said Kitty impatiently, "now be sensitive, and say you will leave the house—leave me to his amiable mercies; that will be charring; as if our house were not already a hell upon earth! God know what scandal will follow then. Yes, yes, you do some good her even for decency's sake. But you know me, and you say have know me long, and you cannot make a little allowance for what I suffer, as I must carefully measure my words with you even."

#### DIANA GAY

In such scenes, of which there were many patterns, what could iana do but, with a heart filled with compassion, commiserate her shappy friend?

When Diana returned home from Lady Jane Williamson's it was ust one o'clock. She came up into the drawing-room bright, smiling, it half dejected, and found the lamps lit, and Lugard walking up and wan. Diana was a little scared when she saw him, for there was an agry look in his eyes.

"You are very late, Miss Gay," he said.

"I fear so," said Diana; "though I did not think it was so late. at, indeed, if I had known you were to wait up—"

"Wait up?" said he; "surely you know that is not so unusual ith me. But will you pardon an abrupt question: why did you conal all this from me?"

"I never meant to conceal anything," said she with some pride.

"O, I know," he said with an ironical bow, "I have no right to ing any young lady to account. But still I have, I think; when you I me that such a person is your enemy, and that he has behaved like a enemy, and that you mean to treat him as such, I think some little rof consistency should be kept up, or you should give me notice."

Diana answered eagerly, "O, I am so glad to own and discover that all did him wrong; he has explained everything!"

"O, he has? And you listened to his story? But before he told it to m, you went to hear him make his exhibition—in my place, too! O iana, I did not think you would try such a deception on me."

"I mean no deception, indeed," said Diana gently, for the allusion, "my place" had touched her heart, and she felt it must have been a cortification; "only I felt so curious, and I thought at the same time at you might not like to know of Robert's—"

"Robert!" said he with infinite bitterness; "Robert to the man he has plotted your ruin, who could be had up at this moment before ny court, he and his wicked mother, for conspiracy! Page says so; and I tell you we are not done with them yet."

"O," said Diana eagerly, "this is what grieves me so. I tell you his is all imagination. He has explained everything. She has even set him off because he took my side. No, Richard, you must not be mjust; and, indeed, we both owe him some amende for our treatment."

Richard was growing more excited every moment, striding up and lown the room. "Here are fresh and fresh surprises every minute. Now I begin to see. All this time, from ever so far back, you have been levoted to that—fellow; while I, poor fool that I have been, have sacrificed all my prospects, all my hopes in life, in running after a mere phantom."

This language, which might have alarmed another lady, seemed to Diana merely a development of Lugard's usual intemperate strain,

meaning nothing beyond general discontent and anger. Yet she had not seen him so excited for long, and tried to soothe him.

"Don't talk in this way, you make me so unhappy; and you know. I have troubles of my own."

"And what troubles have I had?—though no one thinks of that Disappointed, mortified, deceived, and I can trace it all to one, one thing. If you had—"

"Dear Richard," said Diana, a little alarmed, "it is no use talking of that now; you know I have told you so again and again."

"It is no use for you, of course. My career is ended; yours is beginning. It falls very light on you; but I warn you, Diana, do not think of that, or let him speak of it, for there is a point beyond which I will not be trifled with; so I warn him, or you may warn him if you like. I may bear what I have to bear as well as I can, and as I must; but take care, Diana, for it would be the most fatal day for him since he was born, if you were to think of that. I tell you plainly I could not bear that."

He was so wild and strange that Diana shrank away; and yet she pitied him, he had been so harassed; and she could not find it in her heart to take up that tone of dignity, or affect an air that "she ought not to listen." She had not the strength, in fact, to take up the bold or haughty part. But she attempted a faint protest: "We are old friends, I know, Richard; we have known each other from childrenyou from a boy, I from a girl—so that—"

"So that I am quite harmless, and what I say is all folly and non-sense? Then I tell you, Diana Gay, I take no such view, and I hold you responsible for all this wretchedness. You made a sort of plaything of me—it was all your sport—and would carry on the sport now, and you do not care."

"Hush, hush!" said she, "you must not speak in this way. Indeed, it is time that I should leave this house, for I seem to have failed in doing what I hoped to do—to make you more happy and reconciled to your state."

He again gave a loud and bitter laugh. "O, that was it? O, indeed!"

"But, now," said Diana, growing excited, "I see my folly and childishness, and that I ought not to remain here an hour longer; and they were right."

"They were right?" he repeated. "I see at last. Then he has been advising you—he has dared to tell you this? He will drive me mad, this fellow! What business has he to interfere? But, never fear, I'll make him account to me. And so he has persuaded you to leave us? Well, do. Give him that triumph, you cruel, unstable girl. Leave us, then, and I know what I shall do. I shall know with whom to reckon first of all, and then what to do with myself. Yes, Diana. This life is getting unendurable; I am in that state of mind that I know not

what I shall do; harassed on all sides, miserable, you know not what I suffer. It only wants that—your leaving us—and you shall see what will follow."

"No matter now," said Diana, eager to end this interview; "we will talk of this in the morning."

"As you will, Diana; but mind, if you leave us, I leave also."

Diana started, and gave a cry. There was someone else, also, who had started; and in the doorway they saw the tall figure of Kitty wrapped in a shawl, her face pale and menacing. Diana, on whom the whole effect of this fatal situation now flashed, ran to her; the other sternly waved her back.

"So you will leave," she said to him, "if she leaves? Thank God I have heard these words. For long I have known that you wished me to leave—leave this world, if I could."

"O, it was very cruel of him," said Diana passionately, "and wicked to speak so! And I appeal to you, Richard, to bear me out: I never wished to listen to you, or to encourage this in the least; say so, speak, and do that justice."

It was curious to see the change now that she was in presence of this dramatic situation. The danger—the crisis, as it seemed to her, so now and desperate—had given her an unwonted purpose and strength of mind. Her eyes flashed, she seemed to have grown of a sudden years older in heart and purpose. The childish Diana had been transformed.

Lugard looked at her gloomily, and did not reply for a moment. "I do not care who knows it, and there is no need for any acting here. I have not patience for it; and it is only carrying out a farce to pretend anything of the sort. She knows," he said, pointing to his wife, "what I feel, and what I have felt all through."

"Stop, stop!" said Diana passionately, to whom every moment brought a fresh revelation; "how can you be so cruel, so wicked?"

These words seemed only to make Lugard more desperate.

"Ah, you say this now, Diana, after all the mischief is done. Who is it that has been most cruelly dealt with, I should ask? Who has been sacrificed? I say again, she knew all this; and there is no injury done to her, because her eyes were open. I am sick of acting parts, and it is more honest to say the truth out boldly. She knows, and she knew then, that I wanted to marry you, Diana, and that—"

"And that," said the Kitty Crowder of old times, in a trembling, scornful voice, "and that, if one obstacle were out of the way, you would do so now. It is more honest to speak the truth, is it not?"

He looked down.

Diana again broke out in the most passionate terms, "O, now I see at last; now my eyes are opened! Richard, to think you should have been so wicked! O, let me go; let me fly from this dreadful house; it will kill me to remain a moment longer here. But where shall I go? What is to become of me?"

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"And what is to become of me?" said he, advancing to the door.

"If I am left here to this life—no, no, if you leave, take care, Diana; I don't know what will follow. And if you leave in anger—I say, take care again—take care, for I cannot answer for myself."

Here was something dramatic for the young heroine. The time was an hour past midnight—the actors, that excited wife and the wilder husband, as it seemed to Diana. She was so shocked, so confounded, at all these new discoveries, she did not know what to do, and could only murmur, "What is to become of me? Where shall I go? O, to whom shall I go?"

Not one of the party had perceived that the maid-servant had estered and had spoken. She said again, "This gentleman wishes—"But she was as confounded as any of the rest, for she had heard the last two speeches.

Suddenly Lugard started forward furiously. "He come here! 0, this passes beyond all! He is at the bottom of all, and—heave above!—the time has come for me to punish him."

It was Robert who was standing in the doorway. He entered calmly and slowly.

"First," he said, "to explain my presence here at your house. It is for her—Miss Gay's—interest that I am here. A discovery I have just made is of the greatest importance to her case, and I thought a moment should not be lost—"

"And you have the insufferable effrontery," said Lugard, really beside himself, and advancing on the other with fury, "to meddle in this business, though you have been warned? I tell you, man, this going too far, and I cannot control myself. You will drive me to do you a mischief."

"Folly!" said Bligh half-contemptuously. "I also am tired of this hectoring, which has gone on far too long.—Miss Gay, you saked where can you go to from this house? I will tell you. Mr. Bowmand Lady Margaret have returned this evening, and are at their hotel—Starridge's. You can go there at once; I will leave you there myself if you wish."

"Yes, yes, Robert; a thousand times yes;" and she went over to him.

Lugard strode forward, then checked himself, as he saw Diana cling to Robert's arm, and actually ground his teeth with fury. "Do so you please, then," he said to her; "I can't control you; but as for him, if I live another hour he shall pay me the long debt he owes me—nearly twenty years now—and with interest too, Mr. Bligh."

Bligh was going, but he turned back, and said calmly, "And let me warn you, too, that the day for forbearance—which you in your wicked dulness set down to fear of you—has passed by. Take care, for I shall treat you now in quite a different manner.—Come, Miss Gay."

They passed down, and entered his carriage at the door. Neither spoke, but there was on their minds an impression of the dreadful situation. They left behind them that husband and wife, whose household gods were shattered about them, strewing the floor, a universal wreck of marriage, respect, love, happiness—everything—the very fragments of which to-morrow might break up in yet further ruin.

Bligh hurriedly told her how her friends had so opportunely returned, Lady Margaret something better in health. As for the matter concerning the business, he said he would see her in the morning. Indeed, Diana cared little: the scene she had passed through had changed her into a woman. Down had tumbled the thick walls of simplicity, unsophistication, pleasant unconcern, that enclosed the rural garden in which she had been living; and she saw about her, grown up, as if by enchantment, the great streets and buildings of life, the hum of traffic, the passing faces, the bustling figures—and not only saw but understood them, like the Eastern in the fairy-tale whose head was dipped into the tub of water. The whole scenery of a life seemed to pass through her young brain. She saw the dream in which she had been living—the height, depth, thickness, the philosophy, above all the folly, of that strange intimacy. She now even shrank from it with terror. In the carriage as they went along she poured out her faltering gratitude to "her preserver and old friend," as she called him. Bligh was calm and grateful, but cold as usual. It was a mere accident his coming in at that moment. He, and he always hoped to prove that he would be a real friend—he had had a note that night from Hawker, Q.C., who led on the other side, and who told him that Judge Cosherer had fixed Wednesday for the case.

"I don't care about the case," said Diana impatiently; "but you had something else to tell me."

"It was about the case also," he said. "When I got home and took up the evening paper, the Regent-street Chronicle, I saw a paragraph about this business, in which they said that some Rev. Mr. Potter who was chaplain there was to be examined. The name made me start, for it seemed quite familiar to me, and I tried to recollect for a long time. At last I recalled it. Do you remember my looking through your papers at Gay Court?"

"Indeed I do," said she.

"Well, it was there. There were some letters from abroad, some from my mother, some from others; but the name I could swear to, and some passage not very favourable to him. I did not read it, but I know my eye fell on it. I would get those papers looked into at once. They ought to have been looked to before."

Diana was not attending very much. She was thinking of the scene they just witnessed. Now they were at the yellow front of Starridge's private and distinguished hotel in Brook-street. Its lamps were shining out over the door. "Lady Margaret Bowman and suite"

were arrived, and her ladyship had just sent over to Mr. Lugard's a note for Miss Gay. Diana went in, and she said "good-bye" to Bligh. She added softly,

"O, how kind you have been! I shall never forget."

As he turned to go he thought he would walk home. It was a moonlight night—the night of a most delightful and exciting day. He had conducted that case well—the triumph in the House, the conversation with Diana, and that half-rescue with which all had closed. He was thinking as he lighted his cigar, "She will be a true woman yet. It will work itself out." He then repeated half aloud so he set off,

"Yes, better let her work it out for herself, and I shall say and on nothing."

At this moment a figure crossed the street hurriedly; a hansom cab was driving away, from which it had descended. The figure was in front of him in a moment: a fierce face—wild eyes as of a madman.

"Now, Mr. Bligh," it said; "now there are no women to protect you!"

Bligh threw away his cigar and drew back.

"I told you before I am getting tired of this, and that I have passed the point when I can put up with it longer."

"Who wishes you to put up with it?" said the other in a low voice.
"I would ask nothing better than that you should not. You have just hit the nice point, Mr. Special Pleader, clever as you are."

Bligh spoke with great firmness.

"Go away," he said. "Leave me. I see you wish to bring about some—I don't say quarrel—"

"Quite right, Mr. Bligh, the great barrister and member—quite so. I do wish to bring it to that, here, and in this street—a common vulgar quarrel—police, and all that."

Bligh looked round. The long decent street was almost deserted: on the other side the faint pattering of the steps of a passenger going home, and not concerned with the two gentlemen who were talking together opposite.

Bligh suddenly got past him, and then, putting him back with his hands, said,

"Once for all, understand this. Your conduct to me for so many years has been past endurance. Your insults, your unworthy jealousies and sneers, your more unworthy slanders behind my back"—and Robert's voice trembled—"I tell you all that is past now; so take and go your way. Let me go mine."

"What talk is this?" said Lugard, now furious. "Take your hands off me. As if I had nothing to put up with from your mean, quiet, sneaking ways all these—but I'll end it now. You shall meet me in France—anywhere you please—but meet me you shall. Do you

hear ?"

"No," said the other. "I shall do nothing of the kind. There is my answer."

"And there's mine, you coward?" said Lugard, and swiftly raising his arm, his hand descended as swiftly towards the cheek of Robert Bligh.

It was just the scene with which this little romance opened at Dr. Wheeler's, now so many years before; but between, what an abyss of stormy passions, in one breast at least, had filled up! Before that angry hand had descended, another stout arm had been launched out in defence, and had struck it up with such violence that Richard reeled again, and, staggering back, with difficulty kept his feet. Bligh stood, still calm, his hands ready, and without speaking a word.

"You struck me!" said Lugard wildly. "You shall pay for this—by God you shall!"

"Take care, I warn you," repeated Bligh in a low voice.

As Lugard was rushing on again, a policeman came out of an archway close by.

"Now, gents, what's this about? Here, I say-"

"He struck me! He did! I swear it! I'll charge him before any magistrate! I do it now."

"Hush, hush!" said Bligh. "You are beside yourself." Then, to the policeman, "This gentleman and I were once friends, and he wishes now to draw me into a quarrel. He followed me here in a cab. I am Mr. Bligh, a member of Parliament—"

This title was to Lugard like scarlet on a furious bull.

"I charge him here, whatever he is, and you must do your duty! I shall appear against him at the police—"

"Why, I see you strike him first," said the policeman, "and see you get out of the cab and cross the street. I was a-watching you, ay, and see the 'ansom come up. Come, go about your business. Now, see here, you won't come this way; so you may as well go now.—I'll take care, sir," added the policeman, touching his hat, "he sha'n't trouble you. I see you myself in the Chancellor's Court; so I know it's true what you says, sir."

No wonder that Bligh almost felt pity for his enemy's degraded situation. He stopped irresolutely, and said:

"Lugard, no one need know anything of this. But for your own ake I conjure you to give over this insane course of yours."

"I shall reach you yet," said Lugard, grinding his teeth, "though on do require police and women to protect you."

"A hinformation in the morning before Mr. Bond'll be your course, ir," said the policeman; "bind him over, you know."

Bligh walked away slowly, and Lugard went off in the other direcion, the policeman following him, and determined to "keep his eye on im" till he got home. Some evil spirit seemed to have entered into his man, whom "the gods were determined to destroy." The furies of life were against him, and everything bent on defeating him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

GAY r. GAY.

By the next morning the baffled Richard Lugard was almost in a state of frenzy. Those who were in his house heard him walking about talking to himself nearly the whole night. Had they been listening they would have heard him saying, "O, show me some way. Let me live to destroy him! It will drive me mad if I do not!" But the chief blow had come from Diana. "That she should have turned on me! O, to attack me so cruelly, all at the persuasion of that clerk—that lawyer's drudge! I'll never forgive her-never!" With the next morning came a letter, the writing of which he knew to be hers. She too had been thinking over that scene, not without trouble and alarm. They were her old friends, and against Richard-with all his violence and ill-conditioned behaviour—she could not feel much resentment. She really regarded him as irresponsible. To that class of character, indeed, a girl's heart is unconsciously indulgent. Called on officially to sentence such a one, they are bound to be severe; but they think of the prisoner with interest. There were the dangers also with such a nature lest he should proceed to some violence; and, after all, he had been kind to her, and had really liked her, and liked her long. So she sat down and wrote him a kind letter setting out all these things; saying how grateful she was for his goodness and the shelter he had given her; that, as for what he had said, she knew he was hasty and thoughtless, and did not think what he was going to do. But if he ever did like her, she was going to ask him a favour. She had her own troubles drawing on, and she knew he would not wish to add to them; and this was that there should not be any quarrel between him and Robert When he came to this point he half crushed up the letter. Bligh.

"She wishes to protect him," he said, "but it will not do."

Presently he read on. He must know what people would say, and how her name would be drawn into it.

Almost as early, another letter reached him. He knew that hand also. His eyes lighted up, and he saw with a sort of exultation. "No, surely! But he has not spirit enough for that. He dare not. This is more of his wretched quibbling." It was from Robert Bligh.

He said after the scene of last night it was quite necessary they should come to a clear understanding as to Lugard's future behaviour. They had been old friends and schoolfellows, and he appealed to Lugard himself if for all these years past he had not shown a temper and patience few other men would have exhibited. "Yes," said Lugard, "because he could not help it—he hadn't the spirit." But they had now—since last night—passed the point of this endurance; he would bear no more, and he was obliged to give Richard Lugard this warning. Perhaps it would not be attended to on these grounds: but there was another

#### DIANA GAY

eason which might have more effect—the name of one whom they both mew well would of certainty be drawn into it if there were any scanlal or any quarrel. On Lugard's head would rest that responsibility; and though the writer knew the motive that would be ascribed to this appeal, he was content to let such be ascribed to him, provided it had affect. Again, he said he was not hostile to Richard Lugard, and could see that the unprovoked behaviour of last night, and would be glad to serve him. But let them give over these childish bickerings and jealousies, which were really unworthy of grown men as they were. He made this last appeal, and did so in the name of one whom they both regarded.

It may be imagined what the effect of this appeal was on Richard, with what scorn and fury he read every word; yet somehow he felt himself entangled in the logic of it, and it forced itself disagreeably on him, that any esclandre would of course involve Diana's name. From this feeling he could not set himself free. The whole of that day he wandered about uncertain—now finding himself drawn to the House of Commons by a sort of fascination, to wait for his rival and enemy. But at last, and before the end of the day, he found a weary relief in thinking that as Diana's case was now coming on, he might at least wait for a few days. And so he determined to do. He would postpone all vengeance and conflict until that was over.

But now the great case was at last drawing on. The affidavits, and additional affidavits, had been "filed;" all the usual excuses for delays, and the motions, had been exhausted. It was "ripe" for trial; and though the venue would naturally have been laid upon the circuit to which Calthorpe belonged, still obvious reasons made both parties concur in selecting the little assize town of Bentham as the battle-field. These arrangements the public learned from the Regent-street Chronicle, which one evening set before its readers the following little hot buttered roll:

"Lovers of what are called 'sensation trials' will be rejoiced to learn from us, that the great bath into which they have been longing to plunge is at last nearly ready. Their slumbers will be of the sweetest when they hear that the case goes down for trial to Bentham, that it will have all the impartiality and acumen—we believe these are the correct words of judicial compliment—of Mr. Justice Cosherer, and that of course a high-minded and intelligent jury will receive his lordship's instructions. The Bentham Gazette will, no doubt, crowd its columns, and the evening penny papers will, as the phrase runs, drive a roaring trade," &c.

The Regent-street Chronicle was right. At last, like a great ship, the case was ready for launching. With infinite pains the instructors had every rivet driven home, every bolt closed. Both parties were ready, witnesses, counsel, pleadings. The "circuit" was moving slowly down on Bentham. Mr. Justice Cosherer said very often at dinner, "We

have a very heavy ejectment at Bentham." Or in court, when "sitting," "You know, Brother Hawker, we have that Bentham case."

At last, Diana's gentle breast was still more fluttered by a note from Mr. Page, saying that it would be taken on Monday, and that he was going down to-morrow with all the papers. Then, indeed, she felt s chill. There had been many reprieves, and the fatal day seemed a long way off; now it had come at last. It was actually the morning fixed. The witnesses were in town, the court was crowded, the gallery was filled with ladies, and the sheriff had been giving out tickets. It was quite a festival for Bentham, where, as the barristers who went that circuit remarked, "there was never anything heavier than a few wretched larcenies," the bystander naturally concluding it was some mean, wretched, semi-barbarous spot. Our old friend, the Calthorpe Mercury, which had filled many a column with the glories of the house of Gay, had now sent a special reporter-" our own"-to chronicle its downfall. This faithless journal was always trimming its sails to the new and more favouring gales. "We understand," it said, "that the probable owner of Gay Court, that is, if we are to trust those who are best likely to form an opinion on the matter, is a young lady of gay French tastes, who will make a most desirable addition to the county. The new family—should a jury of Bentham lieges so decree it—are determined to seize the opportunity to restore to Gay Court some of its old attractions. As we have been told, it is the eye of the master makes the horse grow fat, and on the same principle, it is the residence of the owner that is the true source of the prosperity of this vast empire, on which the sun never sets." One of the malicious creatures who "adhere" to country towns and villages—a mortified doctor's wife, who had not been asked to Gay Court on some occasion, or a shopkeeper's daughter, who had not been recognised—cut this paragraph out and This mean behaviour on the part of the Mercury sent it to Diana. had the effect desired, and "mortified" her more than any stroke had Those people whom her father had fed, and whom, indone as yet. deed, he had once assisted when the presses, types, &c. were about to be seized for a debt to paper-makers, thus to turn on her! But, as we have seen, she was learning every hour the true character of the world, and these rough and cruel lessons were doing her a world of good.

On the incidents of this rather remarkable action, which attracted a good deal of attention at the time, it is not proposed to dwell minutely. The Mercury had it all in quite dramatic shape—the dialogue, the question and answer, all "textually" given. Telegrams, indeed, reached Calthorpe during the day, detailing its progress; the Mercury issued a special edition: they had even taken on another man, an addition happily described as "having specially increased our present large staff."

Hawker led for the plaintiff, and opened her case in a speech of remarkable ability. It lasted over an hour, and he took the jury during

at space over the whole ground. Then came the witnesses. There re formal witnesses-people brought at great charges from France, inging the books of the consulate. Everything was clear. There s the marriage, on such a day and in such a year, between the actress d the English officer, under his proper name—not Burgess, but Gay. erything en règle—witnesses and all. Then there was the examination the old French nun "by commission," proving the reception of the ang girl, Eugenie, the visit of the strange lady, and the payment of mey. Then there was a sensation, as a pimpled, red-faced, elderly m, with a white cloth about his neck, came into the box. Everyone ew this was the clergyman. The marriage was all regular—he rembered it perfectly. This, of course, had been already proved by registry, but he had known young Gay, had been an intimate friend; d he proved many other incidental matters. He remembered the th of the girl. He was severely cross-examined "as to his anteceats" by Diana's counsel, and certainly made a lamentable figure. however, candidly owned that he had not strength to resist; that was fond of pleasures, and very poor, and had to get on as he could. w, before his acquaintance with Mr. Gay how had he lived? Come w, out with it all—he might as well. The frankness of this man s, however, his defence. He kept nothing back. He had been aplain of this place, and that. Well, he had, he confessed it, he d been dismissed. They said the accounts of the English chapel re confused. Was there not some awkward imputation of-let us y, stealing or embezzlement? He owned it, but he defied any man say it had been proved. Why? Because they couldn't. Why again? cause there were people there who had made a party against himhy, the third time, hadn't it been proved? Was it because he had d the night before the investigation? Well, he owned it, because he lew he would not get fair play. A vast deal of time was consumed dealing with this gentleman, the process, as in many cases, being 18st amusing, and even dramatic, for the idle and unconcerned spectors, but, in truth, having little bearing on the case.

Diana's counsel sat down, after a "masterly cross-examination," d even to applause, which was "with difficulty suppressed by the urt." Then the Court went to lunch, and it was known that a veiled by whom they saw under the Bench was Mrs. Bligh, who was to be enext witness.

In the box she put up her veil, and looked round the court from stice Cosherer to the ladies' gallery, regarding them all with a cold rd look that did not gain her much sympathy. She was defiant d haughty; but those from about Calthorpe who were present noted a startling change in her—how worn she was, and how her se flashed and burned with a glowing fire. Her story was simple d unexaggerated, and, in the main, a repetition of what she had ld her son. She told it all with infinite clearness, and fashioned

it herself into a most full and dramatic narrative. Then counsel rose to cross-examine—an operation it was expected would be performed with more than usual ferocity. So dangerous a witness must be broken down at all hazards; and when the barrister rose, drawing his gown up on his shoulders, as it were to free his arms for the struggle, a flutter and rustle of expectancy ran round. She, too, seemed to count on this, for her lips were compressed together firmly, and she seemed to wait the first blow with a cold and hard defiance. But, to the universal surprise, there was no "hostile" cross-examination—mere explanation was asked for. Why had she kept these matters back

in fact? She turned full to the judge and to the whole court, and said, "I am glad I have been asked that question. We were the greatest friends. But I conceive, whether rightly or wrongly, that I have been deeply injured by one of them, and then I felt myself discharged. I felt—and I own it candidly here—I wished that some punishment.

so long? Had she not known the Gays? had they not been friends,

could be found for such behaviour."

Richard Lugard, who had been in court all the day, now stooped over, and pulling the barrister by his gown, whispered to him. The barrister shrugged his shoulders impatiently and waved him off. In Bligh went on, "I want no concealment in the matter. The court is welcome to know my motives and reason. The world is quite welcome to them."

"You must reserve your reasons, madam," said the judge; "" shall not trouble you."

Again Lugard touched the barrister, who said aloud, angrily, "I must beg you, sir, to sit down and not interrupt me.—No one wishes to have your motives, Mrs. Bligh. As for the Christianity or morality of such conduct, I thought—"

"For that I am not accountable to you," said she quickly. "I have offered to justify myself, and you will not listen. Is it you legal morality to make an insinuation then?"

The judge smiled.

"It is open to you to comment on it in your speech; but the witness is right in what she says."

"Ask me and I shall keep back nothing; I promise you that."

The barrister, somewhat nettled, replied, "That's all melodramatic enough, madam. I ask what I am instructed to ask, and no more."

There were one or two other witnesses, and this simple case closed. As the counsel said in his speech, "they had" the fact that Mr. Gay had an elder brother, that that elder brother had married, and had children, and there was the child, the plaintiff. The case of the defendant was merely a speech. They called no witnesses. He could only comment on the "shady" character of the witnesses, and the made a rather remarkable statement as to Mrs. Bligh. They had that

lady's evidence, he said, but as men of the world they would see there

as more behind it than they were allowed to examine into. For imself he would merely say that no doubt they had been surprised the temperate and forbearing tone of his cross-examination. But here were reasons for all these matters, and he would merely add hat he had been left to his own discretion—

Here Hawker "must interpose." They had nothing whatever to o with his learned friend's discretion, granting there was such a thing. Here loud laughter in court.) They were not to go speculating as to vidence that had not been given.

The learned friend said he was perfectly entitled to comment on he strange exhibition of open malignity they had seen that day, shocking and unchristian as it appeared to them all. He had a right to sek the jury to apply their minds in finding a solution for that hostility.

"I think not," said Mr. Justice Cosherer; "you had the oppor-

The barrister said very well, it was of no consequence, and had very little bearing on the case,—a common declaration with gentlemen of the long robe when defeated on a vital point. He then warmed himbelf up for the usual circuit platitudes, and got in an effective picture of the dismantled mansion, the deserted hearth, and the ejected young mistress in the prime of her youth and beauty turned out on the world."

After about an hour's galloping across this sort of country, he at last drew reins, and got off his oratorical nag very heated and exhausted. Then came the reply, which, following out the same metaphor, was a mere cool amble in the shade, and on a cob. It was, in short, in a tone of quiet good sense, practical and plain; the best, no doubt, after such m impassioned display—as it were, making us all feel ashamed of having been led away by our feelings. Of course it was all very well to talk of a dismantled mansion and a blighted hearth. And then this common sense, which his learned friend had brought down with him in his bag, like his Archbold's Nisi Prius; and he must do him that justice, no one used them better, as his lordship and they all knew, who came that circuit. But they were all men of common sense. He knew his learned friend had an article called uncommon sense (laughter), for which he had the exclusive patent (renewed laughter),—so excluwive, that he would not allow him, or the jury there, or even his lordship, to use this valuable invention (loud laughter, in which the court joined).

Mr. Justice Cosherer: And he has also patented his discretion (rears of laughter, sustained for many minutes).

After order had been restored, the learned gentleman asked, What was the fact now? They all knew something of the world. Now, who was going to dismantle Gay Court? who was going to smash up the hearthstones and ranges in the way depicted by his friend? Why, the fact was his client was going down there to live,—if the jury would

give her leave, which he was confident they would,—and he could reassure his learned friend, who seemed so nervously anxious about the kitchen-fire (loud laughter), that, if he might use the expression, high jinks would forthwith set in there. He might promise him his little interest to secure him an invitation (roars of laughter). Why, what talk was this! If he was informed rightly, the place had been deserted already by the defendant, who, it seems, was a young lady of high & shion, and went to balls and parties in London—things about which is thank God, found nothing in his law-books, though his learned friend He frankly confessed he wouldn't know a polinither). His learned friend was well up in them might (laughter). from a poker (laughter). matters, and, he was told, could waltz like an angel (roars of laughter), —an odd sort of angel he must have looked, with his wig bobbing about (laughter) to the music, and his gown flapping out behind him (laughter), or mixed up with the ladies (laughter), while his legs joined in the demurrer, and would be set aside with costs. (Roars of laughter, the learned judge being literally convulsed. "No one," said the Mercy, "seemed to enjoy the fun more than the learned counsel who was subject of this diverting picture.")

At last he concluded, and then Mr. Justice Cosherer, pulling in its chair, and arranging his papers, proceeded to charge the jury in a wind which, after the learned counsel's rolling tones, seemed to be in the next street.

### CHAPTER XV.

# VERDICT.

ROBERT BLIGH was busily engaged all that day. There was a delicate Puisne Judge eager to retire, and it was said that the Solicitor-General was anxious for the post. It was understood that if the arrangement could be carried out, the young member who had made the brilliant speech was very likely to get the vacant law-officership; the wish, too, of Sir John Williamson was already known. He was in "heavy" cases this day, and had had an interview with various spanies, carrier-pigeons, turnspits, whips, and other functionaries who are useful to a party; yet his thoughts were all on the trial then going on down at the little circuit town. But he got a telegram, as was arranged between him and Mr. Page.

"We have made no case—judge charging dead against us—juy seemed made up."

As soon as he got leisure, he wrote a hasty note to Diana:

"MY DEAR DIANA,—The case is going on; but you must, as I told you before, not buoy yourself up with much hope. Be prepared for the worst, and then you will be prepared for the best. The result will be known in about an hour, when I shall come and tell it to you.—Yours, "R. B."

She was sitting at Starridge's, with Lady Margaret, who was still quite helpless, and never again to force her way through the fashionable ranks. When Diana received this she was quick-witted enough to understand.

"He is preparing me for the worst," she thought. "Well, God's will be done! Before night I suppose I shall be a beggar."

She got up quietly. Lady Margaret had lost her old restless curicaity, which made her ask about every letter that came to the house, Who is that from? what is it?"—and she made no remark. Diana then down to the room below, and sat there to read the letter again.

"I suppose it is a fair punishment," she said; "I was so frivolous and fitful, and going through life like a mere child. That could not on; and my selfishness was to be punished. Well, Heaven's will be

Mr. Bowman came in, and she showed him the letter. He read it,

"I know what that means," he said. "When my poor sister was then off, that's the way the doctor wrote to me. You poor, poor little roman, my heart bleeds for you. But you know as well as I do where the mean is to be now,—with old Bowman, who loves you like his

child. My pet, we'll make it up to you; and please God I can do mething in the way of settlement too; and with your own little portion—two thousand pounds—we'll make out something snug."

Diana was deeply touched, and went up to him, and silently kissed in; but she had her own resolution formed.

"I must go up," he said, "and sit a bit with poor Maggie, and twent some news for her. Look here, I've got all the back numbers the Court Journal. Why, there's a month's reading here!"

Diana sat there for nearly an hour longer. It grew dark. She was trying to look her situation straight in the face; but it was very hard. I must try and bear it," she said aloud; "and perhaps I shall find

"Yes, dear Dians," said a low voice close beside her, "you will want all your little strength. Just think: riches are not everything in this world."

She took Robert's hand, and held it. "Then it is over?" she asked, faltering; "and against me?"

"Yes," he said; "I knew how it would be. I was afraid from the very beginning. It is very, very hard. Such heavy blows falling on one so young and so weak!"

The sympathy and compassion in these words touched her; or was rather the occasion that set free all her secret emotion; she burst into tears, and wept silently for some moments.

"Now, you must not grieve," said he, in an expressive, soft, and

kindly tone. "Sit down here, and let me talk. I must tell you about this miserable business; better to know it all at once. Yes, it is over; the jury found against us—the judge charged against us; and, from what I understand of it, I fear there is no hope for any future proceeding. It is at an end. This is cruel speaking; is it not?"

- "I know you mean it for the best, and it is the kindest course. O dear, dear Gay Court, so I have now lost you for ever! O dear, darling papa, thank God for one blessing,—that you are not alive to have to bear this stroke!"
- "Yes," he repeated slowly, "Gay Court is theirs; and—O that I should have to say it to you, Diana!—you have no home! You must think now what you will do for the present. Will you accept Mr. Bowman's offer? You should; there is no compliment in it. You have done much for them."
- "No, no, Robert," said Diana, drying her eyes and standing; "I shall be independent to the last. I shall go away to France—to some distant country, far away from this dreadful place. I shall have a hundred a-year, they tell me. It ought to do; many poor creature have less."
- "Not for you, Diana," he said. "Impossible; you have been brought up to luxury, recollect."
- "Then I shall learn to work—work for my bread; which I should have learned long ago."

Again he looked down. "One like you would earn little. You are too slight to work."

- "Then I shall die," said Diana vehemently; "the dearest thing that can happen. You do not encourage me; but I know you mean well."
- "Yes," he said calmly; "and I wish at this moment you should know all that is before you, so that you can choose fairly. There is one other thing I heard to-day, which ought to be mentioned to you."
  - "More misery?" said Diana; "I don't care, indeed-"
- "Not at all," he said; "you remember that Lord Patmore? I have reason to know that he has been in an unsettled way, and that he heartily repents having displeased you. I always said there was good in him, and that he had an honest heart, only overlaid with a weight of fashionable conceits and selfishness which prevented it working. A word would bring him here again. At least, I'm confident—"
- "Not if I starved or died!" said she proudly. "And you propose this to me—you, Robert?"
- "Then there is only one thing more for me to suggest. I have exhausted everything else. Yet you will receive it in the same way?"
  - "No, indeed," said she, putting out her hand.
- "But you must hear to the end. I was thinking last night how long it is since we began to know each other; how far off it now seems since the time you used to come to Doctor Wheeler's; and how much

has taken place since. My life has been tolerably monotonous, except during the last few months; but still you would be surprised, Diana, if you knew how much you have coloured it—directly and indirectly."

She hesitated. "Well, I daresay that was what used to be in those old pleasant days; but latterly, during the last few years, you have changed a good deal to me, Robert."

"No," he said, smiling; "I have always been the same."

"But," said she, "I mean you have changed, and I know the reason.

You had an ideal of me. You thought as I grew up I should get steady,
and have a purpose in life. But you were disappointed, and I seemed to
you to be a child still. Ah! I found that out, Robert; though I was
the proud to let you know that I felt it a little."

"I was always the same," he repeated; "always liked and admired

"Not for this year or two, or you would not have neglected us so —given us up for these new friends and fashionable young ladies, to whom the world gives you. And since you have become successful, and since the time when the first rumours of this fatal suit—"

"You do me some little injustice," he said; "though it is since the lime of this fatal suit that I began to change in a certain sense. Yes, Diana, cold as I have appeared—selfish, too, perhaps—I have always secretly thought of you, and of you only. But you were far above me every way—far. In wealth—everything."

"O Robert!"

"For this hour—shall I confess it?—I have been waiting. Now I can speak. Now, at least, I may have the happiness of offering to share all I have, and all I shall have, with you. I own I have latterly been acting a part. For a time—that was long ago—I had some hope that you had a regard for me. Then I thought this mere folly, and that of such a thing you never even dreamed. Later again, I saw that I had indeed done you injustice—cruel injustice. Now, Diana, let me offer myself and all I have, and you will think no more of this misfortune."

Her face lit up with pleasure and delight.

"O Robert! How shall I ever thank you? How generous, kind, and forgiving! And to wait for this moment! Never, never shall I forget this! Indeed you are far above me. I am still a foolish, childish creature, though I hope to mend one of these days; and they tell me I am improving a little. But—but this can never be, Robert—never!"

"Never be! O Diana!"

"Impossible! Never! I am determined. Call it pride—anything, Robert. No; I have fixed on my new course of life already. And I tell you this, too, Robert: you must not think it is because I do not like you. No; if you had asked me the same question some time ago, I should have answered very differently. You I always liked, Robert, and liked better than anyone else, even so far back as Doctor Wheeler's

days. But now it cannot be. Good-bye, Robert; come and see me and advise me."

He was silent for a moment.

"I think I understand now. I shall not say a word; but I did not expect this. If you would think it over a little; as I have waited so long, I can wait some time longer."

"It would be no use, Robert," said Diana firmly. "I am determined on this course. My path is taken; and I shall do as I know my own dear darling would wish me to do. I must suffer my share and pay the penalty. So promise me, dear Robert, never to mention this again."

"Well," said Robert sadly, "when in court I see the judge against me, they say I never push the matter, and so I shall leave it now."

With an assumed cheerfulness, which however seemed genuine to Diana, he rose and withdrew slowly.

Then Diana felt a complete blankness and desolation, with nothing to sustain her but the rather desperate sacrifice she had made. The little pride there is in such proceedings lasts but a short time, and begins to grow weaker. To have any satisfaction, these efforts require the presence of spectators, the lights, the scenery; then there is some indemnity.

There she sat on that fatal night of the most fatal day in her little life, in one of the grand drawing-rooms at Starridge's; a home, indeed, far above her means, as she felt now. Poor, beggared, ruined little Diana! it was a cruel fate, and some of the old people said "enough to make her father leap out of his grave."

Everything was lost to her—wealth, love, hope—to name them in their proper worldly order. What had been life to her was fading out, for to those born and brought up, if not in the purple, at least in the "fine linen" and silks and velvets of life, all these decorations and this magnificence is as conventional as a fine landscape for background to the portrait of a lady of fashion.

Diana cared little for gorgeous raiment or for the rich dishes, the wines, the plays and shows, the castles and pictures, about as little at the most insipid fine lady going; yet, take these away, and what was left? Life was a jail—a prison-yard,—it was indeed consigning this little heroine to the spin-house—cutting off her pretty hair and putting her into the rough regulation dress of the establishment. How would she endure it? What was to become of her? She could not struggle or fight—she did not know how. She could not earn her bread. She had no friends—no one to call to for help. But though she sat there long with this dismal panorama spreading out before her, she was determined "to die first" rather than change about Robert Bligh. "I shall bear that punishment," she thought, "and deserve it also."

## CHAPTER XVI.

MOTHER AND SON.

No less heavy was the blow that had fallen on Robert Bligh. He walked away listlessly—his mind now, for the first time, far away from the dreams of ambition which had so recently filled it. Calm and disciplined as was his nature, this rejection had come on him like a surprise. He had never expected it, and something seemed to tell him there would be no recall of the words Diana had spoken. As he wandered round rather listlessly, he heard the gamins, with placards pinned on to their chests, crying the Regent-street Chronicle, and in the orange-coloured notices fixed down to the pavement with stones he read the announcement, "Verdict in the great Gay Case." He bought a copy, and read:

"SECOND EDITION.

"Our correspondent at Bentham telegraphs that Mr. Justice Cosherer charged the jury in this case strongly for the plaintiff. He, in fact, hinted to them that there was little for them to do but to find for the plaintiff. He commented on the curious fact of her principal witness, Mrs. Bligh, not being submitted to a searching cross-examination, for it was extraordinary how she came to find herself in such an attitude. However, the defendant's counsel had not chosen to avail themselves of this right; why, it was not for him to say.

"Here counsel interposed, and said they were acting under instructions.

"His lordship continued to say that had been his opinion all through, and that the case had not lost anything in the able hands of the learned counsel; still, it was a mystery to him.

"The jury then retired, and after an absence of a quarter of an hour returned into court with a verdict for the plaintiff."

Bligh read this as he walked along. His eyes settled on the passage about his mother's examination. It was a mystery to him. What could they mean? he thought, for he knew Mr. Page was tolerably unsurupulous, and would not let the case suffer. He got home to his own rooms, mechanically turned over some newspapers that had come in, lit his lamp, and, through sheer force of habit, set to his dull evening's work.

Just as he had unfolded and smoothed out the first stiff page of a brief, looking up wearily, he became conscious of a tall figure standing before him—grim, pale, weird-like. He started, and half rose; then aid sadly, "O mother!"

She said, as slowly and as sadly, "Well, Robert, the work is done. What I told you has been accomplished."

"But what a work!" he said, rising and advancing to her. "What YOL. VI.

a wicked, cruel work! How can you lay it to your conscience to have thus ruined an innocent, trusting girl? God forgive you, mother!"

"That is not between you and me, Robert," she said; "your wish or prayer will not affect the matter. What I said I would do, I have done. Confess that you doubted it. My arm was strong enough to overtake her. I said she would rue the day that she trifled with me and mine, and she has rued it."

"She never trifled with you or yours," said he warmly; "never. If she had, it was no excuse for such cruelty. What crime had she done? What was her sin? Don't ask me to approve, or to forgive—"

"What!" she said with infinite scorn; "has your head been so overset with these little successes—these empty worldly honours? I see. Or have you so little spirit—the same old tame endurance which will let you still put up with any treatment from her? Or be a shuttlecock—wait patiently on her whims and humours. Or perhaps you are still tamed—still hankering after her. I daresay, if you were to try now, you would have a fair chance. To a beggar like her, you and your property might now be an object."

Robert answered again warmly. "This animosity is terrible. Bet you are right."

She started.

"Yes, I have 'just come from that unhappy victim, and tried to make her the only reparation for the wrong our family has done her. It was you, mother, who made this a sacred duty."

She started back with a sort of horror; her face seemed to work in a convulsion; her long arm and hand beat off, as it were, something from her face.

"You did this; you dared to do—to undo what I have done! What! you driving me into what I would not wish to do! Take care, Robert Bligh—if I have sacrificed so much for this aim, I shall not stop there! And you have dared to do this!"

"Yes; but do you know with what result? She has refused."

"Refused! All some trick, some coquettishness."

"No; finally, and for ever. She is gone away, and I shall see her no more. And do you know what I discover now, after all this elaborate vengeance? that I was right, mother—right in what I said long ago. That if we had only waited—waited patiently—she would have agreed to accept me. Yes, mother, this is the end of your pulling down and plotting—you have destroyed us both."

"No, no!" she said passionately; "I do not believe it. This is some more of her arts."

"It is true, true before heaven; she has told me so solemnly, and I believe her. Yes, she has told me that she liked, even loved me, all through, but that she thought I did not care for her. And that, as I stand here, I believe to be the truth. Had you waited a little longer,

all might have been well; but it is finished, and finished for ever. One of these days she will change, I trust; I shall live in the hope of marrying her yet, stripped of everything as she is; but that is not the ambitious ending to which you looked. Even that, I find, is far off. O mother, mother, why have you done this? Is this the end of all your planning?—wretchedness for me, for her, and for yourself."

Who would suppose that this was the old, unsympathetic Bligh we have been following through the course of this narrative; the man, as he may have reasonably been set down, so phlegmatic, so indifferent? There was colour in his cheeks, there was a trembling fervour in his voice, an agitation in his manner and gesture, everything that might have belonged to the warmest and most passionate of men.

Mrs. Bligh stood silent, gazing at him with wonder, overpowered, scarcely knowing him for her own son. As his cogent reasoning had so often convinced judges, so it seemed now to have the same force with her. She knew not what to say. She was overwhelmed. The lines of her cold hard face quivered as this castle came tumbling down in ruins about her. But hers was not a sort of nature to own that she had done wrong, or that could make atonement. She could not bow or bend, though she could break and suffer. As she stood there, before the lamp, she would have seemed to any other than her son a sort of buffled fury; and when he looked up again, there was a blank void where she had stood, and with a cry he rose up to follow her.

It was long before he could settle himself to his papers again. His mind was straying back to the great events of that day. Yet they were not over as yet, the drama of the day was not concluded. Before mother hour had passed a letter was brought in to him, directed in a little "pinched" foreign hand, like the edge of a fine saw. It was very neatly and closely written, and he read it carefully through, smiling thoughtfully to himself as he closed it up. Of this letter the following is a copy:

"Dear Mr. Bligh,—You will, of course, have heard the great news of our success, and that I am now rich beyond all my hopes. I cannot bring myself to believe it, but they tell me it is no dream, and that there is no danger of my losing again what has been given to me in so wonderful a way; and yet, as I have often told you, I am not in such excessive spirits, nor am I overwhelmed with happiness—I know I ought to be glad, as they tell me—yet my eyes look fondly back to our charming garden, my Amiens, and our dear French skies, and those good people who were so kind to me. These great streets, and gloomy walls, and crowds of houses, and greater crowds still of strange faces, chill me and make me miserable. Above all, Madame Saxe, who is my relation—of her I have a dread, I know not why, for she tries to be lind to me in her way. Now, of course, with these changes and re-

sponsibilities, I know not what will become of me. In this world, somehow, I feel very much alone, and strange, as it were. But what is worst of all—shall I own it?—I have misgivings, a weight hangs over me, and something whispers me that all this may be some juggling, and that at the end of some bright day I may have to give up all again. Who can tell?

"How shall I come to what I wish to say! How shall I tell it to you—how shall I find words? You well remember that day when we first met on board the packet, when I was very low-spirited and wretched. Then I saw a face, whose calm, quiet air arrested me at once. It seemed to me to be one of a friend, and full of a gentle sympathy. From that moment something was whispering to me, 'These are not all strangers.' And I was right. For you came so generously, so kindly, to my aid, and saved me. I knew you would. I had a presentiment that you would. And from that moment there seemed to be some relation between us. Your kindness, your reassuring good-nature, always seemed to say to me that I had one friend at least in this dismal country, and that I was not wholly a stranger, and wholly cast out from sympathy. Since then, through all these hopes and fears, I have thought of that one face ever since. In my lonely room it has been before me always.

"May I come to you to-morrow early, or will you come to me? Say which you prefer. I have something to tell you—to offer to you. You can guess, if you care to guess."

Robert Bligh laid down this strange letter, not without some impatience. "What folly, what absurdity!" Yet he was not put out of his course in the least. It was no more than if some curious "bit" had turned up in the middle of a brief sent to him. He read it over again thoughtfully. Then, after some reflections, he began to write a letter.

"You quite overrate the slight services I have rendered to you. They were such as any English gentleman would have done. So, if you would do me a favour, you will not mention small trifles again.

"As for your suit, I am afraid it is not for me to congratulate you. As you well know, your success must necessarily have brought proportionate misery into another house, and all the happiness it has brought to you it has taken from another. That, however, is not your fault, and it only belongs to an action-at-law. She will bear her trouble with fortitude, and the bitterness is now almost past. The whole has been so sudden that I can hardly believe it, and I almost begin to faucy what you yourself have hinted,—that there must be something underneath all this, and out of the usual course.

"I do not see, therefore, why I should meet you again, as I say I could not bring congratulations. You will now have plenty crowding to do that. I shall have to be busy comforting the fallen, who have

need of it. Besides, my sympathies have been all through with that side. What you can have to say to me, I do not pretend to guess. So I thank you most heartily for your generous acknowledgment of very trifling services, and your kind sympathy for myself, who at this moment want a great deal of it—all, in fact, that I can get. And believe me, I shall always feel deeply grateful for the interest you have had in me, and will be glad if you will let me show it at any time."

Robert Bligh sent this letter away at once. He was not quite a stoic, it will be seen, and did not write with the philosophic severity which men of his character might be supposed to assume. He really felt grateful to this most foolish French girl, and could not be ungracious. After that he dismissed it from his mind, as he would a case, and went to bed. But he did not sleep much on that night.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

#### A NEW PROPOSAL.

In the morning papers the name of Gay figured a good deal. One or two had leaders; and the *Semaphore* gave one of its characteristic commentaries — a "mingle-mangle" of classic quotations and fine "word-painting."

"Expende Hannibalem," it began, "or rather, expende the career of the fashionable young lady of our period, whose day and night is one delicious flutter, and whose golden pinions bear her from ball to ball—from ride to flower-show. She does not sew, of course; neither does she spin, save when encircled by the nervous arm of some 'svelte' warrior. Who shall blame her? though whether of such should be the kingdom of heaven we leave to diviners to inquire. Yet it seems too heavy a judgment—quite too sore a penalty for the young and beautiful to be cast down, pauperised, stripped of all in a breath, and reduced to a privation, which to her must be severer than the common privations of ordinary poverty. This moral is illustrated in the surprising romance of the Gay-Court suit, and which shows us for the thousand-and-first time, that truth is stranger than fiction."

This public painting of a moral was not the least serious trial for poor Diana. Indeed, she had not seen the article in the Semaphore, though there were Samaritans enough of her acquaintance quite willing to direct her attention to it in some artful way. In the morning at the clubs, of which she had been one of the glories, it was talked of eagerly. The fade young ladies, her contemporaries, simpered over it, and said: "It was dreadful, wasn't it? And so she had no right to the place after all!" As though these young patrician dames had been despoiled, under false pretences, of their smiles and nods, and insipid few sentences of greeting, which indeed was all that Diana was in their debt. Many a young spark cantering along by the side of his dame made himself more acceptable, as he thought, or perhaps less enruyant,

by some details fresh from the club, and overlaid too with his own private varnish. Wally Pepys even—her old soi-disant admirer, "her slave," a the battered, heartless old campaigner used to call himself-now meered and jeered, and told his little stories about that poor fallen girl. Her poverty, in his eyes, was the most awkward, inconvenient, and contemptible thing in the world; and he had never met a poor person who was either handsome or refined, or worth talking to, which was his standard of virtue, although they might have been amiable, virtuous, sweet, and gentle-things which, when combined with that deficiency, were of no concern to him. "A very free and easy young piece of goods," he said, "and took wonderful airs when we come to think of it. I suppose she will be coming to us all round to recommend her as a governess or a matron to some place, or will have the old story of the private committee, and be pestered for our names. 'A most sad case, my dear sir. We really must do something, or they'll starve.' I know the style of thing."

"Well, hang it!" said a young man warmly, "they had you often enough at their house. They were worth a dinner now and then."

Some of the dowagers and matrons were secretly pleased. In this great battle of their life, their fashionable prayers and fastings, and working out this salvation for themselves, the best and most charitable could only look on this struggle as one where there were so many prizes, fixed in number, and that it was eminently desirable that competitors should be diminished. One or two were deeply sorry.

Young Patmore was plunged into the sorest gloom and depression. He bewailed his fate and her condition. He had behaved like a brute. But what could a fellow do—a fellow situated as he was? He went to walk in lonely places, and solaced himself planning schemes for her deliverance. He even settled the amount—he thought a thousand pounds—which could be offered "delicately, you know." But after much debating, like most of Viscount Patmore's schemes, it came to nothing; and he thought it would be better to leave it as it was.

Bligh, for whom a load of business was always waiting, had to keep appointments, and "see people" on business. As he was hurrying along, after a hasty breakfast, he met Mr. Bowman.

"I was just going to you," said he; "and am so glad I met you I wanted to talk to you about our poor little Diana. My God Almighty! was there ever such a business? What will they think of it down there? Why, you might as well have thought of pulling down the Bank of England as of laying a finger on Gay Court! I thought it would have gone on to the day of judgment."

Mr. Bowman was a true squire, as he often boasted, and firmly believed that, though squires and old families might sicken and even die, old places were above the incidents of change.

"My poor little girl!" he went on with deep feeling. "I love her like my own child; and since Maggie's troubles she has been like as

angel. The worst is, there is no doing anything with her. She has taken up a stiff, self-sacrificing tone, and talks of going away, and living and dying abroad by herself. Now, my dear friend, you must talk to her, for you are a rock of sense, and know how to speak and all that, which I don't."

"I have tried, indeed," said Bligh, "but without the least success."

Mr. Bowman, now dwelling pitcously on the case, at last brought him away to their hotel, begging of him to say something and use his influence with "the poor girl." Bligh scorned to let any conventional delicacy stand in the way.

He found Diana just a little changed—very pale, and with a light and fire in her eye which seemed to have come of long watching. There was a firmness and resolve in her air and manner which seemed to speak of some suffering or horrid suspense. She told Bligh that she knew all now, that she had heard from her lawyer, and that she had not spirit enough to stay here and face the mortifications of her new position.

"I will go," said poor Diana, "to Belgium, where it is, I think, they have those ladies who live together, and try to do good out of the world."

"Yes," said Mr. Bowman, "that's it—a Beguine—you know, my dear child, it's absurd, and couldn't be."

"I am determined on going, Mr. Bowman, and shall go next week.

All I ask is to get away from this place."

"I know not what to say," said Bligh, deeply commiserating her. "You will not be persuaded by me."

Now entered Mr. Page with papers—come to talk business. He was glad to see Bligh, and he began eagerly to talk over the case. Mr. Bowman went away; but Diana grew not a little restless, and seemed tager to change the subject of their talk from that. Mr. Page spoke dimally. "Most unfortunate business," he said; "but we were fighting with one hand tied behind us. If we could have cross-examined that witness, though she was your relation, Mr. Bligh—"

"Allowed to cross-examine!" repeated Bligh in astonishment, and eizing the point of the allusion; "why, was that the reason, Diana?"

"No, indeed," she said; "that is—but how could I? No, that had nothing to do with it."

"But it had," said Mr. Page impatiently; "the judge said so. However, it is all at an end now."

This disclosure quite confounded Bligh—such a sacrifice for him, from this poor generous girl.

"I don't quite give the thing up yet. See, Mr. Bligh; persuade her."

"Give me those papers I mentioned to you; I am convinced the name Potter was there. O, that should have been looked to! I was busy and hurried, and had not time."

Diana answered indifferently that it was no matter; but Robert Bligh, growing surprisingly excited for one of his temperament, presed the matter so eagerly and warmly, that he at last wrung a reluctant consent from her that she would let him take the papers away, and allow him to look over them.

Then followed the busy day—the court, the House, the committee room, the weariness, mingled with an excitement which alleviated so much of the weariness. He hurried home, snatched a morsel of dinner; he then set to work at his hodman's labour. He sat on, using his legal shovel rapidly and with energy, throwing up the mould about him, and getting through his work with great rapidity; and was about to rise to hurry down to the House, when word was brought to him that a lady wished to see him. The next moment Miss Eugenie was before him.

"I have come to you," she said, "after your letter—your cold letter—at least, so far as I can understand it."

Robert Bligh, a little embarrassed, and seeing perhaps what we before him, was not "scared" into an impatience, nor did he forget his invariable gentleness and gentlemanliness.

- "Perhaps I did not understand," he said, "or assumed more than was meant."
- "Yes, you did," she answered sadly; "and I can see that you never cared for me—ever so little even—and that now you despise me."
- "You must not think of such a thing," said Bligh kindly. "I both admire you and feel grateful for the great honour you have done me, of which I am most undeserving."
- "I know—I know all that," said she, with a little impatience. "I understand these compliments. And you can be so cruel! Even this mortification you might have spared me."
- "Would to Heaven I could!" said he; "or rather there is no mortification in the world. You have offered something which any man would accept, and I among the number—that is, could I do so. But now, will you bear with me a few moments while I speak to you as a friend that likes and has a sincere interest in you? Now you will remember at the very outset I told you you could not reckon on me to take up your side of this business, and that such influence and sympathy as I possessed must be with your opponent. She deserves infinitely more, you will confess, now that she has been defeated and has lost all."
- "Ah, yes; and your heart is with her. She loves you, and, had she prevailed, would have done what I did."

Bligh shook his head and smiled.

"No, no; far from it. She is away—out in the world—leaving be for ever. No; I fear she does not care for me."

She fixed a penetrating look on him.

"Answer me, then, this one question. Promise me—only one—and I shall never trouble you again—never."

Bligh had the true barristerial instinct, and, guessing what this was, did not answer for a moment.

"Ah, you refuse me everything," she said bitterly. "Tell me, have you offered yourself to her? I have no right to ask, I know."

"Well," said he, "it is better to tell the truth;—I have. But from my childhood I have always looked to her—since I was a mere schoolboy. For her have I worked all my life, to her have I looked, for her has been my success; and for her, should she persist in this fatal resolution, shall be my fall, I fear: for I can take no more interest in the successes or honours of this life. There is the whole truth."

Who could imagine that this was the old Robert Bligh, supposed to be so cold and self-interested?

"Can you be surprised, then," he went on, "if even, after what has passed, I find myself wishing her success and working for her interest? Forgive me if I tell you that this victory of yours seems to me too sudden, too abrupt, to be substantial. I have a presentiment that something yet will come to light; and even this night I am going to devote to some new investigation of the matter, which I must wish may bring a change. It is only fair and candid to tell you all this, though I know it seems ungracious on my side."

She remained silent for a few moments.

"They told me all this," she said, "and I ought to have guessed it. Now I understand at last."

There was another tap at the door, and his servant came and whispered to Bligh:

"A lady, sir."

She caught the words.

- "A lady!" she repeated eagerly.
- "Who?" said Bligh.
- "She has brought a box of papers, and is coming upstairs."
- "It is what I was speaking of," said Bligh; "this is the business. I must give myself to-night—"
  - "And it is she?" said Eugenie.
- "Yes," said Bligh hurriedly—"the one, recollect, whom you have ranquished, despoiled."

It was Diana who now entered, and started as she saw the other. She remembered her at once. She knew not what to do, and stood on the threshold hesitating, in her old fluttering way, not knowing whether to go back or come forward. It might seem a situation that Bligh should have prevented at all hazards, and could have done; but he had a faint notion that something might come of this meeting after—at least nothing worse for Diana could happen than what had occurred.

Eugenie, looking long and earnestly at Diana from head to foot, aid at last:

"Ah, so we meet! So you are Diana Gay? I am sorry for you, but they tell me it is only my right."

"If it be so," said Diana gently, "I do not grudge it to you; and it is hard that you have been kept from your inheritance so long."

"You can be generous," said the other, looking at her steadily. "But who knows? He says it is not over yet; and I may still have to make the same speech to you. He tells me plainly his wishes and his work and his sympathy cannot be with me. They belong to you, whom he loves. Yes, he told me so—whom he has loved, and for whom he has lived—for whom he has won all these honours since he was a child. Why do you not like him?"

"Everything has ended for me in this life, and I go to begin another. I have brought the papers," she said to Bligh. "Don't be alarmed," she added, turning to Eugenie; "they will do you no mischief—that I am confident of. Good-bye. Don't think I feel the least anger to you. You have only obtained what is your right. It is not for me to stand in the way."

The other took her hand, clasped it warmly, and with a sudden impulse pressed a kiss upon it; then, with an impulse as sudden, abruptly cast it from her, and stood haughtily looking at Diana from head to foot.

"And I too stood upon my rights. I ask no compliment from anyone. What has been given to me I have won fairly and by the laws of the land."

She then turned and slowly left the room. Diana, now, as it seemed to Bligh, grown strangely grave and serious, said hurriedly, "I have brought you these; not that I believe there can be anything found, but lest you should think I should not wish to do what you ask me to do. And now, dear Robert, I must go. A million of thanks for all your goodness and devotion, which I have been quite unworthy of, and which I ought to have acknowledged long, long ago; but I was a child then, and up to a few weeks ago."

"But why do you speak in this way, Diana? I shall see you again

often; I have so much to say to you."

"Because I may go at any time; the sooner the better. I am longing to get away from this scene; for now, Robert, I begin to find the mortification very bitter—the people I meet, and their looks—"

"But what is to become of you?" said Robert, actually passionately; "you cannot go out in this world by yourself; you must not; you will suffer and perish. O Diana, think, think a moment of what I said. Consider it again. You are leaving me to misery—though that I do not care about—but also a misery and wretchedness that is all concerned for you. You may refuse again as plainly as you like; but I do conjure you, think again, reflect, have pity on yourself and on me. Surely there is no necessity for this miserable self-sacrifice; in

our innocent life there is nothing to atone. Stay, Diana, stay with me ad share my prosperity and success, such as it is."

Diana listened with wonder to this new strain. She seemed irresoute, and he saw the old smile of delight on her face; but she had realled her old resolutions, wished him good-night hurriedly, and had sined her maid, who was waiting in the hall.

As Bligh turned back abstractedly into his study, a letter was brought in to him. It was from the House, and from the "whipper-in" of their party—to use the familiar designation drawn from the country field, and adopted of its own motion by that august body. It was labelled "Most pressing and immediate;" and he had to jump into a tab and fly express down to the House, where he remained two dull hours.

The division was over by midnight, and he got away at last.

In half an hour his lamp was drawn close, his great tin-box open beside him, and he was thoughtfully and earnestly looking through atter after letter. Many of the bundles were quite new to him—accounts, dockets, agricultural letters, bills even—for the Gay family seemed to have been scrupulous in preserving every paper. It was a tang and tedious search, and more than an hour passed over before he ame on the "lode" which he had discovered when down at Gay Court. So the time went. Just as the clock struck one he started up with a xy, and his servant, who slept below, heard a sound as of a trampling, and excited pushing back of a chair, and heartily "cussed" the interrupter of his slumbers.

# CHAPTER XVIII.

## DIANA ON THE WORLD.

With the morning—and bright and hopeful as the morning itself—Robert Bligh was at the door of Starridge's fashionable private hotel. Its pure plate-glass doors, speckless, seemed like an entrance to dark and unfathomable caves of fashionable life. There was a general glistaing air, and the genteelest of private gentlemen received Bligh's opplication in the hall with a soft deprecation, as who should say, "Do peak low, please, for you can't imagine the number of titled persons here are upstairs."

"Miss Gay, sir? and Lady Margaret, sir? and Mr. Bowman, sir? es, sir; O yes, sir! So sorry; they all left this morning."

· "All gone!" repeated Bligh; "and Miss Gay! and where—"

"Yes, sir. O, she went to the Cawntnent by the Horsetend oat."

Gone to the Continent! Bligh was aghast. "But you have her ldress?" he said.

The private gentleman shook his head sadly, and smiled sweetly. ligh then hurried away to her solicitor, and found Mr. Page in. That mtleman was in his usual airy spirits. He said, "Mr. Bligh, a really

melancholy business. Yes, she's gone; wished to go privately, and without taking leave, and all that. She was here last evening, and insisted on the costs and charges being made out—roughly, of course—and paid everything."

The scene now changes to the dull Belgian line of railway, on which the trains amble along, and come jogging into monotonous stations where there are no platforms, but where honest rustics with baskets, and traders, come running from the roadside in a vast hurry, and cluster at the steps of the carriages as though they were about to crowd into an omnibus, and there would not be room. These vehicles come so comfortably, and depart so quietly, as though drawn by safe and steady old horses.

Beyond the station rise strong tall houses, of a yellow or pinkish complexion—sallow and unhealthy-looking—with "Estaminet de Station," or "Hôtel du Chemin-de-Fer," in faint letters, whose colours have become smeared and have run, from the trickling of the rain. These pale-complexioned houses straggle off, we know, to a town, and most likely that town is either Ghent or Bruges.

On that threshold the feeling is sure to be one of depression, even for the practised traveller; but for the timid stranger, to whom a foreign country is new—women, girls who are friendless, and are cut off from their own friends, and are cast adrift—that first debut in loneliness, under such conditions, is the most dismal thing in the whole and wide world.

In a slumbering Bruges street, where the houses were of the prevailing dark-yellow, lived an elderly single Scottish lady, Miss Robinson, who had been there for many years, and who let lodgings to the English, and to the English only. She herself, with all her long residence—and she was a tall, stiff, wiry, prim woman, with a considerable power of mind—declined to receive natives on any terms, having a true contempt for all foreigners, which grew with every fresh year's residence. She kept herself apart, always talked of England, compared every article—needles particularly—with imaginary British standards of old years. This lady, about twenty years before, had been a governess to some relation of Lady Margaret Bowman's, had lost her "savings" in a decent and very "pious" country bank, which almost made it a favour to take deposits, and had been driven over to Bruges.

To her one evening arrived a very timid young girl, seated in the railway omnibus with her maid, whom she had been expecting. She received them very austerely, saying she was always happy to do anything for Lady Margaret, or for Lady Margaret's family, making a concession, as it were, of thus letting her apartments. She said she expected to find Miss Gay—for it was that young lady—much older, and hinted at a possible want of steadiness.

She showed Diana into the apartments, clean, bright, shining

without a speck, garnished with some purely English ornaments, a firescreen, a small vase of English china, an English tablecloth, rather faded, and which had formerly adorned rooms let for lodgings in the mother country.

Miss Robinson had not the whole house, but other guests lived in

it, while a bonnet-maker lived in the shop below.

Diana's window "gave" on the street, and she saw from them the white row of houses opposite, with their yellow "jealousies" all blank, many stories high, the muslin blinds drawn close, and a great tall closed porte-cochère, with a huge oaken double door.

Very few passed down this quiet thoroughfare; and at a butcher's shop, where there were two or three tiny morsels of meat within glazed windows, the owner sat at the door alone, and read his newspaper all

day long.

There she would be able finally to shut out that dreadful night of England, and the passing friends and acquaintances, the very sight of whom was a jar. As she passed in her cab through London, a glass went to the eye of a gentleman riding, who started and thought how reduced she seemed to have grown. "Going about in a cab," he told his friends, "I declare, yes." She had at last got free, at last got away, severed every tie, was at last ingulfed in the great waters of obscurity; and here she was now, on the first evening, sitting in her room trying to read; sitting at the window as dismal and miserable as girl ever was in this world.

What was the course she was looking to? what had she planned? Perhaps she had a faint hope that she might soon wither away, and fade out altogether in the struggle. She thought that might be the happier issue after all. But in the mean time she had determined to supplement her little pittance by the aid of her own honest labour.

The poor child had, of course, determined to seize on that plank that always comes drifting by in family shipwreck. No matter how ignorant, how unsuited, the reduced lady always thinks herself equal to teaching children or girls, brings herself to it with reluctance and agony, and thinks that mere consent sufficient to insure success.

Yes, Diana Gay, the former heiress of Gay Court—the light and airy butterfly of fashion—whose life seemed to lookers-on, as indeed it did to herself, like the gorgeous existence of the Queen of Crystal Delights in a pantomime to children in the boxes, had actually brought her young mind to the stern resolve of going out as a governess! In this foreign city she would teach English to the French children, such little music as she knew, drawing also, she thought—taking stock of her not very powerful accomplishments. A wild dream: that poor pretty child—that stood herself in need of a governess—going round to the houses to give lessons!

Yes, this poor child had come to begin life at Bruges—a kind of penal servitude, indeed. She had often heard of families being sud-

- "You, I suppose, are travelling—going on in state to Hamburgh or Paris, or to some of those places—'Miss Gay and suite' in Galignani. And poor old Margaret—she was hit hard, poor woman! How is Gay Court? Ah, Miss Diana, you are well off; but mind whom you marry. I wished you to have that fellow, but it is the best for you as you are."
- "O," said Diana, "then you have not heard: the case went against me, and I have lost all."
- "What?" said he. "O, there was to be a trial; I remember now. And do you mean to say that you have lost? What! Gay Court gone?"

Diana's face was turned to the ground, and she did not answer.

- "My goodness! what are we coming to? Turned out of Gay Court! And what are you doing here? Have you come to live here?"
- "I am obliged to, Mr. Lugard," she said, "I have but little left; and there is no disgrace, if I could only see the way, in trying to earn one's bread."
- " Earn one's bread!" he said, rising with difficulty, and leaning on his stick—" earn one's bread! What do you mean? You—"

There was so much conviction in this tone—so much contempt also, as the truth seemed to dawn upon him—that Diana felt quite timorous and humiliated; but she answered steadily:

- "There is no discredit in honest labour, and  $\dot{\mathbf{I}}$  hope to find some way."
- "I suppose as a governess. God help us all! Then, I conjure you, reflect a moment. Think of an old family like yours, and don't bring it into discredit. I could do nothing for you, I tell you plainly; I can't go begging and interceding. Why really, only yesterday evening I was telling the Consul here about Gay Court, and how the thing was kept up; and now I must tell him the owner wants to be a governess. It's too absurd."
- "I am not asking you for anything," said Diana with dignity; "God forbid I should have occasion!"
- "O, I don't mean that," he said; "but I tell you plainly this place won't suit you. There is no money for teaching, and no one wants to be taught; so I would change the scene if I were you."

This heartlessness gave Diana a very chill in her heart, and she withdrew without a word, and without hearing Mr. Lugard's muttered complaint that "they were now to be overrun with paupers, it seemed."



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### LANDING

FLOATING along o'er the crystal tide,
Breeze of the evening, blow;
Haste, little boat, and onward glide,
Flushed is the sea on every side,
Flushed with the sunset glow.

Lazily flaps my canvas white;

Breeze of the evening, blow;
Flutter and blow, ere the sun's red light
Shall yield to the silver stars of night,—
Breathe on my sails below.

Bathed are the dancing wavelets gay
In tints of myriad hue;
Cleave, little bark, the glistering spray,
Ere the star that tells of the dying day
Comes out in the sky's deep blue.

Merrily speed for yonder pier,
Warm is our welcome there;
Haste, little boat; 'tis near, 'tis near!
Yonder I see them, close and clear,
'Neath the balmy evening air.

Close by the parapet there they stand,
Hasten, my pinnace, fast!
Waves us her signal a fair young hand;
Grates my keel on the welcome sand;
Back to my love at last!

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YOL. VI.

### HOW WE SHOULD DINE—IF WE COULD

In Essay on Cookery

#### BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

"Take salt herrings, being watered, wash them between your hands, and you shall loosen the fish from the skin; take off the skin whole, and lay them in a dish; then have a pound of almond-paste ready; mince the herrings, and stamp them with the almond-paste, two of the milts or roes, five or six dates, some grated manchet, sugar, sack, rose-water, and saffron; make the composition somewhat stiff, and fill the skins; put butter at the bottom of your pie; lay on the herrings, and on them dates, gooseberries, currants, barberries, and butter; close it up, and bake it; liquor it with butter, verjuice, and sugar. Serve hot." Yes; and I should say with a basin au bateau à vapeur entre Douvres et Calais.

Ladies and gentlemen, amateurs of gastronomy, readers of the Epicure's Year-Book and the three hundred and sixty-five menus of the Baron Brisse, the foregoing is a recipe for a "herring-pie." Pray do not think, however, that I have copied it from the Royal Cookery-Book of M. Jules Gouffé, a work just published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, and one of the most sumptuous of its kind with which I have yet had the good fortune to meet. For the "herring-pie" one Robert May, author of the Accomplished Cook, must be held responsible; but censure or blame will, I take it, affect Robert May but little now. His bones have been "caverned into dust," as Mr. Flyleaf Milton would say, these many years past. The Accomplished Cook was published in the reign of King Charles the Second.

Almond-paste, dates, gooseberries, currants, barberries, saffron, sugar, verjuice, and red herrings!—was there ever a more abominable mess concocted? the modern epicure may ask. The genius of Robert May was, however, capable of still higher flights. He tells us of "snails" stewed or fried with oil, spices, vinegar, and eggs; of frogs' legs in fricassee, a dainty yet occasionally heard of in France; and of "an artificial hen, with her wings displayed, sitting upon eggs of the same material, wherein each of them was enclosed a fat nightingale seasoned with pepper and ambergris." These were the delicacies, the tit-bits, the petits mets soignés of the period. But the English stomach in the seventeenth century could relish stronger meats than these: witness the mighty chines and barons of beef; the lordly swans, baked; the bounteous marrow-puddings, the vasty custards—vasty enough once

nearly to drown a king's dwarf—with which jovial Sir Robert Vyner was wont to regale the Merry Monarch at Goldsmiths' Hall. He must have been the jolliest of good fellows imaginable, with his legs under the mahogany, this graceless Old Rowley. He had not an atom of pride about him, was always glad to dine in the City, and generally borrowed some money of his hosts before he went away. Apart from the Gogmagogic gormandising of the City, the country gentlemen of the Restoration time did not always rest content with nicknacks flawoured with ambergris, saffron, almonds, and verjuice. Philip Mainwaring, in a letter to Lord Arundel, preserved in Lodge's Illustrations, relates how, in the year 1661, a gathering of marquises, lords, knights, and squires took place at Newcastle. It was a kind of picnic, and each guest was expected to bring a dish towards furnishing forth the The competition was keen; but the contribution of Sir George Goring was admitted to be the masterpiece. It consisted of four brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sauage, and tied up in monstrous bag-puddings. That's what there was for supper in 1661, Monsieur Gouffé. And please to remember that in those days forks were still luxuries. The elegant carried them about with them in leathern cases; but in most instances, and especially at country inns, a gentleman was not too proud to carve his victuals with no more aid than that afforded by a jack-knife. A spoon and a hunk of bread made up for the absence of a fork; and it is probable that much of the fat pig and sausages at the Newcastle picnic came in conact with the fingers of barons and squires and knights of the shire.

Thanks to the antiquaries and the poets, and the dramatists and Carists, we know with tolerable accuracy what our ancestors ate. Henry's surfeit of lampreys, and John's debauch on new pears and cider, Harry the Eighth's ruffs and reeves, and Elizabeth's round of beef and tankard of beer for breakfast, have passed into household words. Shakespeare's descriptions of good eating, from Grumio's bill of fare to Justice Shallow's instructions to "William Cook," are eminently graphic:—so graphic, indeed, that some gastronomic fanatic might write a pamphlet proving to his own entire satisfaction that Shakespeare must have been chef de cuisins to Toby Mathew or the Earl of Southampton. Ben Jonson's Culinary notes are much more minute, but infinitely less artistic, and are often repulsive. The perpetual dwelling on hot pork in Bartholomew Fair brings about a heaving in the diaphragm. But with these, and the passages scattered up and down Howel's Letters and Pepys' Diary (Mr. Clerk of the Acts was a finished gourmand) and Evelyn's Memoirs, one sees pretty clearly what were the tastes of our great-

<sup>\*</sup> Forks were introduced to this country from Italy in Queen Elizabeth's time; and there is a curious illustration of the gradual decline of Italian civilisation from the end of the sixteenth century in the evidence given, late in the eighteenth, by David Garrick on the trial of Baretti, to the effect that travellers in Italy usually carried knives and forks about with them, there being none at the ordinary inus.

great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers in matters culinary. Si Walter Scott has drawn largely on this rich treasury of material; and there are few more succulent pictures of gormandising extant than those of Cedric of Rotherwood's supper, of the dinner given by Si Geoffrey Peveril to the Roundheads, and of the breakfast at Tillietud lem in Old Mortality, in wondrous contrast to which last is the starve ling meal of Henry Morton's stingy uncle. Tom Brown and Defoe bring down our acquaintance with the English kitchen to the end of William the Third's time; and for acquaintance with the cuisine of Anna August and the first George we need nothing beyond the immortal description of the fashionable dinner in Swift's Polite Conversation. And then Pope Hogarth, Fielding, and Smollett take us easily through gradations of eating to Dr. Johnson's time, whose suppers in Fleet-street, and whose dinners at Streatham, have been elaborately recorded both by "Bozy' and "Piozzy," and who has himself commemorated in solemn Latin sentences, and as a prologue to the prayer he offered up for the Thrak family, the last dish—a very indigestible one—of which he partool under the roof of the brewer's fickle widow.

It is not, however, in the nature of students of the History Civilisation to be satisfied. They crave more and more information about the kitchen, and the smallest contribution to the fund of know ledge on the subject has its value. For example, in a French history of England I read that the last female monarch of the Stuart race wa an adept in cookery, and that to this day many savoury dishes an known as being à la mode de la Reine Anne. This assertion could scarcely have been an invention on the part of the French historian He must have read the statement in some English work; but, when is it? I have myself only a vague impression of having heard a ver old lady many years ago recommend a certain liqueur, supposed to b infallible against spasms, as "Queen Anne's cordial;" and even among grave historians an ugly impression is current that Queen Anne wa much too fond of Dutch curaçoa. According to Dr. Mead, her ma jesty's life was shortened by her immoderate addictedness to goo things, both edible and potable.

The Royal Cookery-Book of Queen Anne's reign, or at least of the of her immediate successor, is extant. Its author is one Mr. Charles Carter, and his book is a handsome folio sumptuously got up and de corated with many well-executed copper-plates, showing the "platform or ground-plan of dinner-tables laid out for large feasts. I once possessed this book; but to my inexpressible sorrow it was sold with many other volumes lining my modest shelves three years since. I happened to be at the time in Andalusia, and before I could get within telegraphing distance, it was too late; otherwise I would have sent a message home to this effect: "Sell the present, mortgage the future, draw bill on posterity, beg, borrow, or rob a church, but save Charles Carter Royal Cookery-Book."

I remember thus much of this notable work, however, that its study mpressed on me a fact not unworthy, I think, of the attention of the age to come, who shall be adventurous enough to take up the thread of that onerous labour of which Mr. Buckle was enabled only to achieve a preliminary, although magnificent, fragment. It seemed clear to me, when I compared Charles Carter with Robert May, and his precursors of the spit and stewpan, that a marked revolution in the English kitchen had set in at the time of the Restoration, and, in another direction, was still further developed at the Revolution of 1688, and once again at the advent of the House of Brunswick to the throne. Between 1660 and 1715 we grew more and more familiar with French and with Dutch cookery. The former influenced our sauces and ragouts; the latter left a lasting mark on our mode of dressing fish and vegetables. In Charles Carter I found the first mention, in an English cookery-book, of salmon and flounder souches. He calls them "zouchy;" and these, with most of our marinades and pickling preservations, are manifestly of Dutch origin.\* From them, too, long before our factors at Fort William, or home-returning governors from the "still vexed Bermoothes," sent or brought us the recipes, we probably learnt the secret of Curry (by Carter called "kerry") and pepper-pot; both of which dishes, from old Eastand West-Indian traditions, are still prepared with incomparable excellence at the Hague and Amsterdam. The Hollanders also were most canning market-gardeners. The story of King William teaching Swift to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion is too trite to serve as an illustration; but we know, on the authority of Bishop Burnet and Miss Strickland, that Queen Mary the Second was as consummate an artist in cookery as the foreign historian asserts her sister to have been. Perhaps the Frenchman mistook Mary for Anne. The former, however, was a notorious cordon bleu; and it is not at all unlikely that the market-gardeners of Fulham and Putney and Turnham-green have yet reason to be grateful for valuable hints as to the cultivation of carnots, parsneps, and cabbages bequeathed to them by James's ungrateful daughter. Analogical examination is clearly permissible in the study of civilisation; and I find strong evidence of the former proficiency of the Dutch in the cultivation and preparation of vegetables in the Northern portion of the United States, and especially at New York, at whose ordinaries certain exquisite stewed and brown "chip" potatoes, stewed carrots, with sweet or savoury sauces, and cunning disguisements of cabbage, are confessedly prepared in "the Dutch manner." The Batavian occupation of New York did not terminate until Charles

<sup>\*</sup> What is the derivation of Mayonnaise? May it not have been originally a "Mahonaise," so named from the French expedition to the Balearic Isles in the eighteenth century? There is a "Rue du Port Mahon;" and at Port Mahon, as at other Spanish towns, fish, poultry, and meat dressed with oil are still a common dish. The Mayonnaise, or Mahonaise, is, in fact, only a cold olla. To suit the Spanish palate, the oil should be rancid.

the Second had been some time on the throne; and many Dutch manners and customs, as well as names, yet linger in the Empire State. Our indebtedness to the Netherlands in the way of fish is, I conceive, as indubitable as it is immense. We owe to this frugal and industrices country the kippered herring. We owe to Holland, likewise, the pickled or marine herring, the preserved cod-sounds, and the smoked salmon so grateful to the palate on some "morning after," especially in Scotland, when you have passed the evening with two bailies, a sheriff-depute who knew Sir Walter, a brass-kettle, a case-bottle, and a number of tumblers. I cannot speak with certainty as to pickled salmon; but it is not a French dish, and I fancy that it is a Dutch one. Pickled oysters—so plentiful and so delicious in America, so rare and so little understood here—are also clearly Dutch. "Dutch salmon" is spoken of disparagingly at the present day, although why it should be called "Dutch" at all, puzzles me. Being brought from the northernest parts of the North Sea, it might with more propriety be termed Dalecarlian or Bothnian salmon. The Dutch, however, would seem to have been the first to teach us to eat turbot and lobsters. Prior to the Restoration, nearly the only crustaceous delicacy spoken of is the crab.

Charles Carter likewise lays down a very marked and necessary distinction between soups and pottages. The modern classification into thick and clear soups is, to my thinking, weak and vague. We have a mezzo termine in the purée, such as Crecy, Palestine, green-pea, &c.; but the old "pottage"—not in any way answering to the modern French potage, which is a generic term for any soup, from bouillon to bisqueis clearly applicable to the thick, savoury, "stodgy" soup with plenty of solids in it, which, if you take a good basinful of it for lunch, will cause you to regard a proximate dinner with more than indifference. Green-turtle, mock-turtle, ox-tail, cockie-leekie, mulligatawny, are eminently "pottages." They may be eaten with a knife and fork as well as with a spoon; whereas potage à la reine is as clearly no "pottage," but a soup, smooth, equable, homogeneous, which can be supped or drunk from commencement to end. Bisque is a "pottage;" for real bisque should have substantial white islets floating in its sea of Venetian red. Charles Carter calls it "bisk," and a "pottage;" he has bisks of lobster, of crab or craw-fish, and even of carp and tench. A "bisk," indeed, is only a thickened and highly-flavoured souche; and the Provençal bouillabaisse is merely a bisque with a clear instead of a thick basis.

I have hazarded the opinion that our kitchen was once more subjected to foreign influences by the incoming of the Hanoverian dynast; but although the first and second Georges were born-and-bred Germans, they indoctrinated our cooks with but very few notions from Vaterland. The fondness of George the First for bad oysters has become proverbial, and a jest; but bad oysters were as common a century and a half ago in France as they are to this day in Germany. Until the great

Revolution, the atrocious piscatory code of France reserved fresh fish almost exclusively for the use of the aristocracy. In fishing villages, of course, on the coast, the natives had their fill of fish, and would have liked to have had meat instead; but in the interior the produce of the marée belonged to the king and his nobles. because the marée failed to arrive in time, that Vattel slew himself. The mass of the people, constrained as they were by the observances of their religion to be frequent fish-eaters, were thrown back on salted importations of cod and ling from Labrador or Newfoundland; and it is only since continental nations have ceased to be such very devout Catholics that the maritime powers of Europe have refrained from coming to loggerheads about once in every ten years concerning "the fisheries." To this day in France, at all but first-rate private tables, fish is a dubious and perilous dish to order. I have known it stale at the Trois Frères. I have known it so ancient at Véfour's, that in England, and by a peppery gourmet, the marine veteran, dish and all, would have been flung at the waiter's head. In second-class French restaurants fish smelling as loudly as a Chaldean trumpet in the new moon is looked upon quite as a thing of course. Since the sedulous and praiseworthy development of oyster-culture in France, molluscs in Paris may generally be taken with confidence.

But, bating the bad oysters he preferred to Colchesters or Whitstables, it would not appear that George or George's successor did in any remarkable degree Teutonise our cookery. We have never learned to eat black bread with carraway-seeds in it, or hot red cabbage, or sauer-kraut. With all our plenitude of sausage-machines—which are the converse of those of the eternals, for they grind rapidly and do not mince small—we have never risen to the height of the German appetite for wurst, or even of the Italians for salamé and mortadella. Save at Christmas, in connection with turkey, it has never been quite the thing in refined English society to avow a fondness for sausages. They are yet uneasily regarded as the food of chimney-sweeps and ticket porters. I am open to correction, obviously, in opining that our first German sovereign failed to naturalise some German dishes among us. We may be indebted to Germany for the plain suet-pudding; but then the marrow-pudding is clearly English, and suet was only used when marrow grew, from the increased demand, somewhat scarce. I lean, however, to the belief that Georges the First and Second, if they had the will, had not the power to Germanise our kitchen. And I gravely doubt, even, that they had the will. Their habits and ways of life were not German, but French. There was as much French talked at the court of the first two Georges as there had been at that of Henry the Second or Richard the First, or as there is, at this day, at the court of St. Petersburg. Royalty dressed and conversed, danced, ate, drank, and dissipated a la Française, the Gallicism acting as a leaven to a mass of disagreeable and brutish German dough. The courtiers of Charles the Second had brought with them a cloud of French barbers, French cooks, French fencing- and dancing-masters, French quacks, French swindlers, and French courtesans. The pharmacopolic and balatronic collegians who swarmed in the train of the earliest Georges were Germans, but they all aped French manners and copied French vices.

English cookery had sunk to its lowest state by that period of the reign of George the Third when the mental validity of the monarch ceased. Parisian gastronomy, to which the Stuarts and, as I have pointed out, the first two Guelphs had been addicted, was checked, so far as regarded the middle-classes, by the almost prohibitive duties imposed, for political reasons, on the wines of France. And without its congenial vintages French cookery amounts merely to so many artful methods of dressing up leather and prunella. Throughout the eighteenth century only the wealthiest could afford to drink claret or Burgundy; and the champagne in the cellars of "old Q." (the debauched Duke of Queensberry) was deemed almost as rich and rare as his Imperial Tokay, which at his sale fetched forty guineas a dozen. The debased taste of the age may be imagined from the dictum of such an arbiter of elegancies as Brummel, to the effect that a gentleman always "ports" with his cheese. He might "port," indeed, with double-Gloucester; but who would take "black strap" with gruyère? A real epicure — and epicureanism is essentially a gentle quality — always "Chambertins" or "Romanée Contis" with his cheese. Other causes conspired to bring French cookery into discredit with the non-refined classes. We were almost continually at war with the French. It was esteemed as patriotic to despise the "kickshaws" of France 28 to guzzle fiery ports and sherries. The City of London adhered consistently to the deglutition of masses of roasted or seethed flesh. Guildhall had not yet become susceptible even of the soothing influences of turtle. The provincial corporations followed, as a rule, in the wake of Gog and Magog. Great numbers of the wealthy squirearchy detested the Hanoverian kings, and, retiring sulkily to their estates, sneered at French cooks, and fed on mountainous gobbets of beef and venison, poultry and game. I verily believe that the abominable custom, still too prevalent in this country, of eating venison and game in a putrescent state, originated in this chronic political discontent of the Jacobite country gentry. The cruel game-laws forbade the peasant to touch a pheasant or a partridge. The gentry, who were miserable agriculturists, allowed their substance to run to waste in teeming covers and deer-parks. They killed their game for sport; but they were (then) too proud to sell it to the London dealers. They fed themselves, their children, and their retainers upon it; but there was still an over-The larder became therefore stocked with game, and to eat it "high" became fashionable. If this be not the reason I am perplexed otherwise to account for a custom at which Fejees and Esquiman

long as we eat stinking game we are base hyposionaries to convert the cannibals.

bing to complete the discredit into which and be found in the personal habits of hird took habitually an amazing back from his long walks and by habit and temperament and reed heartily on the plainest food. overeign who dined at two o'clock on ...ips, and thought baked rice-pudding a e plutocracy, the bourgeoisie began to esteem ups and baked rice-pudding as, somehow, dimly my and patriotism, and the maintenance of the Conarch and State. Culinary elegance might have been ce Prince of Wales; but George the Fourth was, in early .y a glutton. It was not until he became old that he obtained ty of a gourmet. As a young man he was a great cricketer, he grew overheated at Lord's he used to refresh himself with t pound-cake crumbled up in a quart of cream. Do you wonie grew in later life gross and soggy, and died of a complicae diseases? Egalité Orleans, however, when in England, coninstil some rudimentary notions of culinary science into the arent. He taught him, it is said, to cook with his own hands r truffes and Maintenon cutlets. As Prince Regent, George sically, as well as he could, and gave some really choice dinarlton House; but, from beginning to end, he was loo hard a enjoy his meals thoroughly. He had a French cook, Watier, re the days of Ude and Carême, and in the ministrations of mplished servitor we may mark the dawn of the revival of okery in England. The following is from Captain Gronow's "Upon one occasion some gentlemen of both White's and had the honour to dine with the Prince Regent, and during rsation the Prince inquired what sort of dinners they got at s; upon which Sir Thomas Stepney, one of the guests, obat their dinners were always the same,—'the eternal joints and :s, the boiled fowl with oyster-sauce, and an apple-tart: this ve have at our club, and very monotonous fare it is.' ithout further remark, rang the bell for his cook, Watier, and, sence of those who dined at the royal table, asked him whether take a house and organise a dinner-table. Watier assented, ed Madison, the prince's page, manager; and Labourie, from kitchen, cook. The club flourished only a few years, owing ght-play which was carried on there. The Duke of York 1 it, and was a member. The dinners were exquisite: the sian cook could not beat Labourie. The favourite game played 0."

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Gambling, it has thus been seen, was the ruin of Watier's, as it has been of many clubs before; but the Prince Regent is certainly entitled to the commendation of posterity for his efforts to rescue English gartlemen from the monotonous thraldom of joints and beefsteaks, beiled fowl and apple-tart. The dark ages, at least, were over. The end culinary sweetness and light was about to commence. The overthree of France threw open the long and hermetically-sealed Continuat. Buonaparte, according to Brillat-Savarin, mangeail vite et mangeail mal; but among his ministers and his marshals had been some of the most illustrious gourmets in Europe. The names of Cambacérés, of Tronchet, of Fouché, of Caulaincourt, and of Clarke, Duke de Feltre, are yet revered below-stairs. The Congress of Vienna put to the test the capacities not only of the wisest diplomatists in Europe, but of the deftest cooks in France. Nesselrode, Wittgettstein, Pozzo di Borgo, Barclay de Tolly, Osten-Sacken, Richelieu, Talleyrand, Castleresch, were not to be trifled with in affairs of the stomach. The visit of the Allied Sovereigns to England set a thousand spits turning. The pots and pans of the French chef followed in the wake of the army that marched from Brussels on Waterloo; and the Duke of Wellington's French cook (he was a Legitimist perhaps) was anxious that Napoleon should be routed early in the afternoon, in order that his master might get home in good time for dinner. The first years of the restored Bourbons were singularly favourable to the advancement of cookery; and some of the most celebrated chefs of this and the preceding generation were bred, or were the pupils of cooks bred, in the The reëstablishment of friendly relations kitchens of the Tuileries. between the two long-estranged nations brought multitudes of accomplished French cooks to England. They were too numerous to be absorbed by the wants of the nobility, or the wealthy merchants and bankers; but no sooner did they appear than, by the operation of an inevitable law of civilisation (too often overlooked), a demand arose to meet the supply. If the sky rained lizards, there would in process of time arise a community of lizard-eaters, who would complain bitterly if the lizard-harvest was deficient. The club-system—the palatial Pall-Mall club—was established in England. An admirable French cook was as necessary a part of the establishment as a good cellar of wine and a plentiful supply of newspapers and magazines; and, moreover, the club could afford to pay handsomer salaries than even great nobles and princes and kings could spare their chefs. More than once the Carlton and the Reform have outbidden Schönbrunn and the Winter Palace.

The remarks in which, at perhaps too great length, I have indulged concerning the antecedents of cookery among us as a nation, are nevertheless warranted by the need there is to show the raison detre of M. Jules Gouffe's Cookery-Book. But that the multiplicity of first-class West-end clubs has taught English gentlemen how to dine well, and

has incited them to supply their wives and housekeepers with the means of providing dinners, at least relatively, as good at home, M. Gouffé's book would be at best but an exotic, a costly toy, a splendid archæological monument, comparatively as expensive and little sought after as Lord Kingston's magnificent book on the antiquities of Mexico, or Meyrick's magnum opus on ancient armour. I have no wish to contrast M. Gouffé's remarkable performance with the already-published, and to some extent classical, works of Ude, of Carême, of Chandelier, of Soyer (whose personal eccentricities have thrown his undeniable merits as a kitchen reformer most unjustly into the shade), and of Francatelli; the last, perhaps, an artist who, but for his strange monomania - well-nigh amounting to amentia - for the employment of truffles in almost every conceivable form, would leave all his competitors far behind. To say that M. Gouffé's book is superior or inferior, as a pure livre de cuisine, to Soyer's Regenerator, or Francatelli's Modern Cook, would be to undertake a very invidious task. shall content myself with pointing out a few instances in which Jules Couffé (who is chef de cuisine to the Paris Jockey-Club, and whose work has been translated into our tongue by his brother Alphonse, head pastrycook to her Majesty the Queen) differs as to his mode of culinary treatment from his predecessors, and in which he has struck new and original ground. The sixteen plates gorgeously printed in colours, and the hundred-and-fifty wood-engravings which adorn this luxurious tome, are striking examples of novelty in the compilation of a cookery-book. In English works of a similar nature we see occasionally a few mean and pallid woodcuts, and some wretched diagrams, professing to point out how carcasses should be jointed, and how joints and poultry should be carved—diagrams which, in most cases, exhibit a lamentable ignorance of the first principles of anatomy. M. Gouffé's illustrations, on the contrary, while so beautifully executed and so harmoniously coloured as to be in many instances real works of art, which an epicure might frame for the decoration of his dining-room, are all of a strictly technical and practical nature: there is not one of them but might serve as a model to the novice, as a guide to the practician, and as a reminder to the proficient. Thus, instead of an unmeaning cul-de-lampe, or a vaguely flourishing colophon, a sparkling little vignette shows us "the table laid and the soup served." There is a cauliflower drawn with an accuracy of which Wenceslas Hollar might have been proud. Successive woodcuts give us representations of the cooking-utensils in most constant use; of improved stoves, meat-safes, and roasting-ranges; of the "position of the hands in turning mushrooms," a feat hitherto left undepicted by adepts in chiromancy; of the position of the hands in mixing "liaison;" of "hares on the spit;" of hors d'auvres, such as gherkins,

<sup>•</sup> Liaison is what English cooks term "thickening" for soups and sauces. Liaison à l'Allemande is not to be mistaken for Sauce Allemande, which last is one of the principal sauces of high-class cookery.

sardines, pickled oysters and herrings, cucumbers, raw oysters à la poivrade, and black radish (M. Gouffé has forgotten caviar, salade d'anchois, salamé, and Bologna sausages, all of which are essentially hors d'œuvru: he only mentions caviar canapés as a cold "dish"). The cut of "boiled beef garnished with vegetables" is positively delicious to look upon; and the pyramidal plate of croquets might serve as a model in black and white for a Meissonnier to paint from. Equally graphic are the illustrations of braised ribs of beef; of calf's head and feet; of "ross chump-end of loin of veal;" of "veal cutlet en papillotte;" of "fricaseed chicken," and "mayonnaise of fowl;" of "goose with sauer-kraut," and "pigeons à la crapaudine;" of "larks on the spit," and smelts on "skewers;" of "crayfish en hécatombe," and "plain apple charlotte." There is also an excellent engraving, drawn to scale and finished with photographic minuteness, of that valuable culinary accessory so imperfectly understood in English kitchens-the bain-marie pan; each of the circumscribed casseroles being duly labelled according to its contents: "Espagnole," "suprême," "blond de veau," "bechamel grass," "consommé de volaille," "fumet de faisan," "béchamel maigre," and "Allemande grasse." I must dissent, however, from the notion entertained by the draughtsman who has illustrated M. Gouffé's book, as to the appearance of a sirloin of beef. The cut, too, of a saddle of mutton seems to English eyes most wofully disfigured. These trifling exceptions apart, the pictorial adornments of the Royal Cookery-Book are worthy of the highest praise. The large plates are really splendid; and triumphs of conscientious draughtsmanship and skilful chromolithography have been achieved in the grand tableau of the "pyramid of shellfish," the "saumon à la Chambord," and the "salmon en mayon-These illustrations have all been drawn from nature by M. naise." Rongat, a very clever painter. The large, like the small plates, have a directly practical value, in making the culinary operation in hand clear to the comprehension of the young practitioner, and showing him, after he has learnt how to cook a particular plat, how it should look when cooked. A valuable hint to the purchaser of provisions is also given, in a very curious tableau, showing side by side representations of good and inferior meat and poultry.

M. Gouffé's voluminous work—it comprises nearly seven hundred pages—is divided into two cardinal sections, Household Cookery and First-class Cookery. The chapter in the first section on pot au feu, or beef-broth, is worthy the attention of all English housekeepers, and should be thoroughly read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. The genuine pot au feu is scarcely understood in middle-class English households, and I shall be doing our housekeepers no ill turn in condensing a few of M. Gouffé's remarks on the subject. "Beef-broth," he says, "is the soul of domestic cookery; it constitutes the most nutritious part of daily food. Besides being extensively served as soup, it is also the basis of numerous preparations, such as stews, sauces, purées, &c.

To make a good pot au feu has always appeared to me to be one of those elementary and fundamental operations which should be made clear to everybody when treating of domestic cookery."

"The two stock-pots most in use are a tinned-iron one and one of tinned copper; these are the best, being more easily cleaned—a consideration of much moment, the quality of the broth depending on the cleanliness of the pot. Two other very general stock-pots, one of castiron, the other of earthenware, are on that very account to be discarded." (In this last observation I venture to disagree with M. Gouffé. earthenware stock-pot for pot au feu has been in use among the middle and humbler classes of France for centuries, and without evil effects. A large glazed pipkin can be easily cleaned, and if broken, easily re-Now, in aristocratic kitchens, where there is an extensive batterie, stock-pots of tinned copper are always procurable; but in middle-class households, where the utensils are fewer, the copper pans stand in need of frequent re-tinning, and servants are often so ignorant and so lazy, that they fail to apprise their mistress when the services of Alexander the coppersmith are required; and an untinned copper stewpan becomes soon a very witches' cauldron, to which cling unutterable and poisonous nastinesses. A Spanish gentleman once told me that he found it cheaper to have his batterie de cuisine of silver, simply because his copper utensils demanded such frequent repairs. But to resume.) "I make," says M. Gouffé, "a distinction between a pot au feu for everyday use, and one for extra occasions. For the first, or small pot au feu, take: 1½ lbs. of beef (leg or shoulder parts); ½ lb. of bone (about the quantity included in that weight of meat); 31 quarts of water; 1 oz. salt; 1 middle-sized carrot (say 5 oz.), 1 large onion (say 5 oz.) with a clove stuck in it; 3 leeks (say about 7 oz.); half a head of celery (say  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz.); 1 middle-sized turnip (say 5 oz.); 1 small parsnep (say 1 oz). For the larger pot au feu take: 3 lbs. beef; 1 lb. bone; 51 quarts of water; 2 oz. salt; 2 carrots; 2 large onions; 6 leeks; 2 turnips; 1 parsnep (say 2 oz.), and 2 cloves to the onion. produced by the first recipe will be found amply sufficient for four or five persons; if there are only two to partake of it, the remainder will not, on that account, be lost, as it will do for a second time; it will also be useful to have at hand to add to the same for warming up the beef. The meat," M. Gouffé goes on, "besides producing a good broth, makes a good bouilli." The majority of English cooks throw the gravybeef, from which soup has been made, into the hog-tub.

Here is the modus operandi with the pot au feu. "The first requisite is a good slow fire; feed your stove well with charcoal, so as not to have to replenish it for three hours, and when you do have to renew the fire, be careful not to hurry the boiling, which should always proceed slowly. Do not close the pot hermetically, as this would prevent the broth being clear. After boning the beef tie it round with string, in order to keep it together and in shape; break the bones with

the cleaver; put the pieces in the pot first and the meat over them; add three-and-a-half quarts of cold filtered water for the small pot, and five-and-a-half for the large one. Put the pot on the fire. When nearly boiling, skim, and add half a gill of cold water for the small pot and one gill for the large pot; repeating this operation two or three times will secure a clear and limpid appearance to the broth; then add the vegetables indicated above, and as soon as boiling recommences, remove the pot to the stove corner. Let it remain there simmering for four or five hours" (the Italics are mine); "the fire should be kept steady all the time, so that a slight but continual ebullition take place. When the broth is done, take out the meat and put it on a dish" (don't throw it to the pigs, Mrs. Cook); "taste the broth, and if any additional salt be required, add it—but only at the last moment, when the soup is poured in the tureen, it being best to keep the stock of light seasoning, as this will always increase in warming up and reducing for sauces."

How many English middle-class cooks, laying their hands on their hearts or stomachs, can conscientiously declare that they understand the art and mystery of providing a pot au feu? The quantity of meat absolutely wasted by English cooks in making soup is shameful, and when the soup is made you never hear anything of the residue, or of the bouilli. If soup is wanted the next day, there must be a fresh purchase of mounds of meat from the butchers. I have very frequently calculated that a basin of beef-tea at home has cost me eighteenpence; it need not have cost me fourpence. Some cooks have a hazy notion about boiling down bones for "stock," and such stock-keepers are considered to be far in advance of their sisters who are continually rushing to the butchers for more gravy-beef; but even these enlightened professors are constantly complaining that their "stock" has gone bad, and that they can't do anything with it. Had M. Gouffe's bulky tome contained nothing beyond the above simple and practical recipe, I should still feel inclined to regard him as a benefactor to society.

## CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

BY THE AUTHOR OF " LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Seventh.

A CLOUD OF FEAR.

CHAPTER II. FADING.

WHILE the invalid in the pleasant lodgings overlooking Hyde Park grew day by day weaker, there was a change as marked in the bright young creature whose loving spirit had first brought the influence of effection to bear upon Diana Paget's character. Charlotte Halliday was like alow change—slow in its progress, but awfully rapid to look back you. The pain, the regret, with which she noted her father's decay were little indeed compared with the sharp agony which rent her heart a she perceived the alteration in this dear friend, the blighting of this hir young flower.

That the withered leaves of autumn should fall is sad, but natural, and we submit to the gloomy inevitable fact of decay and death. But o see our rose of roses, the pride and glory of the garden, fade and perish a its midsummer prime, is a calamity inexplicable and mysterious. Diana watched her father's decline with a sense of natural sorrow and ity; but there was neither surprise nor horror in the thought that for im the end of all things was drawing nigh. How different was it with Tharlotte—with that happy soul for whom life and love wore their rightest smile, before whose light joyous footsteps stretched so fair pathway!

The illness, whatever it was—and neither Mr. Sheldon nor the cortly and venerable physician whom he called in could find a name for t—crept upon the patient with stealthy and insidious steps. Dizzitess, trembling, faintness; trembling, faintness; the sympoms alternated day by day. Sometimes there was a respite of a few lays: and Charlotte—the youthful, the sanguine, the happy—declared that her enemy had left her.

"I am sure mamma is right, Di," she said on these occasions. "My nerves are the beginning and end of the mischief; and if I could get the better of my nerves, I should be as well as ever. I don't wonder that the idea of my symptoms makes mamma almost cross. You see,

she has been accustomed to have the symptoms all to herself; and for me to plagiarise them, as it were, must seem quite an impertinence. For a strong young thing like me, you know, Di dear—who have only just broken myself of plunging downstairs two and three steps at a time, and plunging upstairs in the same vulgar manner—to intrude a mamma's shattered nerves, and pirate mamma's low spirits, is utterly absurd and abominable; so I have resolved to look my nerves straight in the face, and get the better of them."

"My darling, you will get the better of them, if you try," said Diana, who did at times beguile herself with the hope that her friend's ailments were mental rather than bodily. "I daresay your monotonous life has something to do with your altered health; you want change of scene, dear."

"Change of scene, when I have you and Valentine! No, Di. It would certainly be very nice to have the background shifted now and : then; to see Capability Brown's prim gardens melt into Alpine heights or southern vineyards, or even into Russian steppes or Hungarian forests. One does get a little tired of toujours Bayswater; and Mr. Sheldon; and crimped skate; and sirloin of beef, and the inevitable discussion as to whether it is in a cannibal state of rawness or burnt to a cinder; and the glasses of pale sherry; and the red-worsted doyleys and blue finger-glasses; and the almonds and raisins, and crisp biscuits, that nobody ever eats; and the dreary, dreary funereal business of dinner, when we all talk vapid nonsense, with an ever-present consciousness of the parlour-maid. I am tired of the dull dinners, and of mamma's peevish complaints about Ann Woolper's ascendency downstairs; and of Mr. Sheldon's perpetual newspapers, that crackle, crackle, crackle, all the evening through; and such papers!-Money-Market Monitor, Stockholder's Vade-Mecum, and all sorts of dreadful things of that kind, with not so much as an interesting advertisement in one of I used never to feel these things an annoyance, you know, dear, till I made the acquaintance of my nerves; but from the moment I allowed my nerves to get the better of me, all these trifles have worried and excruciated me. But I am happy with you, darling; and I am happy with Valentine. Poor Valentine!"

She pronounced his name with a sigh; and then, after a pause, repeated mournfully, "Poor Valentine!"

- "Why do you speak of him so sadly, dear?" asked Diana, very pale.
- "Because—because we have planned such a happy life together, dear, and—"
  - "Is that a thing to be sad about, darling?"
- "And—if it should happen, after all, that we have to part, and he go on alone, the world may seem so sad and lonely to him."
- "Charlotte!" cried Diana, with a laugh that was almost choked by a sob, "is this looking your nerves in the face? Why, my dear one,

this is indeed plagiarism of your mamma's low spirits. Lotta, you shall have change of air; yes, I am determined on that. The stately physician who came in his carriage the other day, and who looked at your tongue and said 'Ah!' and then felt your pulse and said 'Ah!' again, and then called for pen-and-ink and wrote a little prescription, is not the doctor we want for you. We want Dr. Yorkshire; we want the breezes from the Yorkshire moors, and the smell of the farm-yard, and our dear aunt Dorothy's sillabubs, and our uncle Joe to take us for long walks across his clover-fields."

"I don't want to go to Newhall, Di. I couldn't bear to leave-him."

"But what is to prevent your meeting him at the white gate this time, as you met him last October? Might not accident take him to Huxter's-cross again? The archæological work—of which we have heard no more, by the bye—might necessitate further investigations in that district. If you will go to Newhall, Lotta, I will pledge myself for Mr. Hawkehurst's speedy appearance at the white gate you have so often described to me."

"My dearest Di, you are all kindness; but even if I were inclined to go to Newhall, I doubt if mamma or Mr. Sheldon would like me to go."

"I am sure they would be pleased with any arrangement that was likely to benefit your health. But I will talk to your mamma about it. I have set my heart on your going to Newhall."

Miss Paget lost no time in carrying out her idea. She took postension of Georgy that afternoon, while teaching her a new stitch in tricot, and succeeded in impressing her with the conviction that change of air was necessary for Charlotte.

"But you don't think Lotta really ill?" asked Mrs. Sheldon pervously.

"I trust she is not really ill, dear Mrs. Sheldon; but I am sure she is much changed. In talking to her, I affect to think that her illness is only an affair of the nerves; but I sadly fear that it is something more than that."

"But what is the matter with her?" exclaimed Georgy, with a piteous air of perplexity; "that is the question which I am always asking. People can't be ill, you know, Diana, without having something the matter with them; and that is what I can't make out in Charlotte's case. Mr. Sheldon says she wants tone; the physician who came in a carriage-and-pair, and ought to know what he is talking about, says there is a lack of vigour. But what does that all amount to? I'm sure I've wanted tone all my life. Perhaps there never was a creature so devoid of tone as I am; and the internal sinking I feel just before luncheon is something that no one but myself can realise. I deresay Lotta is not so strong as she might be; but I do not see that she can be ill, unless her illness is something definite. My poor first vol. VI.

husband's illness, now, was the kind of thing that anyone could unstand—bilious fever. The merest child knows what it is to be bili and the merest child knows what it is to be feverish. There can nothing mysterious in bilious fever."

"But, dear Mrs. Sheldon," said Diana gravely, "don't you that the weakness of constitution which rendered Charlotte's faliable to be taken off in the prime of life by a fever, is a weakness Charlotte may possibly have inherited?"

"Good heavens, Diana!" cried Georgy, with sudden terror, "don't mean to say that you think my Charlotte is going to die?"

It was but one step with Mrs. Sheldon from peevish incredulit frantic alarm; and Diana found it as difficult to tranquillise her ne awakened fears as it had been to rouse her from absolute apathy.

Change of air—yes, of course—Charlotte must have change of that instant. Let a cab be sent for immediately to take them to terminus. Change of air, of course. To Newhall—to Nice—to Isle of Wight—to Malta; Mrs. Sheldon had heard of people goin Malta. Where should they go? Would Diana advise, and send for cab, and pack a travelling-bag without an instant's delay? The rest the things could be sent afterwards. What did luggage matter, w Charlotte's life was at stake?

At this point a flood of tears happily relieved poor Georgy's exc feelings, and then common sense and Diana Paget came to the rescu

"My dear Mrs. Sheldon," she said, with a quiet cheerful tone t went far to reassure the excited lady, "in the first place, we m above all things, refrain from any appearance of alarm. Her ill may, after all, be only an affair of the nerves; and there is certainly cause for immediate fear."

Georgy was tranquillised, and agreed to take matters quietly. promised to arrange Charlotte's departure for Newhall, with Mr. Sl don, that evening.

"Of course, you know, my dear, I like to consult him about even thing," she said apologetically. "It is a duty which one owes of husband, you know, and a duty which, as a young woman about marry, I cannot too much impress upon you. But in this case i quite a matter of form; Mr. Sheldon never has objected to Charlot going to Newhall, and he is not likely to object now."

The event proved Mrs. Sheldon mistaken as to this matter. Geo proposed the visit to Newhall that evening, while the two girls strolling listlessly in the dusky garden, and Mr. Sheldon most decide rejected the proposition.

"If she wants change of air—and Dr. Doddleson recommen nothing of the kind—Newhall is not the place for her."

"Why not, dear?"

"It is too cold. Northerly aspect—no shelter—three hundred above York minster."

"But Dorothy Mercer is such a kind, motherly creature; she'd

delight in nursing Lotte."

"Yes," answered Mr. Sheldon with a laugh, "and in quacking her. I know what those good motherly creatures are, when they get an excuse for dosing some unhappy victim with their quack nostrums. If Charlotte went to Newhall, Mrs. Mercer would poi—— would make her ten times werse than she is, with old woman's remedies. Besides, as I said before, the place is too cold. That is a conclusive argument, I suppose?"

He said this with some impatience of tone and manner. There was a haggard look in his face, a hurried, harassed manner pervading him, this evening, which had been growing upon him of late. Georgy was too slow of perception to remark this; but Diana Paget had remarked it, and had attributed the change in the stockbroker's manner to a

Mending of two anxieties.

"He is anxious about money matters," she had said to herself, "and he is anxious about Charlotte's health. His lips, moving in whispered calculations as he sits brooding by the fire, tell me of the first anxiety; his eyes, wandering furtively to his stepdaughter's face every now and then, tell me of the second."

This furtive anxiety of Mr. Sheldon's increased Diana Paget's anxiety. This man, who had a certain amount of medical knowledge, could no doubt read the diagnostics of that strange insidious illness, which had, as yet, no name. Diana, furtively watching his furtive looks, told herself that he read of danger.

"If Charlotte wants change of air, let her go to Hastings," he said; "that is the kind of place for an invalid. I want rest myself; and there's such utter stagnation in the City nowadays that I can very well afford to give myself a holiday. We'll run down to Hastings—or the immediate neighbourhood of Hastings—for a week or two."

"O Philip, how kind and considerate you are! I am sure, as I was observing to Miss Paget only to-day, you—"

"Ah, by the by, there's Miss Paget. Is it absolutely necessary that

Miss Paget should go to Hastings with us?"

"Well, dear, you see she has so kindly desired to remain with me for the quarter, so as to give me time to turn round, you know, with regard to caps and summer things, and so on—for, really, she has such taste, and does strike out such excellent ideas about turning, and dipping, and dyeing, that I don't know what will become of me when she leaves us; and it would look so pointed to—"

"Yes; she had better go with us. But why all this fuss about Charlotte? Who put it into your head that she wants change of air?"

Mr. Sheldon evidently considered it an established fact that any idea in his wife's head must needs have been put there by someone or other.

"Well, you see, Diana and I were talking of Lotta this afternoon, and Diana quite alarmed me."

"How so?" asked Mr. Sheldon, with a quick frown.

"Why, she said it was evident, by the fact of poor dear Tom's dying of a fever, that his constitution must have been originally weak. And she said that perhaps Charlotte had inherited Tom's weak constitution,—and frightened me dreadfully."

"There is no occasion for you to be frightened; Charlotte will get on very well, I daresay, with care. But Miss Paget is a very sensible young woman, and is right in what she says. Charlotte's constitution

is not strong."

"O Philip!" said Georgy, in a faint wailing voice.

"I daresay she will live to follow you and me to our graves," said Mr. Sheldon with a hard laugh. "Ah, here she is."

Here she was, coming towards the open window, near which her stepfather sat. Here she was, pale and tired, with her sauntering walk, dressed in white, and spectral in the gloaming. To the sad eyes of her mother, she looked like a ghost. To the eyes of Philip Sheldon, a man not prone to poetic fancies, she looked even more ghostlike.

### CHAPTER III.

## MRS. WOOLPER IS ANXIOUS.

Since the beginning of her illness Charlotte Halliday had been the object and subject of many anxious thoughts in the minds of several people. That her stepfather had his anxieties about her—anxieties which he tried to hide—was obvious to the one person in the Bayswater villa who noted his looks, and tried to read the thoughts they indicated.

Mrs. Sheldon's alarm, once fairly awakened, was not to be lulled to rest. And in Valentine Hawkehurst's heart there was an aching pain—a dull, dead load of care, which had never been lightened, from the hour when he first perceived the change in his dear one's face.

There was one other person, an inhabitant of the Bayswater villa, who watched Charlotte Halliday at this time with a care as unresting as the care of mother or stepfather, bosom friend or plighted lover. This person was Ann Woolper. Mrs. Woolper had come to the villa prepared to find in Miss Halliday a frivolous, self-satisfied young person, between whom and an old broken-down woman like herself there could be no sympathy. She had expected to be contemptuously—or, at the best, indifferently—entreated by the prosperous, well-placed young lady, whom Mr. Sheldon had spoken of as a good girl, as girls go; a vague species of commendation, which to the mind of Mrs. Woolper promised very little.

As clearly as Philip Sheldon dared express his wishes with regard to Charlotte Halliday, he had expressed them to Ann Woolper. What he would fain have said was, "Watch my stepdaughter, and keep me well acquainted with every step she takes." This much he dared not say; but by insinuating that Tom Halliday's daughter was frivolous and

reckless, and that her lover was not to be trusted, he had contrived to put Mrs. Woolper on the qui vive.

"Mr. Philip's afraid she may go and marry this young man on the aly, before he's got the means to support a wife," she said to herself, as she meditated upon the meaning of her master's injunctions; "and well he may be. There's no knowing what young women are up to nowadays; and the more innocent and inexperienced a young woman is, the more she wants looking after. And Miss Georgy Craddock always was a poor fondy, up to naught but dressing herself fine, and streaming up and down Barlingford High-street with her old schoolfellows. Such as she ain't fit to be trusted with a daughter; and Mr. Philip knows that. He always was a deep one. But I'm glad he looks after Missy; there's many men, having got fast hold of th' father's brass, would let th' daughter marry Old Scratch, for the sake of gettin' itid of her."

This is how Mrs. Woolper argued the matter. She came of a prudent race; and anything like prudence seemed to her a commendable virtue. She wished to think well of her master; for her he had been a Providence in the hour of calamity and old age. Where else could she look, if not to him? And to suspect him, or think ill of him, was to reject the one refuge offered to her distress. A magnanimous independence of spirit is not an easy virtue for the old and friendless. and poor. The drowning wretch will scarcely question the soundness of the plank that sustains him upon the storm-tossed billows; nor was trs. Woolper inclined to question the motives of the man to whom she tow owed her daily bread.

It is possible that before invoking Mrs. Woolper from the ashes of he past to take her seat by the hearthstone of the present, Mr. Sheldon may have contemplated the question of her return in all its bearings, and may have assured himself that she was his own, by a tie not maily broken: his bond-slave, fettered hand and foot by the bondage of necessity.

"What choice can she have, except the choice between my house and the workhouse?" he may naturally have asked himself; "and is t likely she will quarrel with her bread-and-butter in order to fall back apon dry bread?" Mr. Sheldon, contemplating this, and all other questions, from his one unchanging stand-point, may reasonably have concluded that Mrs. Woolper would do nothing opposed to her own nterests; and that so long as it suited her interest to remain at the Lawn, and to serve him, she would there remain, his docile and unquestioning slave.

The influence of affection, the force of generous impulse, were qualities that did not come into Mr. Sheldon's calculations upon this abject. His addition and subtraction, division and multiplication, were all based on one system.

That happy and unconscious art by which Charlotte Halliday made

herself dear to all who knew her, had a speedy effect upon the old housekeeper. The girl's amiable consideration for her age and infirmities; the pretty affectionate familiarity with which she treated this countrywoman, who had known her father, and who could talk to her of Yorkshire and Yorkshire people, soon made their way to Naney Woolper's heart of hearts. For Miss Halliday to come to the housekeeper's room with some message from her mother, and to linger for a few minutes' chat, was a delight to Mrs. Woolper. She would have detained the bright young visitant for hours instead of minutes, if she could have found any excuse for so doing. Nor was there any treason against Mr. Sheldon in her growing attachment to his stepdaughter. Whenever Nancy spoke of that master and benefactor, she spoke with unfeigned gratitude and affection.

"I nursed your step-papa as a baby, Miss Halliday," she said very often on these occasions. "You wouldn't think, to look at him now, that he ever was that, would you? But he was one of the finest babies you could wish to see—tall, and strong, and with eyes that pierced one through, they were so bright and big and black. He was rather stabborn-spirited with his teething; but what baby isn't trying at sact times? I had rare work with him, I can tell you, Miss, walking him about of nights, and jogging him till there wasn't a jog left in me, as you may say, from sleepiness. I often wonder if he thinks of this now, when I see him looking so grave and stern. But, you see, being jogged doesn't impress the mind like having to jog; and though I can bring that time back as plain as if it was yesterday, with the very nursery I slept in at Barlingford, and the rushlight in a tall iron cage on the floor, and the shadow of the cage on the bare whitewashed walls—it's clean gone out of his mind, I daresay."

"I'm afraid it has, Nancy."

"But, O, I was fond of him, Miss Halliday; and what I went through with him about his teeth made me only the fonder of him. He was the first baby I ever nursed, you see, and the last; for before Master George came to town I'd taken to the cooking, and Mrs. Sheldon hired another girl as nurse; a regular softy she was, and it isn't her fault that Master George has got anything christian-like in the way of a back, for the way she carried that blessed child used to make my blood run cold."

Thus would Mrs. Woolper discourse, whenever she had a fair excuse for detaining Miss Halliday in her comfortable apartment. Charlotte did not perceive much interest in these reminiscences of Mr. Sheldon's infancy, but she was much too kind to bring them abruptly to a close by any show of impatience. When she could get Nancy to talk of Barlingford and Hyley, and the people whom Charlotte herself had known as a child, the conversation was really interesting; and these recollections formed a link between the old woman and the fair young damsel.

## CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

When the change arose in Charlotte's health and spirits, Mrs. Woolper was one of the first to perceive it. She was skilled in those ald-woman's remedies which Mr. Sheldon held in such supreme contempt, and she would fain have dosed the invalid with nauseous decoctions of hops, or home-brewed quinine. Charlotte appreciated the kindness of the intent, but she rebelled against the home-brewed medicines; and pinned her faith to the more scientific and less obnoxious preparations procured from the chemist's.

For some time Nancy made light of the girl's ailments, though she watched her with unfailing attention.

"You ain't a-done growing yet, miss, I'll lay," she said.

"But I'm more than twenty-one, Nancy. People don't grow after they're of age, do they?"

"I've known them as have, miss; I don't say it's common, but it has been done. And then there's the weakness that comes after you've done growing. Girls of your age are apt to be faint, and lollopy-like, as you may say; especially when they're stived up in a smoky place like London. You ought to go to Hyley, miss, where you was born; that's the place to set you up."

The time had come when the change was no longer matter for toubt. Day by day Charlotte grew weaker and paler; day by day that bright and joyous creature, whose presence had made an atmosphere of youth and gladness even in that prim dwelling-place, receded further into the dimness of the past; until to think of what she had been, seemed like recalling the image of the dead. Nancy marked the alteration with a strange pain, so sharp, so bitter, that its sharpness and bitterness were a perpetual perplexity to her.

"If the poor dear young thing is meant to go, there's no need for me to fret about it all day long, and wake up sudden in the night with cold water standing out upon my forehead at the thought of it. I haven't known her six months; and if she is pretty and sweet-spoken, it's not my place to give way at the thoughts of losing her. She's not my own flesh and blood; and I've sat by to watch them go, times and often, without feeling as I do when I see the change in her, day after day. Why should it seem so dreadful to me?"

Why indeed? This was a question for which Mrs. Woolper could find no answer. She knew that the pain and horror which she felt were something more than natural, but beyond this point her thoughts refused to travel. A superstitious feeling arose at this point, to usurp the office of reason, and she accounted for the strangeness of Miss Haliday's illness as she might have done had she lived in the sixteenth century, and been liable to the suspicion of nocturnal careerings on proomsticks.

"I'm sorry Mr. Philip's house should be unlucky to that sweet roung creature," she said to herself. "It was unlucky to the father; and now it seems as if it was going to be unlucky to the daughter.

And Mr. Philip won't be any richer for her death. Mrs. Sheldon has told me times and often that all Tom Halliday's money went to my master when she married him, and he has doubled and trebled it by his cleverness. Miss Charlotte's death wouldn't bring him a sixpence."

This was the gist of Mrs. Woolper's meditations very often now adays. But the strange sense of perplexity, the nameless fear, the vague horror, were not to be banished from her mind. A sense of some shapeless presence for ever at her side haunted her by day and night. What was it? What did its presence portend? It was as if a figure, shrouded from head to foot, was there, dark and terrible, at her elbow, and she would not turn to meet the horror face to face. Sometimes the phantom-hand lifted a corner of the veil, and the shade said, "Look at me! See who and what I am! You have seen me before. I am here again! and this time you shall not refuse to meet me face to face! I am the shadow of the horror you suspected in the past!"

The shadowy fears which oppressed Mrs. Woolper during this period did not in any way lessen her practical usefulness. From the commencement of Charlotte's slow decline she had shown herself attentive, and even officious, in all matters relating to the invalid. With her own hands she decanted the famous port which Georgy fetched from the particular bin in Mr. Sheldon's carefully-arranged cellar. When the physician was called in, and wrote his harmless little prescription, it was Mrs. Woolper who carried the document to the dispensing chemist, and brought back the innocent potion, which might, peradventure, effect some slight good, and was too feeble a decoction to do any harm. Charlotte duly appreciated all this kindness; but she repeatedly assured the housekeeper that her ailments were not worthy of so much care.

It was Mrs. Woolper whom Mr. Sheldon employed to get lodgings for the family, when it had been ultimately decided that a change to the seaside was the best cure for Miss Halliday.

"I am too busy to go to Hastings myself this week," he said; "but I shall be prepared to spend a fortnight there after next Monday. What I want you to do, Nancy, is to slip down to-morrow with a second-class return-ticket and look about for a nice place for us. I don't care about being in Hastings; there's too much cockneyism in the place at this time of year. There's a little village called Harold's-hill, within a mile or so of St. Leonards,—a dull, out-of-the way place, but rustic and picturesque, and all that kind of thing,—the sort of place that women like. Now, I'd rather stay at that place than at Hastings. So you can take a fly at the station, drive straight to Harold's-hill, and secure the best lodgings you can get."

"You think as the change of air will do Miss Halliday good?" asked Mrs. Woolper anxiously, after she had promised to do all her kind master required of her.

"Do I think it will do her good? Of course I do. Sea-air and

a-bathing will set her up in no time; there's nothing particular the atter with her."

"No, Mr. Philip; that's what bothers me about the whole thing. here's nothing particular the matter with her; and yet she pines and windles, and dwindles and pines, till it makes one's heart ache to see er."

Philip Sheldon's face darkened, and he threw himself back in his bair with an impatient movement. If he had chosen to do so, he could ave prevented that darkening of his face; but he did not consider Mrs. Voolper a person of sufficient importance to necessitate the regulation f his countenance. What was she but an ignorant, obstinate old roman, who would most probably perish in the streets if he chose to are her out of doors? There are men who consider their clerks and etainers such very dirt, that they would continue the forging of a bill f exchange, or complete the final touches of a murder, with a junior lerk putting coals on the fire, or an errand-boy standing cap in hand a the threshold of the door. They cannot realise the fact, that dirt ich as this is flesh and blood, and may denounce them by and by in a itness-box.

Of all contingencies Mr. Sheldon least expected that this old woman suld prove troublesome to him—this abject wretch, whose daily bread epended on his will. He could not imagine that there are circumances under which such abject creatures will renounce their daily read, and die of hunger, rather than accept the means of life from one steful hand.

"If you want to know anything about Miss Halliday's illness," he aid in his hardest voice, and with his hardest look, "you had better pply to Dr. Doddleson, the physician who has prescribed for her. I onot attend her, you see, and I am in no way responsible for her health. Then I was attending her father you favoured me by doubting my kill, if I judged rightly as to your tone and manner on one occasion. don't want to be brought to book by you, Mrs. Woolper, about Miss Ialliday's altered looks or Miss Halliday's illness; I have nothing to with either."

"How should I think you had, sir? Don't be angry with me, or ard upon me, Mr. Phil. I nursed you when you was but a baby, and ou're nearer and dearer to me than any other master could be. Why, have but to shut my eyes now, and I can feel your little hand upon ly neck, as it used to lie there, so soft and dear. And then I look own at the hand on the table, strong and dark, and clenched so firm, and I ask myself, Can it be the same? For the sake of that time, Mr. hil, don't be hard upon me. There's nothing I wouldn't do to serve ou; there's nothing you could do that would turn me from you. here's no man living in this world, sir, that oughtn't to be glad to now of one person that nothing can turn from him."

"That's a very fine sentiment, my good soul," replied Mr. Sheldon

coolly; "but, you see, it's only an ex-parte statement; and as the case stands, there is no opportunity for the display of those fine feelings you talk about. You happen to want a home in your old age, and I happen to be able to give you a home. Under such circumstances, your own good sense will show you that all sentimental talk about standing by me, and not turning away from me, is absolute bosh."

The old woman sighed heavily. She had offered her master a fidelity which involved the abnegation of all impulses of her own heat and mind, and he rejected her love and her service. And then, after the first dreary sense of his coldness, she felt better pleased that it should be so. The man who spoke to her in this harsh, uncompromising way could have no cause to fear her. In the mind of such a man there could surely be no secret chamber, within which she had, with his knowledge, almost penetrated.

"I won't trouble you any more, sir," she said mournfully. "I

daresay I'm a foolish old woman."

"You are, Nancy. We don't get wiser as we grow older, you see; and when we let our tongues wag, we're apt to talk nonsense. The quieter you keep your tongue, the better for yourself, in more ways than one. To a useful old woman about the place I've no objection; but a chattering old woman I will not have at any price."

After this, everything was settled in the most agreeable manner. Nancy Woolper's journey to Hastings was fully arranged; and early the next morning she started, brisk and active, in spite of her sixty-eight years of age. She returned at night, having secured very pleasant lodgings at the village of Harold's-hill.

"And a very sweet place it is, my dear Miss Lotta," she said to Charlotte the next day, when she described her adventures. "The apartments are at a farmhouse overlooking the sea; and the smell of the cows under your windows, and the sea-breezes blowing across the farmyard, can't fail to bring the colour back to your pretty cheeks, and the brightness back to your pretty eyes."

### CHAPTER IV.

## VALENTINE'S SKELETON.

THE idea of this visit to the Sussex village by the sea seemed delightful to everyone except Gustave Lenoble, who was still in town, and who thought it a hard thing that he should be deprived of Diana's society during an entire fortnight, for the sake of this sickly Miss Halliday.

For the rest, there was hope and gladness in the thought of this change of dwelling. Charlotte languished for fresher breezes and more rustic prospects than the breezes and prospects of Bayswater; Diana looked to the sca-air as the doctor of doctors for her fading friend; and Valentine cherished the same hope.

On Valentine Hawkehurst the burden of an unlooked-for somow

ad weighed very heavily. To see this dear girl, who was the begining, middle, and end of all his hopes, slowly fading before his eyes, ras, of all agonies that could have fallen to his lot, the sharpest and nost bitter. Not Ugolino sitting silent amidst his famishing children -not Helen, when she would fain that the tempest had swept her from earth's surface on that evil day when she was born-not Penelope, when she cried on Diana, the high-priestess of death, to release her from the weariness of her days—not Agamemnon, when the fatal edict had gone forth, and his fair young daughter looked into his face, and saked him if it was true that she was to die-not one of these typical mourners could have suffered a keener torture than that which rent this young man's heart, as he marked the stealthy steps of the Destroyer drawing nearer and nearer the woman he loved. Of all possible calamities, this was the last he had ever contemplated. Sometimes, in moments of doubt or despondency, he had thought it possible that poverty, the advice of friends, caprice or inconstancy on the part of Charlotte herself, should sever them. But among the possible enemies to his happiness he had never counted Death. What had Death to do with so fair and happy a creature as Charlotte Halliday? she who, until some two months before this time, might have been the divine Hygieia in person—so fresh was her youthful bloom, so buoyant her step, so bright her glances. Valentine's hardest penance was the necessity for the concealment of his anxiety. The idea that Charlotte's illness might be-nay must be-for the greater part an affair of the nerves, was always paramount in his mind. He and Diana had talked of the subject together whenever they found an opportunity for so doing, and had comforted themselves with the assurance that the nerves alone were to blame; and they were the more inclined to think this from the conduct of Dr. Doddleson, on that physician's visits to Miss Halliday. Sheldon had been present on each occasion, and to Mrs. Sheldon alone had the physician given utterance to his opinion of the case. That opinion, though expressed with a certain amount of professional dignity, amounted to very little. "Our dear young friend wanted strength; and what we had to do was to give our dear young friend strengthital power. Yes-er-um, that was the chief point. And what kind f diet might our dear young friend take now? Was it a light diet, a ittle roast-mutton-not too much done, but not under-done? O dear, 10. And a light pudding? what he would call—if he might be pernitted to have his little joke—a nursery pudding." And then the old entleman had indulged in a senile chuckle, and patted Charlotte's head rith his fat old fingers. "And our dear young friend's room, now, ras it a large room?—good! and what was the aspect now, south?— ; ood again! nothing better, unless, perhaps, south-west-but, of course, everyone's rooms can't look south-west. A little tonic draught, and zentle daily exercise in that nice garden, will set our dear young friend ight again. Our temperament is nervous, we are a sensitive plant, and want care." And then the respectable septuagenarian took his fee, and shuffled off to his carriage. And this was all that Mrs. Sheldon could tell Diana, or Nancy Woolper, both of whom questioned her closely about her interview with the doctor. To Diana and to Valentine there was hope to be gathered from the very vagueness of the physician's opinion. If there had been anything serious the matter, the medical adviser must needs have spoken more seriously. He came again and again. He found the pulse a little weaker, the patient a little more nervous, with a slight tendency to hysteria, and so on; but he still declared that there were no traces of organic disease, and he still talked of Miss Halliday's ailments with a cheery, easy-going manner that was very reassuring.

In his moments of depression Valentine pinned his faith upon Dr. Doddleson. Without organic disease, he told himself his darling could not perish. He looked for Dr. Doddleson's name in the directory, and took comfort from the fact of that physician's residence in a fashionable West-end square. He took further comfort from the splendour of the doctor's equipage, as depicted to him by Mrs. Sheldon; and from the doctor's age and experience, as copiously described by the same lady.

"There is only one fact that I have ever reproached myself with in relation to my poor Tom," said Georgy, who, in talking to strangers of her first husband, was apt to impress them with the idea that she was talking of a favourite cat; "and that is, the youthfulness of the doctor Mr. Sheldon employed. Of course, I am well aware that Mr. Sheldon would not have consulted the young man if he had not thought him clever; but I could lay my head upon my pillow at night with a clearer conscience, if poor Tom's doctor had been an older and more experienced person. Now, that's what I like about Dr. Doddleson. There's a gravity—a weight—about a man of that age which inspires one with immediate confidence. I'm sure the serious manner with which he questioned me about Lotta's diet, and the aspect of her room, was quite delightful."

In Dr. Doddleson, under Providence, Valentine was fain to put his trust. He did not know that the worthy doctor was one of those harmless inanities who, by the aid of money and powerful connections, are sometimes forced into a position which nature never intended them to occupy. Among the real working-men of that great and admirable brotherhood, the medical profession, Dr. Doddleson had no rank; but he was the pet physician of fashionable dowagers suffering from chronic laziness or periodical attacks of ill-humour. For the spleen or the vapours no one was a better adviser than Dr. Doddleson. He could afford to waste half an hour upon the asking of questions which the fair patient's maid might as well have asked, and the suggestion of remedies which any intelligent abigail could as easily have suggested. Elderly ladies believed in him because he was pompous and ponderous, lived in an expensive neighbourhood, and drove a handsome equipage.

He wore mourning-rings left him by patients who never had had anything particular the matter with them, and who, dying of sheer old age or sheer over-eating, declared with their final gasp that Dr. Doddleson had been the guardian angel of their frail lives during the last twenty years.

This was the man who, of all the medical profession resident in London, Mr. Sheldon had selected as his stepdaughter's adviser in a case so beyond common experience, that a man of wide practice and keen perception was especially needed for its treatment.

Dr. Doddleson, accustomed to attribute the fancied ailments of fashionable dowagers to want of tone, and accustomed to prescribe the mildest preparations with satisfaction to his patients and profit to himself, dwelt upon the same want of tone, and prescribed the same harmless remedies, in his treatment of Charlotte Halliday. When he found her no better—nay, even worse—after some weeks of this treatment, he was puzzled; and for one harmless remedy he substituted another harmless remedy, and waited another week to see what effect the second harmless remedy might have on this somewhat obstinate young person.

And this was the broken reed to which Valentine clung in the day of his trouble.

Bitter were his days and sleepless were his nights in this dark period of his existence. He went to the Bayswater villa nearly every day now. It was no longer time for etiquette or ceremony. His darling was fading day by day; and it was his right to watch the slow sad change, and, if it were possible, to keep the enemy at arm's-length. Every day he came to spend one too brief hour with his dear love; every day he greeted her with the same fond smile, and beguiled her with the same hopeful talk. He brought her new books and flowers, and any foolish trifle which he fancied might beguile her thoughts from the contemplation of that mysterious malady which seemed beyond the reach of science and Dr. Doddleson. He sat and talked with her of the futurethat future which in their secret thoughts both held to be a sweet, sad able—the hyperborean garden of their dreams. And after spending this too sweet, too bitter hour with his beloved, Mr. Hawkehurst would diplomatise in order to have a little talk with Diana, as he left the house. Did Diana think his dear girl better to-day, or worse—surely not worse? He had fancied she had more colour, more of her old gaiety of man-Der. She had seemed a little feverish; but that might be the excitenent of his visit. And so on, and so on, with sad and dreary repetition.

And then, having gone away from that house with an aching heart, the young magazine-writer went back to his lodgings, and plunged into the dashing essay or the smart pleasant story which was to constitute his monthly contribution to the *Cheapside* or the *Charing Cross*. Gaiety, novement, rollicking, Harry-Lorrequer-like spirits were demanded for the *Cheapside*; a graceful union of brilliancy and depth was required for the *Charing Cross*. And, O, be sure the critics lay in wait to catch the young scribbler tripping! An anachronism here, a secondhand idea

there, and the West-end Wasp shricked its war-whoop in an occasional note; or the Minerva published a letter from a correspondent in the Scilly Islands, headed "Another Literary Jack Sheppard," to say that in his Imperial Dictionary he had discovered with profound indignation a whole column of words feloniously and mendaciously appropriated by the writer of such-and-such an article in the Cheapside. While the sunlight of hope had shone upon him, Mr. Hawkehurst had found the hardest work pleasant. Was he not working for her sake? his future union with that dear girl depend upon his present industry? It had seemed to him as if she stood at his elbow while he wrote, a Pallas stood beside Achilles at the council, invisible to all but her favourite. It was that mystic presence which lent swiftness to his pea. When he was tired and depressed, the thought of Charlotte had revived his courage and vanquished his fatigue. Pleasant images crowded upon him when he thought of her. What could be easier than for him to write a love-story? He had but to create a shadowy Charlotte for his heroine; and the stream of foolish lover's babble flowed from his pen perennial and inexhaustible. To his reading she lent a charm and a grace that made the most perfect poetry still more poetical. It was not Achilles and Helen who met on Mount Ida, but Valentine and Charlotte; it was not Paolo and Francesca who read the fatal book together, but Valentine and Charlotte, in an unregenerate and mediæval state of mind. The mere coincidence of a name made the Sorrows of Werler delightful. The all-pervading presence was everywhere and in everything. His religion was not Pantheism, but Charlottism.

Now all was changed. A brooding care was with him in every The mystic presence was still close to him in every hour of his lonely days and nights; but that image, which had been fair and blooming as the incarnation of youth and spring-time, was now a pale shrouded phantom which he dared not contemplate. He still wrote on -for it is marvellous how the pen will travel and the mind will project itself into the shadow-world of fancy, while cankerous care gnaws the weary heart. Nay, it is perhaps at these times that the imagination is most active; for the world of shadows is a kind of refuge for the mind that dare not dwell upon realities. Who can say what dull, leaden care may have weighed down the heart of William Shakespeare when his mind conceived that monster of a poet's grand imaginings, Othello! There is the flavour of racking care in that mighty creation. The strong soul wantonly tortured by a sordid wretch; the noble spirit distraught, the honourable life wrecked for so poor a motive; that sense of the "something in this world amiss," which the poet of all other crestures feels most keenly.

With grief and fear as his constant companions, Valentine Hawkehurst toiled on bravely, patiently. Hope had not deserted him; but between hope and fear the contest was unceasing. Sometimes hope had the best of it for a while, and the toiler comforted himself with the thought that this dark cloud would pass anon from the horizon of his life; and then he counted his gains, and found that the fruit of his labours was increasing monthly, as his name gained rank among the band of young littérateurs. The day when he might count upon that income which Mr. Sheldon demanded as his qualification for matrimony did not appear far distant. Given a certain amount of natural ability, and the industrious and indefatigable young writer may speedily emerge from obscurity, and take his place in the great army of those gallant soldiers whose only weapon is the pen. Whatever good fortune had come to Valentine Hawkehurst he had worked for with all honesty of purpose. The critics were not slow to remark that he worked at a white-hot haste, and must needs be a shallow pretender, because he was laborious and indefatigable.

Before the beginning of Charlotte's slow decline he had fancied himself the happiest of men. There were more deposit-receipts in his desk. The nest-egg, about the hatching whereof there had been such cackling and crowing some months ago, was now one of many eggs; for the hard-working scribbler had no leisure in which to be extravagant, had he been so minded. The purchase of a half-circlet of diamonds for his betrothed's slim finger had been his only folly.

Charlotte had remonstrated with him on the impropriety of such an extravagance, and had exacted from him a promise that this wild and Monte-Christo-like course should be pursued no further; but she was very proud of her half-hoop of diamonds nevertheless, and was wont to press it tenderly to her lips before she laid it aside for the night.

"There must be no more such extravagance, sir," she said to her lover, when he sat by her side twisting the ring round and round on her pretty finger. Alas, how loose the ring had become since it had first been placed there!

"Consider the future, Valentine," continued the girl, hopeful of mood while her hand rested in his. "Do you suppose we can furnish our cottage at Wimbledon if we rush into such wild expenses as diamond rings? Do you know that I am saving money, Valentine? Yes, positively. Papa gives me a very good allowance for my dresses, and bonnets, and things, you know, and I used to be extravagant and spend it all. But now I have become the most miserly creature; and I have a little packet of money upstairs which you shall put in the Unitas Bank with the rest of your wealth. Diana and I have been darning, and Patching, and cutting, and contriving, in the most praiseworthy manner. Even this silk has been turned. You did not think that, did you, when you admired it so?"

Mr. Hawkehurst looked at his beloved with a tender smile. The exact significance of the operation of turning, as applied to silk dresses, was somewhat beyond his comprehension; but he felt sure that to turn must be a laudable action, else why that air of pride with which Charlotte informed him of the fact?

## "ALL FOR NOTHING"

I.

A SOFTENED tone, a speaking glance:
"Did he mean it?—or was it chance?"
She asked herself, while her eyes grew dim
With foolish tears, for she worshipped him.

II.

Once, indeed, when her hand he took,
Held it until her pulses shook—
"Now," she thought, "is the moment come!
Now he will speak!" But his lips were dumb.

III.

All was over within a week; Time enough to have blanched her cheek And wrung her heart, and made life seem Blank, all blank, since that fever dream.

EVELYN FOREST.

.



"LET ME GO, HAY!"

# BELGRAVIA

OCTOBER 1868

## BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY

OR THE

Ibentures and Misadbentures of Lobert Zinsleigh

CHAPTER XIII. I BEGIN MY APPRENTICESHIP.

devil's work is this?" I cried, drawing my sword, and looking towards Everard Lestrange, who stood at some distance from me, and very close to the door, as if anxious to secure a convenient retreat.

"O Robin, they told me 'twas your wish to marry me!"

"And the desperado draws his sword on the prettiest girl in Bucks!"
exclaimed Everard Lestrange; "was there ever such a savage?"

It is upon you that I draw my sword, liar and traitor!" I gasped.

"Your life or mine shall answer for this night's work."

"I decline to cross swords with a ---"

Before the foul word could pass his lips, I sprang towards him with uplifted hand, and should have struck him across the face with my open palm, but for Philip Hay and the parson, who clutched at my arm, and held me off by their united strength.

What a fire-eater this foundling of my lady's is!" cried Mr. Letrange with his languid sneer. "But why all this outcry? The wife we have given you is young and pretty, and 'twould only have served you right if we had tied you to some wrinkled harridan of the town. True, 'tis not the lady to whose hand and fortune your insolence aspired; but it is scarce six months since you swore you were ready to marry this one at a moment's notice, if her father could find her for you."

. offered to marry an honest woman," I answered, "not your cast-stress."

Ly foster-sister sank to my feet with a stifled groan. God help us of I had but hit the mark too well.

"No; 'twas my other mistress you wanted, with twenty-five thou-

sand pounds for her fortune. You were welcome to my mistress—when I had done with her."

- "Devil! Will you fight me in this room—this moment?" I cried huskily.
- "No; I will fight you neither here nor elsewhere, neither now nor at any future time, for a reason which I hinted just now, and which you need not force me to state more broadly. You are no mark for a gentleman's weapon.—Hold the fellow tight, Phil Hsy; I have but a few words to say, and am gone."
  - "Let me go, Hay!" cried I; "why do you obey that scoundrel?"
- "Because he is paid to obey me, as ma'amselle yonder has been paid for her part in the comedy. Do you suppose a man of the world like myself was to be ousted and cheated by your bumpkinship, without trying to turn the tables on you? I saw how you were playing your cards from the day we came to Hanteville. Your father was my father's rival, and it was natural to me to hate you. And you, my lady stepmother's beggarly foundling, must needs come between me and the girl that was betrothed to me. A pretty gentleman indeed to steal my mistress! I saw through your artifices, and when you came to London, took care to place my spy upon your track."
  - "What!" I roared, shaking myself free from Philip's grasp.
- "Yes, Mr. Simplicity; your chosen friend and boon companion is my led-captain, Mr. Hay, a gentleman who has been in my service for the last five years."
  - "O God, what a dastardly world!"
- "Forgive me, Bob; thou'rt the best fellow I ever knew, and I love thee with all my heart," said Hay, with a strange softness in his tone; "but I am a scoundrel by profession. "Tis one of the trades poor men live by, you see, and men must live."
- "Yes, and vipers too; they plead their privilege to crawl and sting. Great God, this is hard!"

I sank into a chair, touched to the very heart by this hideons treachery. I had grown fonder of the man than I thought. As I sat for some moments, confounded, forgetful of Everard Lestrange, I felt a little hand thrust gently into mine. It was Margery's. The wretched girl had not yet risen from the spot where she had sunk down at my feet.

"Forgive me, Robin," she pleaded; "indeed I did not know it was a trick that was to be played on thee, or I would have died before I had taken part in it. He—Everard—told me it was your wish to marry me; and O, Robin, I have been cruelly deceived, and am not so guilty as I seem. I will never trouble you, dear; you shall see me no more; and the marriage can be undone."

"Yes," cried Everard Lestrange; "by grim death! Pallida more is the only parson who can cut the knot which my friend yonder has just tied."

"The bride was married under a false name," I said.

"Yes; but the true one is in the register."

I turned eagerly to the greasy volume that lay open upon the table. Yes, there, below my own signature, appeared that of Margaret Hawker. I remembered how my attention had been distracted while the bride was writing.

"The ceremony could not be more binding if it had been performed in Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Margery is as honest a wife as Lady Caroline Fox. Ma'amselle Adolphine will go back to her service the richer for a fifty-pound note, and will carry her young mistress the pleasing intelligence of your marriage."

"And do you think I will not carry the truth to Miss Hemsley?"

"That will depend on your opportunities. You made an engagement this evening which you may find somewhat inconvenient to you in your character of bridegroom, and which will certainly put a stop to any stolen visits to the ladies in St. James's-square."

"I made an engagement! What engagement?"

"Sure, 'twas an engagement to serve the honourable East India Company over in Bengal, and a glorious career it is for a courageous young man!" cried a familiar voice close at hand, and Sergeant O'Blagg came into the room, closely followed by a couple of ruffianly-looking fellows in military trousers and dingy ragged shirts, while three or four others looked in from the doorway.

Before I could utter so much as one cry of anger or surprise, these two scoundrels had gripped me on either side. What followed was the work of a few moments—a sharp brief struggle for liberty, in which I fought as a man only fights for something dearer than life, striking out right and left, while the hot blood poured over my face from a wound on my head.

I had but just time to see Everard Lestrange and the Frenchwoman rush from the room, dragging Margery with them, while a long piercing shrick from that wretched girl rang out, shrill above the clamour of the rest; the floor seemed to reel beneath my feet, a roaring thunderous noise sounded in my ears, and I knew no more.

I opened my eyes upon the semi-darkness of a dilapidated garret, where I found myself lying on a dirty mattress of hay or flock. The atmosphere was thickened with tobacco-smoke, and what feeble light-there was came from two small windows in the sloping roof, closely barred, and festooned with cobwebs. It was the most wretched place I had ever seen, and for some time after waking from sleep, or stupor, I knew not whether it was not an underground dungeon in which I found myself prisoner.

I lay for some time but half-awake, staring at the bare walls of my prison with a kind of stupid wonder, as if it had been a strange picture in a book which I contemplated half-asleep, and nowise concerned in the matter. Then, by slow degrees, came a little more consciousness, and I felt that I was in some remote degree interested in this dreary place, and in this aching mass of flesh and bone lying on a mattress but a little softer than the ground.

I tried to lift my right arm, but found it powerless, and smarting with some recent wound. On this I raised my left, which moved freely enough, but not without some pain, and felt my head, which was bound with wet rags. After this effort I closed my eyes, and was awakened presently by a faint odour of vinegar and a hand pressing a mug of water to my lips with almost womanly softness.

"Who's that?" I asked, opening my eyes.

"One who has deserved your scorn and hatred, but will do his best to merit your forgiveness," answered a familiar voice; and I saw that the face bent over me was Philip Hay's.

"You here!" I cried; "I don't want your services. I would rather perish of thirst than take a drop of water from the hand of such a traitor. Go to your worthy employer, sir, and claim your reward."

"I have got it, Bob. When a wise man has done with the tool he has used for his dirty work he takes care to put it out of the way. Everard Lestrange promised me a hundred pounds — I have his written bond for the sum-for the safe carrying through of last night's work; but, you see, he finds it cheaper to hand me over to the Honourable East India Company. Dead men tell no tales, you know, Bob; and a man shipped for Bengal is as good as dead; for what with war, and fever, and famine, and hardship, 'tis long odds if he ever sees Europe again. Drink the water, Robert, in token of forgiveness. You and I are in the same boat, and it is best we should be friends. I was never your enemy but in the way of business, and plotted against you for hire just as better men will plot against a king. Say you forgive me, We are too miserable to afford ourselves the luxury of resent-But for my care it is ten to one if your eyes had ever opened on this wretched place, and if you had not been thrust into a nameless grave by night with scarce a prayer said over your poor clay."

"I do not thank you for that," I answered bitterly; "death would

be better than to waken in such a place as this."

"Alas, I claim no thanks, Bob; I only ask you to believe that I love thee."

"Is it possible for me to think that after the way you have used me?"

"It was in my bond, Bob. You have heard of the honour that obtains among thieves. I had pledged myself to carry through this business; and then there was another inducement—I desperately wanted that hundred pounds. Egad, Bob, I could have sold my own brother for less money. Joseph's brethren did it, you know, and he treated them uncommonly handsomely afterwards. Besides, I was in that reptile's pay."

"And your liberal Mr. Cave, and your history of the Amazons?"

"All purely mythological as those ladies themselves, Robert. I have done an occasional article for Cave; and I know his scrub and backney writer Samuel Johnson—a man that talks better than Socrates, and is content to toil in a garret for the wages of a hackney-coachman. But the money I spent while I was with thee came from Everard Lestrange."

"And that account of your life and adventures with which you

entertained me was as mythical as the rest, I conclude?"

"No, 'fore Gad, Bob. I gave you a tolerably true account of myself. My sins there were but of omission. I did not tell you that after eaving Mallandaine's service I became henchman and hanger-on of four kinswoman's amiable stepson, Mr. Lestrange, curse him!"

Here a thought flashed across me.

"And you have pandered to his vices, no doubt, as you did to those of your first patron. You can tell me how my poor little foster-sister was robbed of innocence and friends and home.'

"In the usual fashion, Bob," my companion answered, with a sigh. It is as common as an old street-ballad. The very staleness of the hing makes it hateful to a man of genius. But your man of genius oust keep body and soul together somehow. There were all the old ackneyed promises-intentions honourable, family reasons why secrecy aust be preserved—the old worn-out pleas; and the poor child was but oo easily deluded. Your modern fine gentleman will swear to a lie with the easiest air in the world. Men have always done these things, on know; but there was a time when they did them with a bad grace, and were liable to be sorry afterwards. Shame and remorse are out of ashion now. Mr. Lestrange carried his prize over to Paris, where he atroduced her to seven other spirits worse than himself, if that's posable, and was angry with the poor little thing because she sickened at such company. In short, our Don Juan soon grew tired of your little rustic beauty.

"He would have planted her on an elderly scion of the haute noblesse, who wanted something young and fresh and pretty to complete the furniture of his summer pavilion near Choisy le Roi. But against this arrangement the girl rebelled sturdily; and by this time Sir Marcus had begun to urge upon his son the necessity of an immediate marriage with the heiress, who might slip through their fingers at any moment. 80 Mr. Lestrange hurries back to London, bringing his mistress with him, whom he hides in a shabby lodging hard by Covent Garden; and being well-informed of your movements by my agency, he sees that his case is somewhat desperate, and that only violent measures can serve him. Whereupon he buys over the French maid—a deceitful, abandoned creature, always ripe for treachery—and plans the agreeable

Plot to which you—and I, worse luck!—have fallen victims."

"And that forged letter, on the strength of which Sir Marcus was

so quick to condemn me? I make no doubt you could give me some

enlightenment on that subject."

"Well, yes, I have heard of the forged letter. Sir Marcus Lestrange is a diplomatist; and it is just possible he played into his son's hand. Be sure he never relished the notion of your inheriting the bulk of Lady Barbara's fortune, which it is likely you would have done had father and son not succeeded in blasting your character. They have done their work pretty well this time; and may congratulate themselves on a rare success."

"But do you think I shall not tell my own story, and denounce their hellish stratagems, when I escape from this place?"

"Yes, friend Bob, when you escape from durance. God grant you and I may live to see the day that sets us at liberty; but I fee me my hair and yours too will be white as silver when that day comes."

"What!" I roared, "do you mean to say that in a Christian land, in this free country, of whose liberty Englishmen boast so loudly, they can make us as close prisoners as if we were clapped in some underground cell of the French Bastille, by virtue of Madame Pompadour's lettre de cachet?"

"I mean to say that the crimping sergeant into whose jaws I introduced you—more shame to me for a treacherous scoundrel!—will swear to an engagement between both of us, which latter turn of fortune but serves me fairly for my wickedness. He will hold us to an engagement never made, Bob—for the difference between crimping and kidnapping is only a distinction of words—and we shall be kept in this loathsome hole with the rest of those unlucky wretches whom you see sprawling yonder, until the Honourable East India Company are ready to draft us on board ship secretly somewhere down the river, and keep us close under hatches till we are out at open sea; and then they will land us among the cobras and tigers, to defend John Company's factories, and fight the yellow-faced Hindoos."

"But is there no such thing as escape, Phil?" I asked, in a whisper, and with a glance towards one of the small close-barred windows.

"Alas, no, Bob! We are a valuable commodity; and rely on it they keep us in a strong box."

"What! and we are held in durance within a hundred yards of the Mansion House, and can find no means of communicating with the authorities?"

"Nay, Bob, our gaolers will take care to prevent us. We are here in the very heart of savage London; and not that jungle to which we shall by and by be drafted is better stocked with foul creeping reptiles and beasts of prey. Alas, my simple Templar, thou hast heard men talk of Alsatia, but didst not know that in this civilised city there lies a wilderness more dangerous than burning Afric's sands or Agra's pathless mountains, peopled by creatures as deadly, and even more treacherous than tiger or serpent. Thou hast not heard of the ruined

couses of Shoe-lane and Stonecutter-street, and the deeds that are done in the darkness behind those blind-shuttered windows. To thee Black Mary's Hole and Copenhagen House are empty sounds, signifying nothing; but to the citizen of London those names have a sinister meaning. All this part of London is dedicated to infamy and crime; and I know not when the reforming power shall arise to sweep away these dens of iniquity. Sure 'twould take another great fire to purify them, and another plague would be scarce a calamity if it decimated their inhabitants."

"But where are we, Phil?" I asked, addressing him with my accustomed friendliness, and for the moment forgetting what reason I had to hate him. I was indeed, as he had said, too wretched to be very angry. Every other feeling was swallowed up in the overwhelming thought of

my misery.

"In the next house to that where you were married. It was Mr. Lestrange made his bargain with the parson, not I. They were lies I told you about the business. My noble patron made his plans, and found the crimping sergeant, and you and I went meek as sheep to the slaughter. We fought lustily for our lives though, Bob, both of us. Half-a-dozen hulking wretches, armed to the teeth, surrounded us, and when you went down I had my battle for liberty. But the odds were too many against me; and when I felt my arms pinioned, and the iron rim of a pistol's muzzle unpleasantly cold against my forehead, I threw up the sponge. 'Tis little good wounding a hydra; and I saw more hulking scoundrels lurking in the doorway. I knocked under, luckily without much hurt, and with all my senses about me, while you, poor wretch, lay like a log at my feet. They picked you up, and carried you through a passage and doorway leading from that house into this-I following. I got a glimpse of other rooms as we were led up to this, which is at the top of a somewhat lofty house; and I saw they were full of poor wretches playing cards, and sprawling on mattresses, and drinking and brawling, by the light of foul-smelling tallow-candles, Prisoners like ourselves. Whereby I conclude there is a house full of recruits for the Honourable East India Company's service, waiting till there is a vessel ready on which to draft them. The Company charter ships nowadays; but not long ago they did all their trading on their own bottoms."

It was quite dark by this time; and I asked my companion how

long we had been in this dismal place.

"Something less than twenty hours. It was last night, or this morning, at two o'clock, that we were taken prisoners. There has been an old hag in and out half-a-dozen times to see you. They want you to live, you see, for you are of some value alive, and dead there is the trouble of your burial. Folks have a knack of dying under this kind of durance. It is not three months since the good citizens about St. Bride's Churchyard were scandalised by frequent funerals that were

performed under cover of night, with maimed rites, and no entry made in the register. 'Twas found on inquiry that the corpses came from a receiving-house for East-India recruits hard by, where a fever had broken out among the unhappy creatures. But this is no cheering talk, Bob, for a sick man."

"Death is the only cheerful thought you can give me," I answered bitterly. "Death! Sure, I am dead. What can death do more that treachery has done for me?—to cut me off from all I hold dear; and, alas, I die dishonoured, and my darling will be told I was a liar and hypocrite, who never loved her, and married another woman, scoming that sweet girl's affection. Death! 'Tis a thousand times worse that death. It is purgatory, a state of torment dreadful as the inextinguishable fires of hell. Get from the side of my bed, Philip Hay; for the first time I can lift my right arm I shall surely raise it to slay you. 'Tis by your help I lie perishing here."

"I deserve no better at your hands," he answered moodily; "but you will scarcely care to murder a wretch so ready to die. It would be like slaughtering a rotten sheep. What have I to live for more than you, Master Robert? Toil and danger and scanty food, and death from the hand of some tawny heathen. Faith, we are in the same boat; and to fight and throw each other overboard would but be mutual charity!"

I heard a key turn, and the hag of whom Phil Hay had spoken came into the room with a candle and our suppers—a tempting banque of mouldy cheese and coarse bread.

"If you want beer you must pay for it," she said, with an imbecile grin; and Philip threw her a shilling, for which she brought by and by a quart of liquor which my companion declared to be the vilest twopenny he had ever tasted.

"These places are on the model of sponging-houses," he said; "and if a prisoner has money he is made to bleed pretty freely. The penniless they must feed somehow, to keep life in the bodies, which are wanted as food for gunpowder."

"I have a pocket-book full of notes," said I; "would it not be wise to spend them in bribing yonder hag?"

"Be sure you have the money before you talk of spending it. In such dens as these they are apt to be handy at picking a pocket. You coat and waistcoat lie under your head for a pillow. The money was in your coat-pocket, I suppose?"

Yes, the pocket-book had been there, and it was gone—stolen in the scuffle, no doubt. I bitterly regretted this money, for I could not but believe it might have enabled me to buy over my gaolers to my own interest; but I think I still more regretted the book, which contained those comforting sentences of Scripture and philosophy hastily scribbled by the hand of my benefactress.

"Is it my fate through life to lose everything?" I asked. "Parents,

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nefore I had ever known them; friends and good name, and money and liberty. Did I enter this world doomed to loss and slavery; pre-toomed, because of my father's folly? Are my teeth to be for ever set on edge by the sour grapes he ate?"

Happily — and this amidst such utter misery was the solitary consoling circumstance—I had yet the locket with my lady's portrait and hair, which I had long ago hung round my neck by a stout black ribbon, and had worn faithfully every day of my life.

"Even if you had the money I doubt if it would serve you," said Phil Hay, seeing me lost in a gloomy despair. "The crone who waits on us is half an idiot, and too silly to aid you if she had the will. Our gaolers are surly ruffians who would take your money and laugh at you afterwards. 'Tis as well to be spared the anguish of a delusive hope. No, Bob, there is no chance for us but to serve our time out yonder, with the chance of coming back some day, if it is our destiny to escape fever and sword, and famine and shipwreck."

"What is the period? or is there any fixed period for our slavery?"

"Alack, I know not, friend. Were it the regular service to which
we were bound, there are rules I could tell you; but of this irregular
trader's company I can tell you nothing. It is an accursed monopoly,
opposed to all laws of justice and common sense; and its members
make their own regulations. There was a sturdy endeavour some ten
years since to throw open our commerce with the East to all adventurous merchants; but by specious argument and solid bribery, in the
shape of a loan to government, the Company got their charter renewed,
and have now a pretty sure footing in that distant world for which you
and I have our places booked."

After this I sought no further knowledge. I was weakened by the pain of my wounds, and lay languid, almost apathetic, while Philip Hay watched and nursed me with a tenderness that could not but touch my heart, despite my sense of his late infernal treachery. Twas strange to be thus cared for by the man who had destroyed me.

I remained in this half-torpid condition for some days, eating scarce anything, and only nourished by some very vile broth which Phil induced the hag to procure for me on his assertion that I was at death's door, and a little brandy, obtained from the same source, and paid for almost as dear as if it had been melted gold.

Under my companion's care my strength slowly came back, and I was able to rise from my wretched pallet, wash and dress myself, and pace slowly to and fro our dreary dungeon—than which I little thought ever to inhabit a more dismal abode. Then came upon me in all its intensity the agony of despair; and never in all my after career did I suffer pangs so keen as those that rent my heart during my habitation of this loathsome garret. Cut off alive from all I loved, tortured by the certainty that the woman for whom I would have given my life must needs believe me the basest of men, there was no source, save

One to which I had not yet learned to apply myself, whence I could hope for comfort.

"Dora will believe me a hypocrite and a liar," I repeated to myself perpetually; and this one idea seemed to be the beginning and end of all my misery. My noble benefactress's ill opinion, her bitter disappointment in one she had trusted, I could not yet bring myself to consider. My dear love, my plighted wife, forsaken by me without a word, abandoned to the slow tortures of domestic persecution; it was of her I thought, and for a long while of her alone. No, not alone; . one lurid image glared red across the sad picture of my love's despair, and wore the shape of Everard Lestrange. I had not yet learned to entreat compassion from the Divine Judge of all mankind, but daily and nightly did I implore the vengeance of Heaven on the head of this consummate villain, and that I might be permitted to become the instrument of that almighty wrath. For a meeting with this man, foot to foot and hand to hand, I thirsted with even a more passionate desire than that with which I languished to fling myself at Dora Hemsley's feet and assure her of my fidelity. Alas, not for years were either of these meetings to take place; and here was I, at twenty years d age, prisoner in a garret, with no hope of change except that which would send me forth to eternal exile; yes, eternal; for what were the chances of future distant years to a wretch who hungered for present relief to his immeasurable woes? It was just possible that some day in the remote future would restore me to liberty and England; but could I live upon the sorry comfort of such a possibility? And I might come back to find Dora's grave, or to know that she was married and happy, and had long forgotten me. It would be the return of a ghost, not a living man, a miserable shadow of past hope and joy restored from the grave to trouble the peace of the living. Great heaven, what an ingenious torment had Everard Lestrange imagined for the gratification of his malice! To have murdered me would have been a poor revenge compared to this hellish conspiracy, which cut me off from all that constitutes life, and yet left me to exist and suffer.

The injuries I had received in the brief skirmish that followed my wretched wedding were severe, and in spite of Philip Hay's care of me I suffered a relapse, and lay prostrate with a low fever, while the garrest we inhabited received several new inmates in the person of recruits voluntary and recruits involuntary, like Hay and myself. The former smoked, drank, and played cards, with much contentment and jollity, the latter alternately bewailed their fate, cursed their captors, and joined in the amusements of their happier companions. Of the land to which we were destined to travel, most of these had but a vague and foolish notion. Some confounded the East Indies with the two Americas, others believed the Great Mogul still powerful as in the days of Arrungzebe, and ruler over millions of African negroes. All had a confused idea that the Indians of Asia scalped their enemies like the

copper-coloured natives of Canada, that an Englishman single-handed was a match for about fifty of these Hindoo pagans, that diamondmines and temples amply furnished with jewelled idols accessible to the greed of any European adventurer abounded throughout the oriental continent, and that gold-dust was the staple of the soil. Ignorance so complete, or half knowledge so bewildering, as obtained among these men it would have been almost impossible to conceive, had one not overheard their conversation; and I was amazed to find that a couple of fine gentlemen who had been surprised into an engagement under the influence of a tavern punchbowl were no better informed than the tag-rag and bobtail that formed the rest of the company.

Utterly helpless though I was, I could not shut from my mind all idea of escape. I questioned Philip Hay upon this subject; but he

bade me at once dismiss so futile a hope from my mind.

"You can't suppose I should omit to reconnoitre our quarters," he said. "I took my survey before those fellows came in, and discovered the hopelessness of our case. If you were strong enough to climb like a cat-instead of which you can but just crawl across the room-there would be no chance for us. We are here at the top of a lofty house; below us a stone-paved yard amply furnished with spikes, and in which half-a-dozen soldier-fellows with a stout bulldog for their companion seem to make their perpetual abode. Nor is this all, for as your own eyes will inform you, our windows are stoutly barred; and our friends, the recruits who have joined of their own accord, would no doubt be prompt to curry favour by giving the alarm and joining against us in any shindy that might follow. No, Bob; so long as we remain here there is nothing for us but patience and fortitude. They must convey as somehow from here to shipboard, and on that passage rests our sole hope. If you see any chance of escape then, snatch it without wasting a moment on consideration; you can't easily be worse off than you are, for once safely shipped our doom is sealed. And now keep yourself quiet, Bob, so that you may the sooner get the better of this foolish

fever, which unfits you for seizing any opportunity that may offer."

I did not recover from the fever in time to avail myself of any chance that might have arisen between our removal and our shipment, for within a few days of this conversation we were suddenly aroused in the dead of the night with a summons to prepare for our journey. Our preparations were of the briefest, the wealthiest among us possessing no more than a bundle; and then, amid hurry and clamour unutterable, we descended the steep dilapidated stair, dimly lighted by a single oil-lamp, and guarded by Sergeant O'Blagg and half-a-dozen private soldiers. I was barely able to limp downstairs, leaning heavily on Philip's shoulder.

"O Phil," I cried, as we went down, "I hope they won't part us!"

Yes, strange as this may seem, in the utter abandonment of my
state I now clung to him who had betrayed me into this misery. In

the living grave to which we had both descended, his was the sole familiar face that linked me with the past and assured me of my own identity; and even the sense of this I might well have lost amidst surroundings so strange, and under circumstances so far beyond the limits of everyday experience.

Myself and two other invalids, whom I had not encountered until this moment, were thrust into a wagon, where we lay helpless upon the straw at the bottom. The wagon was then filled as closely as it could be packed with other recruits, amongst whom I was glad to perceive my betrayer, Philip Hay. Half-a-dozen sturdy fellows, in military dress, and armed to the teeth, sat at the entrance of the wagon, and kept guard over those within. My late acquaintance, the Irish sergeant, took his post beside the driver, whom he directed; and in this order (the wagon holding in all about twenty people) we rumbled along the deserted streets by many windings and turnings, which led I knew not where. I did, indeed, contrive to lift a corner of the covering of the wagon and peer out into the night, but could distinguish nothing except that the streets were dark and narrow. Chance of excape there was none, had my condition been ever so favourable to the attempt.

After a journey which seemed to me interminable, the wagon came to a stop, and we were taken out in a dreary spot down the river, on the Middlesex shore, and as I believe somewhere opposite Greenwich, for I perceived a steeple and houses backed by rising ground, which I supposed to belong to that place. Here we had little time for looking around us, but were at once huddled into a boat, like a flock of animals destined for slaughter; and as the rowers' ours dipped slowly into the river, I could but think of that other boat in which we were all of us destined to journey, and that it might be better for most of us were we but shadows hastening to the lower world under the grim convoy of A little way ahead of us we saw the stern of a large vessel, with lights burning dimly in the faint glimmer of early morning. This ship was our destination. We were handed up the ladder, and conducted to a dismal region between decks, where we were ordered to shake down as best we might, and where an allowance of hot coffee and ship-biscuit was served out to such as had the capacity to eat. I had none, nor any inclination to stir from the spot where I had placed myself. I sat in my wretched berth staring blankly before me, with such a sense of anguish as was even yet new to me. Until this period I must have hoped, or the despair of this period could not have been so bitter to mc. I listened idly to the perpetual tramp of hurrying feet, the roar and clamour of preparation above my head; and yet not quite idly, for I knew that every movement of those eager sailors speeded the ship that was to carry me from all I loved.

The sun rose as the vessel weighed anchor, and the scene between decks, as the glorious eastern light streamed in upon us through every

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cabin-window and open hatchway, would need the pencil of Mr. Hogarth to depict. Women and children huddled in corners, invalided wretches groaning on their narrow mattresses and cursed by the hurrying seamen whom their presence incommoded, soldiers and recruits for the most part half drunk and already bawling for more liquor, while some determined gamblers had contrived to settle to a game of cards, with the top of an empty cask for their table. On every side riot, confusion, squalor, and debauchery; while above us rose the mellow sound of the mailors' voices singing as they heaved the anchor.

"We're off, Bob," cried Philip Hay, as a loud cheer rang out from svery quarter of the ship. "Good-bye, mother country, and bad luck to you! No cruel stepdame ever treated her brats worse than you've served me; and I wish you no good at parting, except that you may be rich enough to provide a gallows for one gentleman of my acquaintance. Nay, Bob, cheer up; things mayn't be quite as bad as they seem. There are fortunes to be picked up out yonder by clever fellows, and who knows but you and I may have our chance? We're beginning the world like new-born babes, and it may fall out we have silver spoons in our mouths."

I turned from him, sick at heart, and flung myself face downwards on my mattress, sobbing aloud. Yes, I had hoped until now. I had believed that some event—nay, even a miracle from Heaven itself—must befall to save me from this hapless fate; and now I knew that hope was gone, and Dora, reputation, friends, and country were alike lost to me!

And thus, for the second time, I began the world.

# CHAPTER XIV.

#### MY HONOURABLE MASTERS.

Now followed a passage of my life so long and dreary, a period of wich utter and hideous monotony, that the memory of it is rather like he confused recollection of a procession of nightmare-dreams than of n actual experience in this waking world. For ten months our ship sloughed the waters; for the greater part of a year we wretches huddled ogether in our dingy quarters, or snatched a brief respite from gloom nd suffocation at such times as the captain graciously allowed us to ake the air on an obscure corner of the upper deck. No words can ell how we suffered; and if the helpless African bondsmen in the niddle passage suffer more than we did, man's cruelty to his fellow-men 3 indeed an illimitable quantity. Our quarters were of the closest, ur food of the roughest; water was doled out to us by the veriest himblefuls; the atmosphere we breathed was a compound of foulest tenches; the very pigs and poultry-narrow as was the room allowed hem-fared better than we. And this slow torture lasted for ten nonths.

Brief was the excitement which the sight of land afforded to us; 'twas a bitter, desperate kind of pleasure, a very passion of longing and despair, like that of a lover who snatches one fond look at the mistres who can never be his. To this day I can recall the violent throbbing of my heart as, through the thick hase of evening, Madeira rese upon our larboard bow, and we poor wretches crowded together at the name porthole and almost fought for a sight of that strange island. 'Twas month after this that a shoal of dolphins played round the ship; and so these free and happy creatures sported in the sun, I could but remember the legend of Arion, and long for some friendly monster whose scaly back might bear me to the shore. Alas, the days of fable and long gone, and the gods come no more upon earth to rescue man from his fellow-man's oppression!

We had not been long affoat before my fever left me, still very feeble and unlike my former self, but no longer an invalid. The fast business of my convalescence was to obtain the means of writingwhich I accomplished with some difficulty, so scant were the accommodations of these dismal quarters. Provided at last with these, I penned a long letter to Lady Barbara, detailing the story of my cap ture, and describing my present miserable condition. I besought her, by the love she had borne my father, by her Christian pity for undeserved misfortune, to attempt my early rescue from a fate so hopeless. I warned this generous friend that the same treachery which had compassed my ruin would blacken my character, and that slanders the most plausible would be invented to rob me of her confidence; and then followed the incoherent entreaties of despair, passionate lamentstions, wild messages of affection for the beloved girl I had for ever lost, which, in some small measure, relieved an overcharged heart and brain.

This letter I directed under cover to the milliner in Long Acre, and having secured it, placed the packet in my waistcoat-pocket in readiness for any homeward-bound vessel with which our captain might exchange greetings. Day after day, week after week, I watched and waited for the friendly sail that was to convey this letter; and my heart sickened as the days wore out, and no vessel came within half of us. Nor was this all; for on one occasion I endured the sharper agonies of disappointed hope, when, on our captain hailing a trading-vessel, she turned out to be a brig laden with Spanish wine, and bound for the Mauritius.

We had been more than six months afloat when the opportunity I so longed for at last arrived in the shape of a homeward-bound Indisman, to which the long-boat was speedily despatched with a couple of officers. I was not the only one among the recruits eager to send home some greeting; but when I and half-a-dozen others crowded to the open hatchway and besought the captain to despatch our letters, the kindly gentleman laughed us to scorn. Did we think he could trouble

o write about, pray? Complaints of our treatment, no doubt, which would only make mischief at home, and rob the Honourable East-India Company of good soldiers.

"No," cried the captain, "I know what a set of lying, ungrateful ascals you are, and you shall send none of your lies to England by

my help."

This speech the skipper liberally garnished with such blasphemies as were the salt of his daily discourse, and then roared to one of his men to shut down the hatchway and drive that vermin into their holes.

There is no despot so awful as the tyrant who reigns upon his own quarterdeck. Against his cruel will there is no resistance except crime, and to oppose his hellish tyranny is to be at once involved in rebellion and bloodshed. The spark of mutiny is a fire that spreads swift as flame among the parched jungle-grass of the Sunderbunds, and I knew that it would need but little to stir that idle Pandemonium between decks into an active Inferno. So I crept back to my hole with the other vermin, and lay there as desolate as, and more desperate than, Job; for I needed no tempter to bid me curse God and die. I think at this time my sufferings had banished all Christian feeling from my mind; and if I endured life when self-murder seemed a relief so easy, it was from no faith in the Divine Providence, no fear of the almighty wrath, but from the one savage hope that, in some time to come, when my cup of anguish had been drained to the very dregs, Fate would give me the opportunity of being revenged on the author of my misery.

After the captain's refusal to send my letter I abandoned myself utterly to despair, and fell into a state scarcely less degraded than that of my companions. Like them I no longer kept count of the wretched days; like them I slept a dull dreamless sleep through the dreary nights; like them I ate and drank the scanty portion given to me with the specific of some half-savage beast; like them I forgot the existence of a better world than this floating hell, and blasphemed the God who ruled above that happier earth. And thus the time went past us somehow; in days that had far less of colour and variety than the waves that relied by our narrow portholes; in nights that were darker than the storm-clouds that brooded over our vessel in the time of the monsoon; until one dull stormy morning there rose the cry of land, and a friendly sailor told us that the temple of Juggernaut was visible about fifteen miles to the north-west.

Every creature amongst our luckless herd felt a curiosity to behold this first spectacle which our new country offered us. We crowded to the hatchway, and in the confusion of the moment were suffered to gaze our fill. Dimly discernible to the naked eye appeared the dark ontline of a pagoda which, at that distance, seemed not unlike a rude churchtower. Bernier's Travels had made me familiar with the monstrous worship that prevails in this temple of the Indian Moloch, the road to which for fifty miles is bestrewn with bleaching bones and rotting carrion, and I felt that the shrine of a religion so ghastly was a fitting object to greet my eyes at the end of this fatal voyage.

"Would to Heaven I could believe in the Brahmin's Paradise, and after steeping my senses in some maddening spirit, cast myself beneath the wheels of the monster god's triumphal car!" I said to myself, as I stood among the squalid crowd, gazing at that dim outline in the distance.

We fancied ourselves now at the end of our journey; but we were doomed to lie within sight of Juggernaut for two days and nights, and then made but slow head against the swell and current from the northeast. The coast of Orixa is so low as to be indistinguishable from a very short distance, and our sailors were compelled to feel their way by soundings every half-hour. Meanwhile the situation of the herd below was, if possible, a little increased in wretchedness, for the ship was being painted in order to make a fair show in harbour; and we, poor creatures, had the worst of the paint, which did much to render an already stifling atmosphere utterly unbearable. Nor did we fare any better by venturing on deck, whence we were driven by execrations from the busy seamen, and had thus no alternative from the misery of our hole below.

I wondered, as I heard the men whistling gaily at their work, to think how brave a thing the vessel would look riding at anchor, and how little any stranger who gazed upon her would suspect the anguish and cruelty that had been suffered between her decks.

On the next day we anchored in Sagor Roads, and from an unoccupied porthole I enjoyed a clear view of Sagor Island—a flat, swampy shore, with tall trees that looked like firs, and beneath them vivid green jungle. Here I saw animals browsing among the swampy grass, and was afterwards informed that these were wild-deer, and that the island is furthermore infested by tigers, who will even swim off from the coast to destroy any imprudent boatman who trusts his bark within their ken,—whence it is that no bribe will induce the natives to approach this savage wilderness.

While I peered from my porthole at this low-lying island, a dark object floated close beside my post of observation, and drifted slowly past with the tide. It was a human corpse, consigned to the sacred river—perhaps ere death had closed the scene—by the pious hands of its dutiful progeny.

"Alas, poor ghost," I said, "art thou the sole friend who dost welcome me to this barbarous shore, where superstition has added her own peculiar horrors to the natural terrors of death?"

While we lay at anchor a crowd of boats surrounded us, laden with fruit and other merchandise, while Sircars—men who practise as agents and money-lenders, and who surpass their fellow-practitioners, the Jews

in the arts of their profession—exercised their fascinations upon the captain and officers of the ship. Now, for the first time, I had the opportunity of observing the living Gentoo, and in his delicately-moulded form and finely-chiselled features I saw much to induce the belief that from this oriental stock sprang that flower of antique civilisation, the Greek.

After lying for some hours at anchor we approached the side of the iver opposite Kedgeree, and I beheld a dismal shore, thickly wooded, lack, monotonous—the very home of all noxious and fatal creatures, rom the tiger and the cobra, down to the scorpion and mosquito. Light closed in as I gazed upon this dreary coast, and lightnings flashed accessantly above the fever-haunted woods. The sailors spoke of the lace as the grave of all hapless wretches who were doomed to remain many days in its neighbourhood.

At Diamond Harbour we anchored again, and here we recruits were trafted into a smaller vessel sent down from Calcutta for our reception; and on board this we made our voyage up the Hooghly River, a noble tream, across which our vessel tacked as in a sea.

And now the end of our troublous transit had come, or not quite the end, for we were put ashore some miles from the British settlement to which we were bound, and had a weary march through rank woods of oriental foliage, and afterwards by an ill-made sandy road, carce worthy the name, with ditches of stagnant water on either side. This being the dry season, we tramped through an intolerable cloud of dust, which, together with the heat, well-nigh stifled us; and so onward, with but brief respite, till we came to one of the ill-guarded gates of Calcutta.

Hence we were marched to the fort, and here we found a very meagre force of mixed soldiery-English, Hindoos, and Topases, so alled from the fact of their wearing hats, a species of native Christians, mixed race, produced by the intermarriage of natives with the early Portuguese settlers. I had heard and read so much of oriental magniicence as seen by Jesuit travellers at Delhi and other cities of the East, that I had good reason to be disgusted with the English settlement to which fate had brought me; but it was yet the humble beginning of British rule, and the conqueror who was to trample on the neck of Indian power, and transform a trading company into a splendid despotian, was but upon the threshold of his marvellous career. I look back to this period, remembering that it was then I first heard the name of Robert Clive, and can still but wonder at the obscure commencement of that heroic romance of which this young man was destined to be the protagonist. When I landed on the shores of the Hooghly in February 1751, it was but six years since Clive had arrived at Madras, with no higher hope than belongs to the position of a clerk or writer in the Company's civil service. He came, poor, friendless, YOL. YI.

and lonely, to the shore of that land which he was fated to hold by a grander power than India had felt since the sceptre of the Mogals slipped from the loosening grasp of Aurungzebe. I, who have drained the bitter cup which stepmother Fortune offers to the lips of friendless youth, can but think with a peculiar sympathy of this unfriended lad, who was sent to India chiefly because his father knew not what to do with him in England, and whose lofty spirit sickened at the common round of daily drudgery, while his warm heart languished in the loneliness of a land so strange.

Nothing could well be more insignificant than Robert Clive's start in life. He whose name was to be in less than ten years the worder of the civilised world, and the chief glory of Great Britain, had not a single friend, nay, scarce an acquaintance, in Madras, and was of a temper too wayward and reserved to seek introductions by the common arts of society. Studious as he was proud, he esteemed the admission to the Governor's excellent library the highest privilege he enjoyed. I have been told how that constitutional melancholy, which was so near akin to madness, displayed itself even at this early age, and how one day, on a companion coming into the young man's room in Writers' buildings, Clive begged him to take up a pistol and fire it out of the window. The man complied. "Then, by Heaven, I am reserved for something," cried Clive; "for I have twice snapped that pistol at my head." Alas, 'twas but a premature rehearsal of a future tragedy!

When I first saw Calcutta, nothing could well be darker than the aspect of affairs in that presidency. John Company held his ground as yet only on sufferance, and by virtue of handsome payments to the Soubahdar, whose rule was at once nearer and stronger than the somewhat shadowy sovereignty of Delhi. Nor was the Soubahdar the only power our Company had to fear. France had in these days an apparently sure footing in Hindostan, while her interests were well cared for and her power audaciously pushed by Joseph Francis Dupleix, the Governor of Pondicherry. It was but five years since the bombardment of Madras by the French admiral, De la Bourdonnais, ending in the capitulation of that town and the Governor of Pondicherry's infamous violation of the treaty of surrender, whereby the Admiral had pledged himself to restore the settlement on payment of a moderate ranson. This notorious treachery had resulted in triumph to the traitor and disgrace to the honourable man, who strove hard to redeem his word with the English, and who, on his return to France, was flung into the Bastille, and left to languish there for a period of three years, as an encouragement for future honourable-minded admirals. For here I think we may retort upon M. de Voltaire the jest which he afterwards made about our own unfortunate Admiral Byng; since the iniquitous sentence that deprived Byng of life was no more cruel than the slow torture which murdered De la Bourdonnais, a much greater man.

Dupleix, on the contrary, had succeeded in elevating himself to the iddiest summit of power by a series of intrigues with native princes and native usurpers. He was now Governor of the Mogul dominions a the Coast of Coromandel from the river Kistna to Cape Comorin. It affected an oriental magnificence known only to native princes, and implayed amongst his splendid insignia the princely badge of the fish; thile his friends boldly affirmed that ere long the Mogul on his throne rould tremble at the name of Dupleix. The English beheld these riumphs of a rival nation with an indifference that might proceed rom either apathy or despair. They made no attempt to stem a torent that threatened to overwhelm them, and Major Laurence, the ommander of the troops, chose this critical juncture as a fitting time br his return to England.

The fort at Calcutta was ill-defended, and worse garrisoned. The ride ditch, dug in 1742 by the Indian inhabitants of the colony, at their own expense, and under a panic-like terror of a Morattoe inrasion, had never been completed. It was designed to completely sacircle the Company's bounds, and would have been, when perfect, seven miles in extent; but when three miles had been completed, after a labour of six months, the Bengalese, with true Indian supineness, desisted from the work, nor did the Company care for its completion, seeing that no Morattoes had ever been on the western side of the river within sixty miles of Calcutta, and that Allaverdy, the Soubahdar of Bengal and Orixa, exerted himself vigorously to prevent their neursions into the Island of Cossimbuzar.

When I first entered Fort William, I was completely ignorant of he present condition of the country in which I found myself. Hakuyt's voyages and Bernier's pleasant book had made me tolerably bmiliar with the splendid court and city of the Mahometan connerors of Hindostan, but of Indian history since the death of Aurungsbe and the decline of the Mogul power I knew scarcely anything; and cannot but wonder at the small degree of interest which Englishmen thome felt in the adventures of their countrymen in this strange land.

When Philip Hay and I, with some twenty other recruits, reached mr destination, we found the meagre garrison of Calcutta commanded by five captains, with corresponding subordinate officers, who agreed in nothing so heartily as their contempt for the station to which they were appointed, and their neglect of all duties connected with it. To brink, to sleep, to gamble, to intrigue with loose-lived native women, and to absent themselves from their quarters on every possible occation, in order to indulge their fancy for the field-sports of the adjoining country, formed the rule of their lives. They had indeed sorry inducement for fidelity to their posts. Nothing could be more dismal than if in the fort, and in the town of Calcutta, where the few European

houses scattered amongst the ruder native habitations were in the occupation of British traders and merchants, who thought of nothing but the rapid increase of their wealth, or were absorbed in the discussion of their petty disputes with the managers of the Company at home.

And thus did Sergeant O'Blagg's florid promises of oriental glory and plunder result in the guardianship of a factory, or storehouse for cotton-stuffs; and I found myself at twenty years of age the companion of a mixed assemblage, and subject to the tyranny of the Irish sergeant, who proved himself a truculent scoundrel, before whom the Topases and native soldiers—spahis, or seapoys, as they were called by us—quailed and trembled.

I have little need to linger over this first portion of my Indian experiences. My life for the space of one year was a blank, the monotony of which was broken only by some petty variety in the details of my suffering. I, whose youth had known only the refined labours of a scholar, found myself working in a ditch with a mixed gang of British recruits and tawny Hindoos, at some necessary repair of our feeble fortifications, exposed to the glare of a meridian sun in a copper-coloured sky, and threatened with the lash at every symptom of flagging industry.

Our military education meanwhile was of a most primitive order. We shared the drill of the sepoys, who wore their native costume of turban, shirt, and loose cotton trousers, and wielded their native arms of sword and target. The number of our officers was in ridiculous proportion to the pitiful handful of troops, not two hundred in all, and but sixty of these Englishmen. They were too lazy to give us much instruction, too indifferent or unexpectant of danger to be interested in their duty; nor did the seizure and French occupation of Madras, with its loss of millions to the Company, arouse the garrison of Calcutta to any extraordinary exertion. It appears to me, indeed, that it has ever been a quality of the British mind to await the imminent approach of a peril before taking measures to prevent it; and it was only in the fatal summer of '56 that the five captains of our garrison discovered how ill we were defended.

#### CHAPTER XV.

#### PROVIDENCE SENDS ME A FRIEND.

During my first dismal year at Calcutta, the native magistracy of that presidency was chiefly in the hands of a black zemindar, or magistrate, one Govindram Metre, who acted as subordinate of the English zemindar, and deputy during the intervals that frequently occurred between the lapse of one appointment and the commencement of another. It is not to be supposed that a government which depended

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upon the instructions of a committee at fifteen thousand miles' distance, and was subject to the caprices and often ignorant errors of private individuals, actuated sometimes by private interests, and frequently by private dislikes, could be exempt from abuses; and this frequent change of zemindars, who rarely held the appointment long enough to learn the least of its arduous and numerous duties, was one of the worst

among them.

Before Govindram Metre, all native causes, civil and criminal, were at this particular period adjudged in a tribunal entitled the Court of Cutcherry. In common with most Hindoos, his ruling passion was avarice, and his mercy was only to be propitiated by gifts, while his power extended to the dispensation of the lash, fine, and imprisonment. luckless wretch who had not so much as a handful of pice to offer as tribute could expect but scanty grace from this functionary; and before the first year of my residence was ended I had seen many among my coloured comrades writhing under the lashes administered by Govindram's subordinates. I had seen a good deal of the black zemindar, and had heard many scandals concerning the supposed sources of his reputed wealth, when it was my own ill fortune to become subject to

The Hindoo year, which commences in April, was not quite three months old, and the summer solstice was still at its height, when I began to suffer from a low fever resembling that which had chained me to my mattress in the Fleet-lane crimping-house. The damp enervating heat of the Bengal climate was in itself enough to cause sickness amongst Europeans, who were compelled to labour without regard to the conditions which only render residence in this country tolerable to the foreigner. Joined to this, I suffered from inadequate food, miserable lodging, a fitful indulgence in spirituous liquors, that were only agreeable to me because they enabled me for the moment to forget my wretchedness, and a constant depression of mind, unrelieved even by hope: for the letter of appeal which I had contrived to despatch to Lady Barbara soon after my arrival was yet unnoticed. It is not to be wondered, then, that my health languished and my strength declined. The repairs of the fortifications, trifling as they were, were not yet complete; for an absolute want of system prevailed at this station, whereby no necessary work was ever finished; and, ill as I was, I was made to perform my share of the arduous labour-now employed in digging the foundations of a wall, now in wheeling barrows of rubbish for the construction of an earthwork.

I was like to have dropped one day under this work, when Sergeant O'Blagg, who was superintending our labours, attacked me with a sudden fury that for the moment wellnigh took away my breath.

"Look at that rascal, now," he cried to a young ensign who was lolling beside him on the curtain above us. "Did your honour ever see such a lazy vagabone? Oi've had my oi upon him for the last tree days, and divil a bit harder has he worked than ye see him now.

—Don't dhrag the barrow along like that, ye scoundrel, but put your showlther to it with a will, or oi'l know the raison whoy, ye idle omathawn!"

For the moment I was too weak to answer him.

"Don't you see that the lad's ill?" roared out a voice from the distance (Philip Hay's), while the tawny wretches digging near me looked on and grinned.

"Ill! yes," cried the sergeant; "he shams ill to skulk his work, the idle beggar!" and, leaping down from the curtain, he ran forward as if about to hit me. But I had just mustered strength to wheel my barrow of rubble to the summit of the mound, and the position of advantage was now mine. "You unconscionable skulk!" roared O'Blagg, shaking his clenched fist at me; "this comes of enlisting a sham gartleman. I might have known you'd make no soldier, and never earn the cost of your passage; and if it hadn't been to oblige a gentleman who wanted to be rid of his stepmother's bastard cousin, I—"

He had no opportunity of finishing the sentence, for anger lent me a spurious kind of strength, and I hoisted my barrow of sand and rubbish aloft, and emptied its contents upon the head of my assailant in a suffocating shower.

A dozen fellows seized and dragged me up to the little terrace on the top of the curtain, where the ensign lolled with folded arms, grinning at his subordinate's discomfiture.

My outrage upon my superior was sufficiently obvious. The easign, who was about my own age, and obviously amused by O'Blagg's stifled execrations and frantic efforts to get rid of the earth and sand that covered his head and shoulders, felt it nevertheless his duty to punish me.

"Upon my word this is too bad," he said very mildly; "though that fellow O'Blagg deserves to get into trouble with his long Irish tongue. But insubordination of this kind won't do, you see, my led; and as the captain's out of the way—in point of fact, so uncommonly cut last night that he can't show to-day; and the senior-lieutenant has gone up the country pig-shooting—I think you'd better take him to the Black Hole."

"In irons; ye'll put him in irons, your honour?" remonstrated O'Blagg, in a suffocated voice.

"O, very well, put him in irons if you like," cried the ensign, with a merciful wink at the men, which plainly meant no irons.

On this I was conveyed to the Black Hole, that too famous prison, which I was doomed once again to occupy under circumstances that were to make that occupation distinguished among the darkest records of man's cruelty to the end of time.

The dungeon itself was in no manner alarming of aspect. It was the common prison of the fort, in which European or native delinquent was indiscriminately cast for any military misdemeanour.

I found myself in a square chamber of some twenty feet by eighteen, with two small windows looking westward, a direction from which no breath of air is to be expected during this summer season. To say that the dungeon was somewhat close and airless in the occupation of one person is perhaps to be fastidious; but I would gladly have preferred a more airy apartment for my night's repose; and I lay down in a corner of my cell with a supreme distaste for my strange quarters; though Heaven knows the great barrack chamber where I ordinarily spent my nights with the rest of the private soldiers on a wooden platform, was no Sybarite resting-place.

Great God, could I but have conceived the horrid sufferings that were by and by to be endured in that very dungeon, what nightmarevisions must have broken my fitful slumbers, what hideous cries and groans must have sounded upon my sleeping sense, prophetic of agonies to come! But this one exquisite anguish of foreknowledge being spared to mankind, my feverish slumbers were undisturbed by painful dreams.

I was awakened soon after daybreak by a jemmautdaar, or coloured argeant, who came, attended by a couple of peons, to carry me before the Black Zemindar.

To this I immediately objected, as I had been given to understand that the Court of Cutcherry had no authority over Europeans, and was a supreme tribunal only for the subjects of the Mogul. The jemmautdaar answered with the usual slavish stolidity of these people. He knew nothing except that he had been ordered to convey me before the Black Zemindar. In vain I remonstrated, and asked to see the captain, or one of the junior officers of my company. The jemmautdaar was bent on executing his orders, which I afterwards discovered he had received from no one but my enemy, Sergeant-major O'Blagg, who enjoyed an extraordinary power in consequence of the prevailing supineness among his superiors.

I was taken to the Cutcherry, and there found myself accused of a murderous outrage upon my superior, with intent to do serious bodily harm; in proof of which Sergeant O'Blagg showed the somewhat inflamed condition of one eye, which had suffered from the shower of rubbish I had discharged upon my enemy's head.

I had seen something of English courts during my brief residence in London, curiosity having led me to Westminster and the Old Bailey on more than one occasion; but although I had there beheld enough to shock my sense of the sacredness of justice, I was completely unprepared for the flagrant iniquity of a tribunal presided over by an almost irresponsible despot. Enough that I, a subject of his Britannic Majesty King George, was condemned to receive a hundred lashes at the

hands of a gentoo, whose national skill in the administration of this punishment I had heard and seen too much of. The Mahometan abhors our British mode of capital punishment by the gallows, and hanging is therefore forbidden by the Mogul; but, on the other hand, the ruler of Delhi has no objection against his subjects being whipped to death, and the gentoo flagellant will lash his victim with a diabolical dexterity, the exhibition of which would have afforded a new sensation to Nero or Caligula.

The sentence was pronounced, and half-a-dozen black fellows advanced to lay their skinny paws upon my shoulders, in order to convey me to the compound, or open yard, behind the court, where summary justice was to be executed; but as they were in the very act of doing this the sound of a cannon booming across the Ganges arrested them as if spellbound, while a sudden unnatural stillness fell upon the court.

A Hindoo cooley entered in the next moment, and prostrating himself slavishly before the Zemindar, informed him that a British vessel had arrived off Govindpore, and that Mr. Holwell had just landed, having come on to Fort William in a boat.

I had heard of this Mr. Holwell as a civil servant of some importance in the presidency. He had returned to England between two and three years before, there to end his days, as it was supposed, and nothing could have been more unexpected than his reappearance in Bengal.

My eyes happened to wander towards Govindram Metre at this moment, and never did I see terror more vividly painted upon the human countenance. That dusky change which is more ghastly than pallor spread itself over his copper-coloured visage; but the man was past-master of all dissimulative arts, and when Mr. Holwell himself, three minutes afterwards, came into the court-house, Govindram Metre received him with florid oriental compliments and servile smiles.

The Englishman accepted these greetings with exemplary coldness.

- "What are you doing here, Govindram?" he asked, looking at me; "and how comes a dispute between British soldiers to be submitted to the Cutcherry?"
- "If it will please the most distinguished and favoured among the deputies of our honourable masters to hear the matter, he will perceive that it is a case of extraordinary character, which called for—"
- "Not for your interference, Govindram," interrupted Mr. Holwell. "This young man is a military servant of the Company, and can only be punished in accordance with military law.—You ought to have known better, sergeant, than to bring your complaints here."

Mr. O'Blagg, whose importance shrivelled into nothing before this new arrival, muttered some excuse.

"Were they going to flog this young soldier?" asked Mr. Holwell.

The gentoos assented; and Govindram Metre began a rambling justification of his proceedings.

"Upon my life, it is shameful!" cried Mr. Holwell indignantly. "But it is of a piece with all the rest. The president is absent at his country-house, and the five captains of the garrison are asleep under shelter of their mosquito-curtains, or away at their sports up the country, and this poor sick lad is brought hither in order that public justice may be prostituted to private malice. Why, the young man looks fitter for a sick-bed than the lash." And then, turning to me, he said, "You are free of this tribunal, but will have to answer to your captain for your offence against the sergeant-major. Have you been ill?"

"I have been ill of a low fever for the last three weeks," I answered; "but they have made me work all the same, since I have just the strength to crawl about under threat of the lash."

"You shall be put upon the sick-list. How long have you been in Bengal?"

"A year, sir. I was kidnapped by the sergeant-major yonder."

"Kidnapped! Pshaw! There is no such thing as kidnapping allowed in the Honourable East India Company's service. You mean that you enlisted, and were sorry for it afterwards, and were held to your bond, as all recruits are."

"I mean that I was betrayed into a house in Fleet-lane, sir, and there detained close prisoner, in company with others, till we were shipped secretly, under cover of night, on board the Hecate. I mean that I could not have escaped from that crimping-house but at peril of my life, and that men have lost their lives in the attempt to escape from such houses."

"Humph!" muttered my new friend; "you speak as if you were telling truth. I know nothing of abuses in England. Abuses here are so many that the study and investigation of them would occupy a life as long as that of Nizam-al-Mulk, lately deceased at the venerable age of one hundred and four."

This was said with a somewhat ominous glance at Govindram Metre, who gazed upon the newly-arrived Englishman with upturned eyes, expressive of such veneration as he might be supposed to entertain only for the gods of his fathers.

"What is your name, young man?" asked Mr. Holwell.

"Robert Ainsleigh."

"Ainsleigh! That is a good name, and one I am bound to honour. From what branch of the Ainsleigh family do you come?"

"My father was Roderick Ainsleigh. My grandfather was a colonel of dragoons, who married Lord Hauteville's daughter, Lady Susan Somerton. I was brought up at Hauteville, in the county of Berks; entered at the Temple as a student, and intended for the law, when it was my ill fortune to fall in with that kidnapping scoundrel yonder."

"Not so fast, Mr. Ainsleigh. You must not call names, though you do come of a good English family, and a family that I have reason to respect. If what you tell me be true, I am in duty bound to befriend

you; for your grandfather, Colonel Ainsleigh, served with my father under Marlborough in the Low Countries; and at the bloody battle of Malplaquet the colonel carried my father, then a lad, from under the enemy's batteries. So you see, sir, I have to thank your ancestor for my entrance into this world, since, had the French cannon made an end of Ensign Holwell on that famous occasion, there could be no such person as your humble servant.—What say you to this gentleman's story, sergeant-major? Did he go by the name of Ainsleigh when you picked him up in London?"

"Sure he did, your honour; but divil a bit of an Ainsleigh is he for all that, but the bastard son of Roderick Ainsleigh, a profligate scamp that got himself stabbed to death in a tavern quarrel; and my Lady Barbara Lestrange, wife of his Majesty's plenipotentiary to Spain, adopted the young scoundrel and brought him up in charity, and he turned upon her like an ungrateful varmint as he is, and wanted to elope with Sir Marcus Lestrange's niece—a great fortune, and a beauty into the bargain; but luckily for his family, that he was nothing but a disgrace to, he enlisted himself to me in a drunken fit, whereby the Lestranges got rid of him."

"If you will let me tell you my story, sir, I think you will believe me," I said, addressing myself to Mr. Holwell.

"I think I shall, Mr. Robert Ainsleigh," he answered kindly. "Your face is hardly the countenance of a liar; and if the blood of my fathers friend does but flow in your veins, I care little in what illegal manner you came by it."

"On my honour, sir, that fellow has no warrant for his foul assertion, except the one fact that the obscurity of my father's death and latter days left me without the means of proving my legitimacy."

After this Mr. Holwell ordered me to be placed on the sick-list, and I was taken to a somewhat dilapidated building on the outskirts of the fort that served as an infirmary.

"I will make it all right with your captain," he said; "and you, Mr. Sergeant-major, must look over the lad's delinquency on this occasion, to oblige me."

Mr. O'Blagg replied with extreme obsequiousness, and I began at once to discover what it is to have a friend at court.

The doctor pronounced me suffering from a low intermittent fever, and sorely in need of rest; so I lay at the infirmary for several weeks, during which Mr. Holwell frequently visited me. He questioned me very closely upon the subject of my education, and appeared much surprised to find me possessed of several languages, amongst these Sanserit—which I owed to the scholarship of my old friend Anthony—and a tolerable proficient in Hindoostanee, the acquirement of which, vivi voce, from the native soldiery, and from such meagre books as I could obtain, had been my sole recreation during the last dreary year.

"Why, you are just such a fellow as I want for a clerk and secretary," he said; "the young writers they send out are for the most part raw ignorant lads, who are despatched here only because their friends know not what to do with them at home. You have but to improve yourself in Hindoostanee, and to thoroughly master the native character in which their business documents are written, and you would be invaluable to me. Would you like to exchange the military for the civil service, if I could effect such a transfer?"

"To exchange the ignoble slavery I have endured here for your service would be to pass at once from the depths of Onderah to the Mahah Surgo; or, in plain English, to exchange hell for heaven."

"I see you have been studying the Shastah," said Mr. Holwell, who had already revealed to me that taste for oriental research which was afterwards usefully displayed in his numerous pamphlets. "You cannot do better than pursue such studies, for the gentoos will respect you so much the more for being acquainted with the Sanscrit language, the knowledge of which is confined to their Brahmins and learned Pundits. And you would really like to be my secretary, Robert?"

"Nothing would please me better."

"I warn you that the work will be of the hardest, and tax your powers of accountancy. I am now engaged in the investigation of a series of frauds committed by that scoundrel, Govindram Metre, which involve the conduct of our finances for the last ten years, and by which that black rascal has pocketed thousands. Do you feel yourself capable of performing the mere mechanical drudgery of such a work?"

"I feel myself capable of making any endeavour to serve you, sir. I was well drilled into accountancy by my lady's house-steward, who had an old-fashioned veneration for figures; and with a little direction from yourself, I doubt not I should soon master the mysteries of finance."

Mr. Holwell was contented with this assurance, and set to work immediately to redeem me from my hateful bondage. He was a person of considerable influence in the presidency; and amongst a supine and indifferent community his industrious and energetic habits multiplied that influence tenfold. So, by the time I was sufficiently recovered to leave the infirmary I found myself a free man, and went immediately to Mr. Holwell's house, where I was provided with suitable clothes, a decent chamber, and began life for the second time in the character of a gentleman.

It is not to be supposed I was so base as to forget my companion in misery, Philip Hay, in this happy alteration of my own fate. I tried to enlist Mr. Holwell's sympathy for that reckless scoundrel, and carefully suppressed his share in my betrayal. My new friend promised to do his best to serve my late brother in arms; but he remarked that Mr. Hay bore his lot with supreme equanimity, and was a fellow who would doubtless fall on his feet, tumble from what pinnacle he might.

"We may have some fighting by and by," said he; "for at the first hint of a war between the two countries Dupleix will be down upon us here. It is not to be supposed that the French will let us alone for ever after their good luck at Madras. In the event of an attack upon this place, your friend will have an opportunity of distinguishing himself; and be sure the fight would be a desperate one, for while I have a voice to raise in council, the motto of Fort William shall be no surrender"

I lived to see this promise kept, and against a more cruel foe than the French. I lived to witness the base abandonment of Fort William by its chief military protectors, and its heroic defence by a civilian.

## PLAYING AT PLEASURE

"Do these people enjoy this?" The question startled me, coming as it did like an echo of the thought in my own mind. Perhaps also because it was out of tone or keeping with the scene; for we were on the croquet-lawn, at sunset, the young and pretty players looking younger and still more charming in the rosy light, and those watching the game strolling about in groups or resting on the rustic seats, chatting and laughing pleasantly. The calmness and serenity of the summer evening conduced to pleasurable emotions, and we were pleased. We persuaded ourselves of that. We told one another so, for fear there should be any mistake about it; and yet—well, the least little yawn was now and then perceptible in a fair face, and a furtive glance at a watch from time to time was suggestive that the sound of the dinner-bell would not be wholly unwelcome. So I had already begun to speculate whether young girls are born to croquet as the sparks fly upward; whether one and all find it a source of unalloyed gratification; whether beatitude is necessarily realised by the looker-on; and so forth, when the pertinent question set down above was whispered in my ear.

Happily, an answer was impossible. At that very moment the bell, so long anticipated, rang, and at the very first sound my querist rose and left me. His example was contagious. The players threw down their mallets; the game was left in any state. One blushing girl alone lingered, detained by a youth of ardent eyes, and cheek as girlish as her own, to settle some technicality having reference to "spooning." All the rest went, and in five minutes the ground was almost deserted. This latter fact had its significance, I decided, when I came to think over the matter after dinner. A game so hastily abandoned could hardly have had any strong hold on the players or those who saw it played. Certainly it appeared to amuse; but did it? It seemed to afford pleasure; but was that so? After all, isn't croquet, as a rule, one of those make-believe devices by which society tries to cheat itself out of sheer inanity and intolerable ennui? In a word, isn't the pursuit of it half the time simply and honestly a mere playing at pleasure?

This idea once started soon carried one beyond the limits of the roquet-lawn. It was impossible not to reflect on the inflictions those n society go through, and the fatigue they sustain, in keeping up a iction of enjoyment, and a ghastly semblance of being pleased. Croquet nay be taken as a representative thing in this respect. Everybody an't like the game, yet everybody must play at it or affect an interest n it. And what is true of this is true of much more important maters. Let us take music, for example. Now, what an enormous pro-

portion of the lives of people in society is taken up in listening to music! They might be born for nothing else. There are the operas which, of course, must be attended. It would be Bœotian indeed not to know how Kellogg gave the "Ciascum lo disce" in the Figlia on Tuesday, or to be ignorant of the fact that Mario was hardly so crisp as usual on Thursday week. Besides, there is always a debutante, or a newly-discovered tenor, if not some fresh feature in the répertoire, to be sat in judgment upon. So the opera is inevitable. Then there are the great concerts at the houses of the nobility, which, as being invariably hot, crowded, and uncomfortable, are naturally the most distingué things out. Of the Musical Union, Philharmonic, and other society concerts there is literally no end. As to the Crystal Palace, it is simply a reservoir of music always on full flow throughout the season, and it must be visited again and again. These are a few, and only a few, of the forms in which music assails us. Now, a genuine love for music is by no means universal, especially among the English. It must result from a natural taste or gift comparatively rare, developed by assiduous culture. Knowledge must precede taste, and taste enjoyment. I grant that most people like to hear a pretty melody; but pretty melodies are not music. A taste for them doesn't qualify one to understand and enjoy Schubert or to enter with enthusiasm into Wagner's designs on the musical fa-So it happens that half the music people are compelled to sit out must be unintelligible "sound and fury" to two-thirds of them. It can inspire no intelligible appreciation, and afford no real enjoyment. The select few who have studied music as a science, and whose talk is of "progressions," "resolutions," "consecutive fifths," and the rest of it, no doubt feel the raptures they express. People of fair musical gifts and decent education may derive a certain degree of satisfaction in listening to a classical composition, the work of a great master, even in that rarefied atmosphere where music impinges on mathematics; but for the rest, the mass of those who frequent the opera-house and the concert-room, what gratification can they experience? Simply none. They are there because it is the right thing to be there. They listen because others listen. They affect to be critical, or to seem satisfied, just as it may happen. But they have really no heart in the matter. simply playing at pleasure.

Much the same thing happens in respect to picture-galleries. Since the fashion came up, fostered by the late Prince Consort, everybody must affect a taste for art. It is at least indispensable that one should see the Academy Exhibition, and do something in the way of private views, to say nothing of maundering about in Suffolk-street and elsewhere. Very nice, pleasant, even improving to those who really care for this kind of thing, and bring any knowledge, technical or otherwise, to bear upon it. But how many do care or know anything about art? The majority see pictures as a child sees them, and with about as much appreciation of their real claims to excellence. They

ack the innate faculty of apprehension, and education has done little or nothing to supply the deficiency. An artist can hardly credit that a good picture can be looked at without an instinctive sense of its zeauty. No? But he has to learn that it is so. He is doomed to experience again and again that heart-sickness which comes over the poet when his verse falls on dead ears; when his rhythmic cadences tharm not, his studied felicities are unmarked, and his most delicate conceits kindle no sympathetic glow of appreciation. The poet has mly one advantage. Harsh and rugged stolidity will sometimes admit that it has no taste for the music of Apollo's lute; but every lout The truth is, that the power of believes himself a born art-critic. finding real enjoyment in poetry, in music, and in artistic productions is literally a "gift." There is no other word that expresses it. The coarsest natures are sometimes thus gifted; the most delicate lack the indescribable something which they find others possessing. How far education may sometimes supply the deficiencies of Nature is a point on which I will not enter. Certain it is that it often fails to do so; and what is the result? Pictures surfeit. Good and bad are looked at without discrimination. The familiar has that feeble hold on the mind which consists in vraisemblance. Colour tells as colour in the draper's window tells. The vacuous stare results in the wearied brain. Kaleidoscopic effect culminates in vertigo. So tired, so jaded, so inexpressibly bored, the unsympathetic visitor drags through the purgatory of art; but ever with the set smile of approval, the simper of gratification, the rigid muscular expression of extreme critical ap-Preciativeness and enjoyment proper to this form of playing at pleasure.

These examples are sufficient to illustrate my position; they might be multiplied to any extent. What the old French chronicler said of our ancestors, "These English amuse themselves sadly," is strikingly true of the present day. Sadly enough do thousands of us drag through the weary rounds society has marked out for us, nursing the delusion that we are amused, refreshed, gratified, or receive commensation in some form or other. The compensation may only be prospective, as in the case of a friend of mine whom I found playing at whist when he should have been dancing. "What, you like cards!" I remarked. "Like them!" he ejaculated with a sneer, "no, my boy; nut one must cultivate a resource for one's old age." He was provilent, for his years numbered only twenty-five!

On the general question of the follow-my-leader nature of our amusements, it is satisfactory to be able to add that England does not stand alone in this respect. That the French enjoy themselves more than the English there can be little question. They are more sprightly, rivacious, light-hearted, and more easily really pleased. Yet they go through a good deal of wearisome make-believe enjoyment for all that. A French salon is not always "a little heaven below," as the novelists insist on representing it. As to the Americans, they run us very close

in these hollow mockeries. They, like ourselves, are bound to enjoy that which it is the proper thing to enjoy. I was speaking to an eminent tragedian the other day on his experience of the States, particularly in respect of high-class drama. Ristori's name was mentioned. "Has she a public in America?" I asked. "Certainly: draws crowded "Of the best people, of course?" "The very best. The fashionables throng to hear the great Italian." "And they sit out the performances?" "Yes." "They enjoy them, then?" "I don't know: they sit." Just our English experience in respect of Ristori, repeated of late in the smaller matter of the French plays at the St. James's. In single hand-to-hand encounters with ennui, in the name of pleasure, the Americans are rather happy. Their national habit of whittling is an example in point. There can be no real pleasure in reducing a stick to chips, but the whittler sets an object before himself, and trifling as that object is, the realisation of it yields him enjoyment. This is the secret of the success of a new American game which is to be all the rage this winter, though a more idiotic form of amusement has never been devised. It is called "Planchette." Why so called, nobody knows or cares. This game—it is sometimes used by spiritualists, who think they get revelations through it; but it is chiefly resorted to for amusement—is played in this way. You secure a heart-shaped piece of wood a quarter of an inch thick. On the broad end are to be screwed two pantograph wheels - that is, wheels which will revolve freely in every direction. Through a hole in the narrow end or point of the heart, a lead-pencil is thrust, point downwards. The wheels and the pencil support the heart-shaped wood as a stool is supported on three legs. Now for the amusement. Sit down at a table, two of Stand Planchette between you on a sheet of paper. Place your hands lightly on the instrument, as you sit opposite one another; do not press, or push, or make any intentional movement with your Sit and wait. And what will happen? Why, if the players are of a highly-nervous organisation, they will by involuntary muscular action cause the pencil to produce scratches on the paper having the semblance of words. Enthusiasts say that real words are produced; but enthusiasts will say anything. And if after a long wearisome sitting a word should be hatched, what of it? Where is the satisfaction? Surely, on the strength of Planchette, the most drivelling of all devices for wasting time in the name of amusement, we English may fairly consider ourselves distanced, and ought gracefully to yield the palm to the Americans, as experts in that dreariest of human occupations playing at pleasure.

WILLIAM SAWYER.



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## CAVALIER-HUNTING

Two by two and two by two,
Following through the park;
O, would that the lagging moon were down,
And all grown dark!

Stir not for your life, Sir Hugh;
Crouch closer, Maud, mine own,
Where the gloom of the leaves is thickest,
Rigid as stone.

They have sacked the hall in vain,

The eager Roundhead crew;

The secret way through the chapel-floor

They little knew.

Not a moment's length too soon,

Down through the vaults we came;

Thank Heav'n, their ruffian hands have spared

The hall from flame!

Two by two and two by two,

I see their corselets glare;

You may hear, if you heed, their voices

Borne on the air.

Hark! they are beating the bushes:Nay, darling, have no fear;My sword through the heart of the foremostWho seeks us here!

Crash and crash go the branches,
Crackles the underwood,
This way and that way: crop-eared dogs,
Your scent is good!

But darker still and darker,
Right soon the night will be;
And, abroad in the coppice, thirty
May fail of three.

## CAVALIER-HUNTING

Nor a word, a breath, Sir Hugh;
And kneeling, Maud, await:
They are close—they are here—an instant
Decides our fate!

Only the leaves divide us,

Hot is the trooper's breath,

Hot on my cheek! This ends it—so!

'Tis life or death!

A step to the right or left,

This way or that, he takes?

That way! Thank God, towards the park

A path he breaks!

'Tis over! What, tears, Sir Hugh,
Tears on that furrowed cheek!—
And Maud like an aspen trembles,
Too moved to speak!

'Tis ever so with the bravest,
When the hour of trial is past;
But, come! we must get us sea-ward
While night shall last.

By dawn we must catch the vessel,— And then for sunny Spain, Till the day when the King recovers His own again.

# LONDON CLUBS

BY WALTER THORNBURY

when he was

## Clubs Past und Present.

ENT: No. IV. THE JOHNSON CLUB—TRAVELLERS'—GARRICK HENÆUM—REFORM—CABLTON—UNION—CONSERVATIVE,

but remained and Delivers would form

THE JOHNSON CLUB.

have been seriously complaining that we had nothing new n about Selwyn; what will they say when we append this the present article, and avow our purpose of repeating, as s we can, some of the good old stories about Dr. Johnson? nerable and highly-to-be-respected club was founded in the 1764 by Dr. Johnson, immediately after his visit to Benn, at the seat of his family in Lincolnshire. That amiable oshua Reynolds, had the merit of first proposing the club, ome years met at the Turk's Head, Gerard-street, Soho, on enings at seven. It was founded on the plan of Johnson's Ivy-lane, and the members were at first limited to nine. and Reynolds headed the list, with Topham Beauclerk and gton. Then Burke was warmly welcomed, and he begged or his father-in-law, Dr. Nugent, an accomplished Romanysician who lived with him. Beauclerk suggested his friend en Under-Secretary of War; and Oliver Goldsmith, who "wrote gel and talked like poor Poll," completed the first batch. er, another member of the original Ivy-lane club, was the nally admitted by acclamation.

the Turk's Head closing soon after the landlord's death, moved to Prince's, in Sackville-street, and from there to Baxrards Thomas's, in Dover-street. In 1792 the members rearsloe's, in St. James's-street, and in 1799 to the Thatchedern. The club is, we believe, now located at the Clarendon and-street.

a 1764 and 1792 Bishop Percy, Mr. Sheridan, Sir William one, Gibbon, Colman, Dr. Joseph Warton, Dr. Burney, and cer, among other celebrities, were members of this great nal club. It was a long time before poor Garrick, to whom a always crnelly intolerant, was admitted. The doctor said to player: "He will disturb us with his buffoonery." To be remarked: "If Garrick does apply, I'll blackball him. ought to sit in a society like ours

\*Unelbowed by a gamester, pimp, or player, \*\*

d originally provoked him by saying, in an off-hand way to of the new club, "I like it much, and I think I shall be of

you." "He'll be of us, sir?" growled Johnson; "how does he know we will permit him? The first duke in England has no right to hold

such language."

Yet, after all, the offence was not a great one; and Garrick would not have worded his sentence so patronisingly as he did had he thought his appearance at the club-door would have been unwelcome. Johnson, the son of a poor second-hand bookseller at Lichfield, always despised Garrick because he exhibited himself on a public stage. The contempt was not just; it certainly was unworthy of such a mind as Johnson's. This foolish contempt for one of the forms which genius selects for its development, however, kept Garrick out of the club till 1773.

Mr. Hawkins (afterwards Sir John) was soon expelled from the new society, having disgusted everyone by his sour manners and bad temper. He revenged himself in those malicious insinuations scattered throughout his wandering life of Dr. Johnson. He was a pompous, parsimonious man, who took a dislike to Burke because he monopolised the conversation, and tyrannised intellectually over the less-gifted members. Hawkins had moreover a contempt for poor Goldsmith, whom he considered a mere Grub-street drudge, capable of compiling and translating, but unqualified for original, and especially poetical, composition. He also refused to pay his share of the club-supper, as he never took supper at home.

"Was the man excused?" inquired Dr. Burney of Johnson.

"Why yes, sir," said the Doctor, "for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself. We all scorned him, but admitted his plea. Yet I really believe him to be an honest man at bottom, though to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean; and it must be owned that he has a tendency to savageness."

Hawkins ended by treating Burke with extreme rudeness, and was, on his next visit to the club, so coldly received, that he never returned;

and no one much regretted it.

Burke was impetuous, vehement, and intolerant; but he delighted Johnson by never being unwilling to begin talking, and never being in haste to leave off. He was always ready to charge on an adversary; but he was not a good listener, and, as Johnson admitted, if anyone was talking well at one end of the table, Burke would begin at the other. Yet Burke often gave way when Johnson was inclined to act the Jove, and thunder.

Burke said once to Langton on leaving the club, "O no, I wouldn't talk much to-night; it was enough for me to have rung the bell to Johnson."

One night someone wished Dr. Johnson to write for them to a man who had once sent the club a present of a hogshead of claret, which was just out. The letter was to be so carefully worded as to induce the benefactor to repeat his gift. "Dr. Johnson shall be our dictator," cried one of the company. "Were I your dictator," said Johnson, "you

ald have no wine; it would be my business cavere ne quid detrimenti ublica caperet. Wine is dangerous: Rome was ruined by luxury." ke replied: "If you allow no wine as dictator, you shall not have for master of the horse."

"In this club only," says Mr. Forster, "Burke could pour forth his es of argument and eloquence, his exhaustless imagery, his overing illustration, and his overpowering copiousness of words."

Goldsmith, though often cowed by Johnson, and made a butt of by brother members, was a great favourite at the club. His vanity, blanders, were laughed at good-humouredly; and here he could sing

song of "The old woman tossed in a blanket."

Langton and Beauclerk, those young men whom the genius of nson had magnetised, were highly clubbable. Langton was a very thin man, like the stork on one leg in Raphael's cartoon, his friend welerk used to say. He was a mild, contemplative, scholarly person, an excellent listener. Miss Hawkins sketches him "with his mild ntenance, elegant features, and sweet smile, sitting with one leg sted round the other as if fearing to occupy more space than was itable; his person inclining forward as if wanting strength to supt his weight, and his arms crossed over his bosom, or his hands ked together on his knee." Fascinated by the Rambler, Langton come to town when a mere stripling and obtained an introduction the great writer. He afterwards had been very attentive to Johnson en the great man visited Oxford, and so an affectionate friendship l sprung up. Langton was, moreover, a descendant of Cardinal ngton,—the King John's Cardinal,—and that was a great title and pect with a superstitiously-high Tory like Johnson, who hardly knew name of his own grandfather.

Beauclerk, the careless, well-bred, rakish man of fashion, was the y son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, grandson of the Duke of St. oans; and a descendant of Charles II. soon won Johnson by his ceful manners and well-bred wit. He at last ceased to attend club, went more into the fashionable world, and lost his right of mbership. On his marriage, however, with Lady Di Spencer, ighter of the Duke of Marlborough, Beauclerk claimed his seat at club again, and once more attended the meetings.

Garrick came in when the club augmented its numbers. Goldsmith proposed the augmentation. "It will give," he said, "an agreeable iety to our meetings, for there can be nothing new amongst us ; we ve travelled over each other's minds." Johnson was violent at this. No, sir," said he; "you have never travelled over my mind, I pro-

Among these new members was Hogarth's friend, that amiable Irish bleman, Lord Charlemont, the accomplished Mr. (afterwards Sir lliam) Jones the linguist, and George Colman the dramatist. One ming, Boswell, sometimes tedious with his incessant worship of Dr.

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i.v: "then cork it up." Garrick because he exhibite

owerful; it was a conversational centre, tempt was not just; it cer son's. This foolish cont and adding men of letters. When the society for its development, I he Bishop of St. Asaph, then newly-elected,

Mr. Hawkins ( Nr. Fox will allow me to say that the honour of society, having d society, having d society is Head Club is not inferior to that of being He revenged having the was elected Lord Camden and the Bishop of man, which was elected to the best and the basis of th man, where the death of Garrick, Dr. Johnson direct at the Haw

spent a third of his intellectual life for the last time. une 22, 1784. Boswell was there, and the Bishop of Haw. ajg, Eliot, Lord Palmerston (father of the Premier), Dr. b

Mr. Malone. The Doctor looked ill; but he showed a consider and did not trouble the company with melancholy icewell says: "They all showed evident marks of kind

with which he was much pleased; and he exerted ्र स्ट अंड entertaining as his indisposition allowed him."

has sketched Johnson as he alone could sketch a great "The gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars base, the brown coat, the black-worsted stockings, the gray wig and the sorched fore-top, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to w :::::k, are familiar to us as the features of Wellington or Napoleon." 3c sern still more minutely from his incessant observer, Boswell, all be liver's strange habits at the club; how he shook his head, rocked his look, and rubbed his left knee; how he whistled, how he chuckled, and how, at last, when exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to You can his breath contempracusly like a whale. It was thus he sat and necked and puffed, while Langton bent his long body approvingly and blandy towards him, and Reynolds eagerly turned to him the exercise of his est-crumpet, and globular Gibbon tapped his snuff-box approvingly, and Beauclerk sneered with a cynical carelessness, and Carrick's face glesmed with intellect, and bland Dr. Percy smiled, and Burke waited keeply for an opening, and Goldsmith looked at himself on a wine-glass, and Dr. Burney lest time on the table.

After Garrick's lamented death the club was known as the Literary cab It now commines its honours chiefly to titled authors and diletand of rank; yet still it has brave names on its records, and the a marking mathers were only swamped from the popularity and

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## THE TRAVELLERS'.

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Johnson, was telling Colman of their journey to the Western Islands, and of the Doctor's willingness to believe in second sight. Colman smiled dissent. Boswell's enthusiasm was ludicrous and frothy as usual. "Dr. Johnson," he said carnestly, "is only willing to believe, but I do believe; the evidence is enough for me, though it may not be for his great mind. What would not fill a quart bottle will fill a pint bottle. Sir, I am filled with belief."

"Are you?" said Colman quietly; "then cork it up."

The club became now very powerful; it was a conversational centre, and the head-quarters of the leading men of letters. When the society was only fifteen years old, the Bishop of St. Asaph, then newly-elected, said to Fox: "I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to say that the honour of being elected into the Turk's Head Club is not inferior to that of being the representative of Westminster or Surrey." The Bishop might well chuckle, for the night he was elected Lord Camden and the Bishop of Ulster had both been blackballed.

Five years after the death of Garrick, Dr. Johnson dined at the club where he had spent a third of his intellectual life for the last time. It was Tuesday, June 22, 1784. Boswell was there, and the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Eliot, Lord Palmerston (father of the Premier), Dr. Fordyce, and Mr. Malone. The Doctor looked ill; but he showed a manly fortitude, and did not trouble the company with melancholy complaints. Boswell says: "They all showed evident marks of kind concern about him, with which he was much pleased; and he exerted himself to be as entertaining as his indisposition allowed him."

Macaulay has sketched Johnson as he alone could sketch a great man. "The gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black-worsted stockings, the gray wig with the scorched fore-top, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick, are familiar to us as the features of Wellington or Napoleon." We learn still more minutely from his incessant observer, Boswell, all the Doctor's strange habits at the club; how he shook his head, rocked his body, and rubbed his left knee; how he whistled, how he chuckled, and how, at last, when exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath contemptuously like a whale. It was thus he set and rocked and puffed, while Langton bent his long body approvingly and blandly towards him, and Reynolds eagerly turned to him the aperture of his ear-trumpet, and globular Gibbon tapped his snuff-box approvingly, and Beauclerk sneered with a cynical carelessness, and Garrick's face gleamed with intellect, and bland Dr. Percy smiled, and Burke waited keenly for an opening, and Goldsmith looked at himself in a wine-glass, and Dr. Burney beat time on the table.

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The muster-roll of the Johnson Club is emblazoned with the eatest names in every art and profession. Among statesmen we ve Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, Macaulay, Fox, Windham, Grenlle, Lords Liverpool, Lansdowne, Aberdeen, and Clarendon. It is at accomplished writer Mr. Tom Taylor who has so ably epitosed the glory of the venerable club: In natural science they ast of Sir Joseph Banks (whom Peter Pindar ridiculed) and Prossor Owen. In social science they have Adam Smith, the great triarch of political economy-though poor Boswell did think the ab lost caste by electing that great champion of common sense. In illosophy they boast of Whewell, in art of Reynolds, in medicine of ugent, Blagden, Fordyce, Warren, Vaughan, and Halford. Among holarly soldiers, of Rennell, Leake, and Mure; among great church gnitaries, of Shipley, Barnard, Marley, Hinchcliffe, Douglas, Blomld, Wilberforce, Vincent, Burney, and Hawtrey; in the law, of Lords shburton and Stowell, and Grant, Austin, and Pemberton Leigh. r George Cornewall Lewis, at once Chancellor of the Exchequer and eminent scholar, was a very good example of the modern ideal the Johnson Club.

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## THE TRAVELLERS'.

This club was originated soon after the peace of 1814, by Lord astlereagh, as a place of meeting for gentlemen who had travelled,

and for their continental friends. The primary rule is that no person is eligible who has not travelled at least 500 miles from London in a direct line. The present club-house, jammed in between the Athenseum and the Reform, like a boy riding bodkin, or a prisoner suffering the peine forte et dure, was designed and built by Barry in 1832. In the times before street-architecture improved, and we had had Mr. Gilbert Scott's daring efforts at new Gothic, the Travellers was thought an extraordinary bijou, and very like a black swan. The critics said there was no small frippery Palladianism here, but "a rich astylar composition," "like an Italian palace," carefully finished, and with a quiet and sober effect. On the south front, facing Carltongardens, as being least seen, Mr. Barry ingeniously expended his most striking and graceful composition. The Pall-Mall side rejoices in a bold rich cornice and Corinthian pilasters.

The Travellers' was nearly burnt down in 1850, when the billiard-rooms, which disfigured the garden-front, were injured.

### THE ATHENÆUM.

This palatial and still reasonably intellectual club was organised in 1824. It supplied a want. There were clubs for play, and play in earnest too; plenty of clubs for country gentlemen and politicians, but no clubs where authors and artists of eminence could meet with art amateurs and members of the professions. At the preliminary meeting there were present Sir Humphry Davy, John Wilson Croker, Chantrey, Richard Heber, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Dr. Thomas Young, Lord Dover, Davie Gilbert, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Henry Halford, Sir Walter Scott, Joseph Jekyll, Thomas Moore, and Charles Hatchett. They met in the Royal Society Rooms at Somerset House, and Faraday assisted as secretary. The society, as the club was originally called, first met at the Clarence Club-house; but in 1850 the present mansion—designed by Decimus Burton—was opened.

The club is built upon part of the court-yard of Carlton House. The architecture is Grecian and pretentious. The frieze is copied from that of part of the Parthenon; the colossal figure of Minerva over the portico is by Bailey, R.A. The library is celebrated as the best clublibrary in London. The expense of building the house was 35,000L, and it cost 5,000l. to furnish. On the plate, linen, and glass were expended 2,500l.; on the library at starting (it is always growing) 4,000k The stock of wine in the cellars is worth 4,000l., and is as much admired as the books. The yearly revenue was about 9,0001. When that eccentric man Mr. Walker, "the Original," who on principle objected to washing himself, praised this excellent club, it contained 1,200 members (including ninety-five noblemen and twelve bishops),-of all these advantages, Mr. Walker, defending clubs as unselfish places not hostile to domestic life, said you obtained a share for twenty-five guineas entrance and six guineas the year.

Theodore Hook's fame as a wit and a bon vivant, and also the popular notion of the club's style, and the supposed social position it gave its members, led to the Athenæum losing its intellectual rank. Now the doctors hate the artists, and the artists the authors, and the bishops all three, and the fogies everybody; and there is an incessant internecine war, which ends in spiteful fits of blackballing by those who wish to have greater elbow-room, and to allow no more of the oi polloi to a share in their comforts. Still, it is a good club; and whenever you enter the door you will be sure to see some well-known celebrity crossing the hall or ascending the stairs.

The Temperance Corner, near the door of the dining-room, Theodore Hook's favourite corner, still retains its name. The waiters always knew that his call for "toast-and-water" meant brandy, and that "lemonade" was his hieroglyphic for gin,—brandy and gin, the two blades of the weapon with which this reckless genius slowly cut his throat. It is said that the year he died, the diners at the club fell off full 300.

## THE GARRICK.

This once delightful club has, like the Athenæum, been ruined by its own popularity. It has grown into anybody's club, and since Thackeray's death it has become less hearty, less social, less clever. It left its old traditions imbedded in the walls of 35 King-street, where the club was founded in 1831; originally at No. 35, afterwards, as the members increased, it moved to the new house, more westward, in Garrick-street. It was originally intended to bring together the professors and patrons of the drama, and to be a rendezvous of literary men. It is said now to have sunk into a sort of Junior Guards' Club, for men about town, and that the authors and the actors there occupy a very secondary position.

The club, whether it intellectually revive or not, will always, however, be an interesting show-place, as it contains (unless the guardsmen have expelled them as old-fashioned lumber) the remarkable gallery of theatrical portraits collected by the elder Charles Mathews, and given to the club (what an imperial gift!) by Mr. Durrant.

In the old house you ascended from the street by a double flight of stone steps, and entered a dark hall, where stood a fine bust of Shakespeare by Roubiliac. On the left was the strangers' dining-room; over the fireplace hung Mr. O'Neil's admirable likeness of Mr. Keeley (we are quoting a capital article written by Mr. Shirley Brooks), and Sir Edwin Landseer's portrait of Charles Young. The smoking-room contained a large sea-piece by Stansfield, and a fine panoramic Baalbec by David Roberts. Mrs. Stirling's bright face looked down upon the smokers; and there was a statuette of one who loved the room—the author of Vanity Fair. The coffee-room was the front room looking into King-street, behind which was a morning-room for newspapers and writing, and the small but excellent dramatic library.

The members dined in the coffee-room. The last time Mr. Thacke-

ray dined there, he sat in a niche over which hung a scene from the Clandesline Marriage. On the mantelpiece were Garrick's candlesticks and Kean's ring. In the morning-room they had a delightful Kitty Clive.

On the second floor was a press full of folios of fine theatrical prints. In the card-room were many excellent likenesses, particularly one of Mrs. Liston as Dollalola. Ah! that was a haunt, and the club should never have been transplanted. The new building, with a frontage of ninety-six feet, was built by Mr. Marrable. The style is Italian; the staircase is of carved oak. The library is no larger than before, but the kitchess are sumptuous.

In 1855 the members of the Garrick Club were entertained at a regal dinner in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, given by a brother member, Lord Mayor Moon.

James Smith and Theodore Hook were both great frequenters of the Garrick Club. Hook was a special admirer of liquids, and of all liquids in summer he loved best the iced gin-punch, made with iced soda-water and flavoured with maraschino, the invention (Mr. Timbs, after infinite research, has discovered) of Mr. Stephen' Price, once lessed of Drury-lane Theatre. Hook had a quenchless thirst; it indeed killed him at last; and he is once said before dinner (mark the hopelessness of the man from this fact) to have drunk the best share of six jugs of iced-punch at one sitting, and to have then gone off and dined with Lord Canterbury. (Hook could not exist a day without contributing to the amusement of a lord.) He always ate little; this day he ate less. Mr. Horace Twiss, Lord Eldon's ugly biographer, who sat near him, asked him if he felt ill. "Not exactly," said the gay suicide; "but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was tempted to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry about three."

Tom Hill, that fussy, worthy old fellow so pleasantly sketched in Gilbert Gurney, was a great favourite at the Garrick; indeed, who could help liking the genial old warm-hearted gossip, probably the original of "Paul Pry"? He was born in 1760 and died in 1841—the Methuselah of all the wits-young, gay, knowing, and amiable to the He had been a drysalter in Queenhithe, and losing money by indigo (very blue he probably looked at the loss), wisely retired into harbour in pleasant bachelor-chambers in the Adelphi. death, his books, valued at 6,000l., took a week selling. His collection of old English poetry was pronounced incomparable even by that reader of all that everyone else had forgotten-Southey. Like Captain Morris, he attained to an old age by rising early, and a strict persistence in occasional abstinence. James Smith used to say of him: "Discover Tom's age? impossible! the register that contained it was burnt in the Great Fire of London." And Hook used to cap it by, "Pooh, pooh! why he's one of the little Hills that are spoken of as skipping, in the Psalms."

Albert Smith was a leader at the Garrick, and his memory will long live there as a kind and social man.

#### THE REFORM.

The Reform Club was established to aid in carrying out the great bill-father of endless bills that are yet to be. It began in Great George-street and Gwydyr-house; and in 1837 Barry projected the present grand and palatial building. It was to be larger, grander, and more convenient than any of its predecessors. The hall was to eclipse that of the Athenæum, which, with its scagliola columns and fine area, thirtyfive feet broad by fifty-seven long, had been one of the show places of London. The architect certainly succeeded in producing a sumptuous building, borrowing some grand and simple thoughts from Michael Angelo's design for the Farnese Palace. The club contains six floors and 134 apartments; but the windows are too small, and the hall has swallowed up everything. The cornicione (Mr. Ruskin's abomination) is sixty-eight feet from the pavement. The truly magnificent hall, fifty-six by fifty feet, resembles an Italian cortile, and is surrounded by colonnades, below Ionic, above Corinthian; below are portraits of eminent Reformers, and above frescoes of Music, Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture, by Parris. The floor of the hall is tessellated, and the roof of diapered flint-glass, by Pellatt, cost 600%. The staircase (a very palatial one) leads to an upper gallery, opening into the principal drawing-room, which runs the whole length of the garden front; adjoining is a delightfully snug library. The kitchen was planned by the great Soyer, whose banquets here are historical. He exerted his greatest genius on the O'Connell, Ibrahim Pacha, Sir C. Napier (1854), and Viscount Palmerston (1850) dinners.

#### THE CARLTON.

The Carlton was founded by the Duke of Wellington-that resolute old Tartar in politics, who treated the people as mere chair de canon, and had only sympathy with the class to whose privileges he had been admitted. It held its first meeting in Charles-street, St. James's, in 1831, and the next year removed to Lord Kensington's, in Carltongardens. In 1836 Sir Robert Smirke bought the still uncomfortable Tory gentlemen a new house in Pall Mall. This growing too small, it was enlarged in 1846, and in 1854 pulled down for rebuilding. The design is at once ambitious and imitative. It is a sort of heavy copy of Sansovino's Library at Venice. The use of polished red Peterhead granite was much discussed at first; but time has shown that it lasts -in fact, it is a question with many whether the perishable stone may not outlive even Toryism itself. It has been objected by persons who do not adore everything either because it is Greek or because it is mediæval, that the entablature of the Ionic in the club-front is too ponderous, and weighs down the plainer Doric below.

## THE UNION.

The Union, at the south-west angle of Trafalgar-square, was erected

in 1824 from designs of Sir Robert Smirke. It is simple but spacious; yet, even with such a fine outlook on the square, it seems rather like an exile banished from Pall Mall, and moping over its fate. It was originally intended for politicians and rich city merchants, who could here meet on common ground.

James Smith was a frequenter of this club. At three o'clock he used to come and read the papers, and about five join a knot of talkers

by the fire.

"If Lady Harrington," he says, "happen to drive past our window in her landau, we compare her equipage with the Algerine ambassador's; and when politics happen to be discussed, rally Whigs, Radicals, and Conservatives alternately, but never seriously, such subjects having a tendency to create acrimony."

At seven Smith adjourned to the dining-room, and ordered haunch of mutton and apple-tart. These discussed, he mounted to the library, took a book and an arm-chair till nine; then called for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, read till eleven, and at that hour went home to bed.

#### THE CONSERVATIVE.

The Conservative Club was built in 1845, by Smirke and Basevi, on the site of the old Thatched-House Tavern, 74 St. James's-street, where Swift used to dine. The upper portion is Corinthian, the lower Roman Doric. The interior was decorated in colour by Sang. As the smaking-room is a great feature at the Union, the library at the Athenæum, and the hall at the Reform, so is the kitchen at the Conservative, being larger than even that of its Liberal rival. Sir Robert Peel is said never to have entered the Conservative Club except to view it as a show place.

Other equally important clubs—the Army and Navy, the United Service, the Guards', the Oxford and Cambridge, the Junior Athenseum, &c.—we must leave unnoticed. It is difficult to sketch their present aspect without personality that might be offensive, and would in many cases give pain. Those who enter clubs should enter as friends, not as spies or reporters. Fox, Selwyn, Johnson, and such men may be described, and we have described them, and burnished up the best of the old stories current about their sayings and doings; but we leave it entirely to the Flyblow or the Scalper to measure the wine that Demos drinks, or to count the cigars that Aristos smokes.

It remains for us now to sketch the bygone clubs—the Mermaid and Crockford's, the Kit-cat and the Tatler, &c. We can promise our kind but exacting critics that on this occasion, anxious to meet their approval, we will invent every story we use, and that a collection of entirely original witticisms, by Swift, Ben Jonson, Foote, Quin, and Colman, is now preparing for next month's publication, to meet the urgency of a very natural demand.

## SENSATIONALISM IN SCIENCE

Bre there more Morlds than one?

A GOLDEN key opens many locks. Exploring the arcana of cosmical Science with a new torch, we have found that the heat and light which sustain Life on our planet, instead of travelling down to us from the sun through the wastes of Space, are developed within the domain of Earth itself. We have found that Heat and Light are but forms of the grand cosmical force which in its simplest form is called Gravitation or Attraction, and which is more or less inherent in all Matter. We have also shown, or maintained, that, like the great cosmical force of which they are forms, Heat and Light do not ray out indiscriminately, from all parts of the sun alike, but only towards other orbs,—their development being dependent upon cosmical interaction: the Sun himself, in fact, being an inert magnet but for the surrounding orbs which excite him to action, themselves being simultaneously excited by him. And lastly, we have found that the development of Heat and Light, instead of being an exhausting process, the effect of intense self-destroying combustion, is as natural and as inherent a quality of Matter as Gravitation itself, and no more wastes a body than Colour or Weight

Science has peopled the Skies with fables and monstrosities, almost as marvellous as those with which the young and lively Muse of Greece peopled her Olympus—that wide-spreading realm of the gods which hung over and interlaced with the whole Grecian world. Hesiod would have been delighted to see the myth of Saturn devouring his children adopted by a staid body of savans at the present day, as a scientific doctrine representing the actual condition of our solar system. As one of its first consequences, our new doctrine makes an end of this extraordinary hypothesis. It sweeps away, as a grotesque myth, the notion that the Sun is a fiery ogre, ever-wasting in self-consuming flames, and recruiting his failing substance and strength by sucking-in and devouring the surrounding orbs, until, in a period marvellously short, he and they perish together,—like the fabulous juggler who first swallows his brothers, then swallows himself. Instead of a solar system ceaselessly consuming itself from the first hour of its creation, we have given to view a new theory by which a conservation of force takes the place of endless destruction and waste, and by which the phenomena of the solar system are brought into harmony with that economy of force which, in principle at least, is acknowledged by modern science to pervade the universe.

The views above summarised, and previously expounded, constitute

in effect a New System. They form an entirely new basis for astronomical calculations and speculations. And it is hardly an exaggeration to say that their adoption will necessitate a radical reform, a complete revision of the doctrines of cosmical science. By a few instances, out of the many, we shall proceed to show the new elements which our System introduces into astronomical calculations,—beginning with a problem which has excited no small amount of interest even on the part of the general public.

Are there more worlds than one? This is a question which ended a keen controversy some years ago. The point at issue was, Is the Earth the only inhabited member of our solar system? The upholden of the negative answer to this problem relied upon-or at least might have relied upon, if they had fully availed themselves of the arguments which the present dogmas of science place at their disposal—three different objections, each of a very formidable aspect. It was maintained that the Sun being a mass of fire-matter in a state of combustion for exceeding in intensity anything possible or even conceivable on our planet—could not be inhabited by any race of beings imaginable by m. And a like inference was dogmatically made in regard to Mercury and Venus, in which planets the heat, according to the established theory, must be too great for any existence save that of the fabulous mismander. On the other hand the outer planets-those farther than our planet from the Sun—were held to be too cold to support living inhabitants. Even at Mars-if the present doctrine be correct-the cold must be too great to support Life of any kind as it exists on our planet. And at Jupiter (according to the same doctrine) the amount of heat and light is only on the of what we enjoy here: so that this magnificent planet must be always, and in all parts, subjected to a worse than Arctic night. Thirdly, it was said, somewhat over-boldly, that the Moon has no atmosphere, and that there is no good ground for believing that the distant planets are better circumstanced. How do we know, it was said, that the other planets have atmospheres?and if no atmosphere, of course, no Life.

In fact we are somewhat ashamed to say that the general opinion seemed to be that the Earth was a particularly favoured orb, and that the others were created chiefly, if not exclusively, for the sake of the human race on Earth. In the words of the high priest of this school, chief expounder of its tenets, our globe "is the domestic hearth, and only (inhabited) world, in the Universe." The Sun is regarded as simply ministering to our existence; and in regard to our sisterplanets, which were all but denied the humble honour of being useful to us, it is suggested that their raison dêlre is merely to furnish problems for the human mind, and to excite a portion of our intellectual powers which would otherwise have lain dormant.

According to the system which we have propounded, there are at least two new elements to be taken into account in this question. One

of these is the vast influence of an atmosphere on the effects of the cosmical force which generates Heat and Light. Secondly, if—as we hold—Heat and Light are not a mere indiscriminate efflux from the sun, but the result of cosmical interaction, it is obvious that the development of heat and light depends not simply on the distance of any orb from the sun, but also upon its magnitude: for, caleris paribus, the larger the planet, the more will it excite the solar action, and the greater will be the heat and light generated in its atmosphere.

Now, first of all, let us ask, What is an Atmosphere? This is a most important, indeed a cardinal point of the problem: for unquestionably if a planet has no atmosphere, it cannot support Life of any kind conceivable by us. Is, then, an atmosphere a covering, a vestment, which a planet or other cosmical orb may have or not, just as a man may or may not wear a coat? Is it an accident, or exceptional phenomenon, of cosmical existence?—or is the possession of an atmosphere the normal condition of great organised masses of matter, such as the planets and the other grand orbs which compose the universe? We advance the latter opinion: we maintain that the possession of an atmosphere is the normal condition of the planets and of all the great orbs of the universe.

What, in truth, is an atmosphere but an exhalation (so to call it) from solid matter? It is like the smell of bodies-an invisible effluvium of matter. Every material object has an effluvium of this kind. The scent of flowers is their atmosphere, -a radiation of their substance in the form of a subtle essence. In a lesser degree, the greensward, or a newly-ploughed field, gives sensible proof of a similar exhalation; and anyone who has sauntered among pine-woods must have felt how the healthful essence of the trees is breathed forth exhilaratingly upon the air. Even water has a smell, effluvium, atmosphere. Boating on a lake, we perceive it unmistakably; and the effluvium of the sea is acknowledged by all, not only as an olfactory perception, but also as a bracing stimulant to our frames. Even metals, to a blind man of quick olfactory perceptions, may be distinguished by their smell. Now, the atmosphere of planets is of the same kind and of similar origin. It is an exhalation of their solid mass, of the various materials which compose their substance. It is the volatilised portion of the planet, consisting (chiefly) of the gases given off by the solid matter -which matter is but gases solidified in various forms. Hence every planet, as well as stellar orb, must have an atmosphere of some kind. Moreover, if the evidence of the new art of spectral analysis is to be relied on, the substance of the other planets is almost, if not perfectly, identical with that of earth: hence their atmospheres likewise must be similar in character to ours, and fitted to support similar forms of

The doctrine so long held that the moon is devoid of an atmosphere has of late been shaken by counter opinions entertained by some

of our highest authorities in astronomical science; and one may boldly maintain that the lunar orb has an atmosphere without being deemed a heretic. Certainly, the moon exhibits some phenomena which are not easily reconcilable with the doctrine that our fair satellite is airless-a bare mass of stony nudity. The occasional appearance in dim light of the whole of her orb at times of new moon, when only a thin segment of her surface is irradiated by the sun, -that appearance when, in addition to the silver sickle of the new moon, the remainder of her orbed surface is at the same time visible in paler light, which in the ancient ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens" is described as "the old moon in the new moon's arms," and is popularly regarded as a presuge of stormy weather,-is one of those phenomena which seem to us to prove the existence of a lunar atmosphere. Another is the fact that frequently, when the earth is eclipsed by the intervention of the moon between our planet and the sun, the side of the lunar orb next the earth, and upon which no direct ray from the sun can fall, is nevertheless visible to us as a dusky copper-hued disc. There are but two ways of explaining these phenomena. The one adopted (if we can yet call it adopted) by science is, that the moon has an atmosphere, and that the dim irradiation of the portion of its surface turned away from the sun is due to the refraction of the solar rays by this atmosphere, so that rays which would have passed away into the void, are caught and thrown back so as dimly to irradiate the otherwise dark side of our satellite.

This explanation is intelligible and by no means improbable. At the same time there is another explanation which suggests itself to me, and which naturally arises out of the new doctrine stated in the previous papers of this series—namely, that every planet tends to develop a light of its own. It seems to me not improbable that the visibility to us of the lunar orb during a terrestrial eclipse is due to the cosmical interaction going on between the earth and the moon, tending to develop light on the moon's surface; just as, I hold, the lunar action upon our planet tends to lessen our darkness during an eclipse of the sun. The same explanation may apply to the somewhat spectral appearance of "the old moon in the new moon's arms,"—the exciting cosmical influence of our planet sufficing to produce a faint irradiation of the part of the moon's surface hid from the solar light.

If the former of these explanations be adopted, then the moon has an atmosphere; for the hypothesis proceeds wholly upon this basis. If the new explanation which (without discarding the other) we suggest as an alternative be adopted, then at first sight it appears to prove nothing either for or against the existence of a lunar atmosphere. But this is not the case: for how is light to be developed without an atmosphere? Moreover, as will be shown in a future article, I have good reasons for maintaining that even the reflected light of the sun which comes to us from the planets is reflected not by their bare solid

surface, but by their atmospheres—by the light-generating gaseous or ethereal envelope which surrounds them.

Not even in theory do I hold that all the planets have an equally developed atmosphere, or gaseous envelope: for, though the great principles of Creation (if we may so venture to speak) appear to show uniformity, Diversity is unquestionably one of the most striking phenomena of their application. If uniformity pervades the principles, the grand features, of Creation, diversity not less strikingly characterises the details. As there are no two human faces exactly alike, it is still less to be expected that the condition of all the planets is identical. Nevertheless, alike deductively and inductively, we find grounds for holding that every planet has an atmosphere of some kind. It is a conceivable idea, it is true, that an infant planet, suddenly thrown off into space from a larger orb, should have no atmosphere at first, - just as our sublunary infants at first lack teeth and hair, which come to them in their process of growth. But there is no reliable indication of any kind, or even any fair ground for hypothesis, that any of the planets are so much younger than the earth that they have not yet attained to the development of an atmosphere : and, what is more important, all the actual phenomena of the planets, especially as regards their reflection (if not also refraction) of light, seem to indicate of necessity the existence of atmospheres surrounding them.

Moreover, if we are to hold that all the orbs of the universe have formed themselves out of nebulæ by the process of solidification,—then every planet and other orb must have had an atmosphere from the first. In fact, at the outset it must have been all atmosphere. Hence, on this hypothesis—so prevalent, if not actually adopted as the creed of science -it is beyond one's power to conceive how any orb or planet should lack an atmosphere now. On the other hypothesis, that the orbs have been flung off from still larger bodies (or from one grand central mass), it is natural to conceive that a period must elapse for superficial disintegration, evaporation, exhalation, before an atmosphere would be formed,-although, we repeat, the appearance of all our planets seems to deny that any of them is in such a period now; but, on the received nebular theory, the lack of atmosphere of some kind is inconceivable. Only fancy an orb solidifying itself so greedily, and possessing so keen a power of assimilation or digestion, as actually to eat up and incorporate into its solid mass every particle of the gaseous and aqueous va-pours out of which it grew!—leaving itself a bare dry mass of solid matter, and thereby imposing upon itself the necessity of gradually undoing its work of appropriation or solidification in order to create anew an atmosphere by the opposite process of exhalation and disintegration.

Now, mark the important bearing which these views have upon the question as to whether or not the planets are inhabitable. In the August Number, we showed how immensely the development of heat

and light is dependent upon the atmosphere in which they are gene-We showed that a difference in the density of the atmosphere in which a candle is burnt occasions a still greater difference in the amount of light evolved,—in fact, that a difference of five-sixths in the density of the atmosphere causes the light to increase or diminish a This, be it observed, is the result of a difference in the hundredfold! density of the atmosphere—its quality or constituent elements remaining the same. But if the quality also be changed, say by the introduction of more oxygen, the amount of light evolved may be almost indefinitely increased. In fact, by augmenting the igniferous condition of the surrounding atmosphere, a common candle may be made to burn with a brilliance positively dazzling,—yet, without the slightest increase of its consumption by combustion. The candle will last as long in the one case as in the other, yet the difference in the quantity of heat and light evolved may be a thousandfold!

Hence, if any of the more distant planets have an atmosphere denser than Earth's, or of a more igniferous quality, that planet, though more distant from the sun, may enjoy as much heat and light as earth does. And as some of the outer planets—notably Jupiter and Saturn—are immensely larger than earth, I regard it as certain that their atmospheres are both larger and denser than Earth's.

Next, as to the other element to be taken into account, in virtue of our new system. If heat and light be forms of the great cosmical force of attraction,—raying-out from the sun not indiscriminately into all parts of Space, but only between orbs, as the result of cosmical interaction,—then it follows that the amount of the solar influence depends not merely upon the distance of the planet acted upon, but likewise upon the planet's magnitude,—i.e. its power of exciting the solar action. This is a new doctrine: let us show its import by an example.

Take the case of Jupiter,—the vastest and most magnificent of the planetary orbs, surpassing in size all the other planets put together. Jupiter is five times more distant from the sun than the Earth is: therefore, according to the accepted doctrine, he receives only 1/2 th part of the heat and light which our planet enjoys. In other words, he is in a perpetual state of frightful darkness and cold. But if the new element which we suggest be imported into the calculation, how stands his case then? As he is (in mass) 340 times greater than Earth, Jupiter, if he were as near to the sun as our planet is, would receive 340 times more of the solar influence: in other words, the cosmical interaction between the sun and Jupiter would (cateris paribus) be 340 times greater than between the sun and earth. But as Jupiter is five times more distant from the sun, and as the cosmical force (per se) decreases according to the square of the distance, his superior magnitude must be divided by 25, in order to let us see (conjecturally) what is the amount of the solar influence which he receives

compared with earth. 340 divided by 25 = fully 13 times. Thus, though more distant than the earth from the sun, Jupiter, in consequence of his vastly superior magnitude, may actually receive more

of the solar influence than our planet does.

We give these figures as illustrative merely, not as determining the actual amount of solar influence which this magnificent planet receives in comparison with earth. Although our savans do not hesitate to fix with startling precision the amount of heat and light received by Jupiter, merely by calculating his distance from the sun, we cannot imitate their dogmatism, even although we have added to the calculation two other and most important elements-namely, the magnitude of the planet, and also the immense difference in the development of heat and light occasioned by any diversities in the density and igniferous quality of a planet's atmosphere. Apart from the fact that the density and quality of Jupiter's atmosphere are (save by conjecture and vague inference) at present unknown quantities, even the inference from his magnitude is unreliable. It is true that the experiments with the spectrum show an almost perfect identity of the materials which compose the other planets (and the sun also) with those of earth; but this is very far from being enough. Matter differs vastly in its cosmical power or qualities according to its structure. The same material may exhibit and exert entirely different qualities owing to a difference in its molecular composition. Charcoal and the diamond consist of the same material, -yet how different are they in every other respect! While the one is full of light, vibrating and sparkling at the least touch of the solar ray or any other luminiferous agent, the other is a dall black mass in which the solar ray cannot develop even the faintest tinge of colour. In like manner, even if the spectral analysis could in the most reliable manner reveal to us the material elements of all the planets and of the sun, not only the heat-and-light-emitting power of these orbs, but even their cosmical power in its simplest form (Attraction) would not be either revealed or explained by such knowledge. What matters it if the substance of the sun be identical in its elements with that of earth, if those elements exist in the sun in a far higher molecular organisation than they do here? Heat and Light, we hold, are forms of the grand cosmical force which in its simplest form is called Attraction; but not only do different substances possess this cosmical power in different degrees, but a like difference, sometimes enormous in degree, is manifested by the same material owing to diversities in its molecular structure.

There is yet another—a third—new element in this planetary problem, which we venture to introduce; but this one we introduce not as a principle, but as a suggestion—as a reasonable conjecture. Is it not probable that the very position of the planets—their varying distance from the sun—may so affect their (call it magnetic) condition, as to impart to them different degrees of power to excite and attract to

them the solar action? Objects, we know, must be in opposite conditions before they mutually excite one another. And the same objects, by a change in their condition, may become mutually repellent instead of attractive: and this change may be simply the result of mutual contact,—as a pith-ball after contact is repelled by the magnet which previously attracted it—having become surcharged with the magnet's influence and become like to it. Now, this polarity, or opposite condition, which excites attraction is not a fixed quantity: the depolarisation, or rapprochement of condition, may be only partial,not producing repulsion, but merely lessening attraction, interaction, or the power of mutual excitement. Hence, we say, may not the planets which are nearer to the sun, being more charged with his influence, have less power (cateris paribus) to excite and attract to themselves the solar influence than the planets which are more distant? If this be true, the distant planets would obtain more heat and light than would otherwise be the case, while the nearer planets would have less. Mercury would not be so torrid and dazzling with insufferable light, and Neptune would not wander in such Cimmerian darkness and worse than Arctic cold.

We advance this view simply as a conjecture,—although there are many facts, as well as analogies, which may be adduced in support of it. Should it prove correct, it will but add another to the many examples of that marvellous, beautiful, and all-bountiful system of Compensation which pervades creation, testifying alike to the goodness and to the wisdom of the great Creator. Who that has travelled, or has studied the world in books, has not been astonished to mark how, in countries where the summer is short, the fervour of the sun compensates for the shortness of his stay, ripening with marvellous rapidity the fruits of Think of the marvels of the Greenland summer. Nay, even amid the perennial ice-fields of the Arctic zone, has not the strange phenomenon been witnessed of the tar melting on the sunny side of the ship while brandy froze on the shaded side? Does not the solar ray in these regions acquire a potency far greater than is explainable by the facts of latitude, of geographical position? And, if we may hazard a passing remark, may not this phenomenon in part at least be due to the very fact that the sun shines there so little—that the air is in those parts so little acted upon by the sun (so little solarified, so to speak), compared with the tropics, - and that, in consequence, its ignipotent power, its capacity to develop heat when acted upon by the solar influence, is unusually great?

R. H. PATTERSON.

## HOW TO GET MARRIED

WHEN Mr. Gamaliel Pickle had determined to commit matrimony, he made his proposals after a very mercantile fashion. "Madam," he wrote, "having a parcel of heart to dispose of, warranted sound, shall be glad to treat with you for same." The veracious Dr. Smollett, who records the offer, is careful to tell his readers that it was accepted, and that Mr. Pickle and his spouse lived thereafter in moderate content and happiness. We who live in the nineteenth century are accustomed to pride ourselves on having got rid of this sort of thing, and on making love after a much more chivalrous fashion than our ancestors. of us even say—and, what is still more remarkable, even think—that we approach the old knightly reverence for women. Every novel that the season produces has some of this knightly love-making in it. modern essayists—except, indeed, the spiteful women who decry their sex in the weekly pages of the Saturday Review-hold by the same faith, and paint ecstatic pictures of the joys of true love, the romance of marriage, and the happiness of modern lovers. And their example is followed by the gushing leader-writers who expatiate in the daily press, and who gravely discuss in the dull season the propriety of marrying upon all sorts of fabulously-small incomes. Yet in spite of all this assumption, tacit and expressed, there are innumerable proofs that by large numbers of persons marriage is regarded as the most commonplace and matter-of-fact business transaction in the world. Johnson, who has acquired a sufficient income to make a great house a matter of necessity, "looks out for a wife" to sit at the head of his table, and to check the housekeeping books. Tompkins, who inherits a large landed estate, desires an heir to follow him, and so runs over the list of his female acquaintance in hope of finding someone who may not be altogether unbearable as a companion, and who may yet fulfil the duties of a wife with all decency and propriety. Brown, who is poor, wants money, and seeks a mate whose fortune shall supply the deficiencies of his own, and whose society shall atone for the neglect with which his male acquaintance are apt to treat him. Jones, who is neither rich nor poor, but who does not go much into society, wants someone to whom he can talk when he leaves his office and retires to his gloomily-respectable house for the evening. And finally Robinson, who has been a little "gay" in his younger days, requires a nurse to soothe the loneliness of his declining years and to keep at bay the gang of harpies who, under the name of relations, sow perennial thorns in his pillow, poison his gruel, and mingle the ashes of the Dead Sea with his nightly chicken-broth. All these varied classes want wives; but it must be obvious that in their cases matrimony is a mere matter of business, quite as certainly as in the famous instance of Mr. Gamaliel Pickle.

Now political economists tell us very decidedly that wherever there is a demand, there also will be a supply. The statement may or may not be true as a general principle. Some of us find that, however strenuously we may "demand," the "supply" comes to us no more readily than did the "modest competency" to the Scotch lady, who prayed every night and morning for "four hundred a-year, paid quarterly in advance." And yet, somehow or other, even in cases such as those we have supposed, it is found that the supply is a good deal in excess of the demand, and that wives of a certain sort are rather "a drug in the market." There are always managing mammas who are ready to part with their darlings to the highest bidder, and who in some cases contrive to do a fair stroke of business through their astuteness in this particular. A good many of the young ladies of the present day, too, are singularly scate in husband-hunting, and, despising the old romantic notions of love in a cottage and humble strife with poverty, are ready to marry anybody who promises them a comfortable home and its customary accessories, totally irrespective of age, temper, or personal qualifications in their husbands. Finally, and unfortunately, there are a great many girls who have no particular vocation for matrimony, but who regard it as a means of getting a living, a little more respectable than some other recognised modes, and a good deal less laborious than that domestic service or pursuit of the millinery art for which by nature and education they appear to be best fitted.

To all such persons the matrimonial market is open. Those who once enter there find the same principles in operation as in markets of a very different description outside. It may, perhaps, be not altogether uninteresting to trace some of the ways in which the business is carried on. One thing is tolerably certain—that its operations are of a kind totally unknown to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the readers of Belgravia; so that we have little hesitation in unveiling some of these mysteries, certain that to that large audience they will possess at least the merit of novelty.

The first method of doing business which the would-be speculator in the matrimonial lottery finds open to him is the system of mutual exchange. As most people are probably aware, there are a number of weekly periodicals which devote a considerable portion of their space to "Answers to Correspondents." "C. R." wants to cure warts, and to know why brides go to church in veils; "Ignoramus" asks why Whitsunday is so called; "X. Y. Z." inquires whether a man may marry his deceased brother's widow; "A Subscriber" wants to know when he may recall a card at whist so as to save a revoke; and "Norfolk" wants to know how to make almond-hardbake. All these and a hundred

other inquirers get their difficulties solved by writing to the editor of their favourite journal. By far the greater number of his correspondents are, however, concerned about matrimonial affairs. The London Journal is, perhaps, the periodical which does the largest business of this kind. In a single copy, amongst the inquiries quoted above, there are no fewer than twenty-three paragraphs relating to this subject, many of them referring to four or five separate correspondents, besides two long lists of announcements of cartes-de-visite wanted and received. The study of these paragraphs is curious and edifying. "P. Y. R.," who seems to be a favoured personage, has in some previous number asked for a wife. In reply he is told that "Nellie Vernon, twenty-two, accomplished, rather tall, dark, and considered handsome; an English Gem, nineteen, pretty, lady-like, and the daughter of an independent gentleman; Emilie R., twenty, handsome, and of good family; and Eveline de Courcy, eighteen, fair and pretty, and will have a nice fortune, -wish to correspond and receive the carte-de-visite of the favoured one." Next comes the announcement of a forlorn swain. He tells the sympathetic readers of his favourite "weekly" that he "is twenty-three, tall, dark, and good-tempered, and has an income of 5001. a-year," and he asks to correspond with "a pretty and amiable young lady." One of the softer sex comes next. "Emma G., a well-informed girl of nineteen, rather dark, genteel, five feet eight inches in height, a domestic servant, is very much in want of someone to love." The domestic servant is, however, eclipsed by the lady whose announcement of her wishes is to be found in the same column. "Queen Adeline" flies at higher game—evidently desires, in a word, one of the earls or marquises who figure so magnificently in the serial novels of the journal-and thus expresses her wishes: she is, she says, "tall, dark, handsome, and has 400%. a-year," and she would like to have "the carte-de-visite of a tall, dark, and handsome man, not too old. She is twenty-two. He must have well-formed and small hands and feet, and plenty of money." It is difficult to imagine that these announcements and their like are published in good faith. Of course we can understand why "Emma G." or "Sergeant D., a non-commissioned officer of the line," should publish their wants in this very open way; but as for the ladies and gentlemen with 400%, and 500%, a-year, who appeal to the editor for partners for life, que diable viennent-ils faire dans cette galère? Is it possible that there are people in the world who, unless they have some irremovable stain upon their characters, find any difficulty in disposing of their incomes and themselves amongst their own friends? Or do all these notices point to something which is not exactly marriage? One cannot but be loth to suppose the latter; but bearing in mind certain police-reports, and certain matters of common gossip of a kind which does not often get into print, it is rather hard to believe in the total innocence of all these persons.

This is probably a sufficiently business-like way of arranging a

"matrimonial alliance" for the tastes of most people, but there are even more commercial methods in existence. People who want wives or husbands sometimes find it advisable to make their wants public by advertisement—a method of proceeding which is very commonly practised in some of the northern manufacturing districts. Matrimonial advertisements are excluded from the respectable journals of the metropolis, but the scarcely less influential and respectable journals of the cotton capital insert them readily and receive the answers. They are generally very matter-of-fact-romance would, indeed, be out of place in such a connection. Now and then some of them are, however, comic enough. "A handsome young gentleman, aged twenty-three, wishes to correspond with a young lady with not less than 3001. a-year," was an advertisement which appeared several times in one of the journals of Cottonopolis. Whether the advertiser's expectations were ever realised the present writer is, of course, unable to say; but from his own experience he is inclined to think it rather doubtful. Some few months back, having nothing very particular to do, he inserted an advertisement in a certain Manchester newspaper, stating that "a young professional man, handsome, amiable, and intelligent, and possessing an income of 500% a-year, was anxious to meet with a suitable mate." The replies came in shoals. Within four days, between sixty and seventy letters were received, all, with one exception, evidently bonâ fide. The exception was a high-flown composition written in a disguised hand, and on paper profusely scented with musk. Of the remainder, the majority were rather touching. A great many came from servant-girls, who always included two things in their applications; first, they declared that their parents were eminently respectable—generally professional men-and that it was only through family misfortunes that they had been compelled to "go to service;" and secondly, they treated their correspondent to a great deal of bad spelling and worse grammar. The following is a verbatim copy of one of these communications:

"Dear Sir. Having notised your advertizment we beg to offer ourselves. Are 2 sisters Lottie twenty one and dark hand tall and Tottie fair and pritty which I never hexpected to go to survice having always been brought up quite genteel. I am Sir Yours and c. ———."

"P.S. Please adress your letter Miss ----."

Young ladies in shops and warehouses contributed somewhat liberally to the batch of answers. They generally wrote the flashy hand taught at "young ladies' seminaries," and sometimes quoted poetry of a tender character. The grammar of their epistles was, however, somewhat dubious, and their spelling worse than that of a charity-schoolboy. Strangest of all was the following, which was written in a beautifully firm and lady-like hand upon good paper:

"I have seen your challenge to the ladies in the —, and I fancy it must be genuine, and that you expect it to be taken up in all frank-

ness..... I am twenty-five, and am the daughter of a solicitor. I have been well-educated, and you may judge of my personal appearance by the enclosed carte-de-visite. I shall be entitled on my marriage to about 5000L in the funds, and at my mother's death I expect to receive a similar amount. My reason for this bold and perhaps imprudent letter is that I am tired of home, which is too stiff and formal for me. If you would like to know more about me you must give me all particulars about yourself. Write to Miss ——, under cover to ——."

The portrait enclosed was that of a really handsome girl of about the age mentioned in the letter. The name given was one not altogether unknown to the writer, and the person under cover to whom the reply was to be sent was evidently a servant. It need scarcely be said that the matter went no further, and that the carte was returned forthwith. Still, it is rather melancholy to think of what may be the fate of this girl. She evidently suspected no harm, and she confided in an utter stranger with singular frankness and simplicity. In all human probability she would become the prey of the first fortune-hunting scoundrel who came across her path, unless she had, as the writer sincerely hopes, a big brother with a strong arm and a thick stick.

Even more matter-of-fact than the advertisement system is that of the "matrimonial offices." Of these remarkable establishments it is generally believed that our neighbours across the Channel have a monopoly. Such, however, is far from being the case. There are, or were, two or three in the shabby streets which lie to the north of Oxfordstreet and about Fitzroy-square; and in some of the provincial towns of England they flourish exceedingly. Their mode of operation varies. Those of London have never been very successful, owing to the praiseworthy reluctance of newspaper proprietors to further the interests of the mercenary priests of Hymen. Away from the capital such scruples have less weight. The Arcadian simplicity of the rural districts apparently influences the men of the towns, who have—or, rather, act as though they had-no suspicion that the accomplished persons who devote themselves to overcoming the spite of fortune, and to bringing together those whom fate has divided, may sometimes play the nottoo-reputable part of Mrs. Joyner in Wycherley's comedy. And thus it comes about that these establishments are commonly advertised. the results of the advertisements may be sometimes not particularly gratifying, there is certainly no doubt about their comicality. are we to think of a lady who advertises in the following terms?—

"Mes. ——'s Matrimonial Office.—On hand, a widow aged 40, with 1500l. A young lady (highly accomplished), with 50l. a-year. Two young ladies (sisters), beautiful, lady-like, and attractive. Lady (37), with 200l. a-year. Widow, young, with comfortable home and furniture—no children. Address Mrs. ——, —— Street. A personal interview desirable."

The above is a literal copy of an advertisement which adomed a well-known journal of the north of England only a few weeks ago. At the same time the following appeared in the same columns:

"MATRIMONIAL AND GENERAL AGENCY, —— STREET.—Mr. —
has been requested to negotiate a suitable alliance for a lady of considerable personal attractions, and possessed of a moderate fortune. It is particularly requested that no one will apply who is not prepared with suitable references as to respectability, honourable intentions, and power to offer to the lady a position equal to her family and expectations."

Lastly comes the advertisement of a third office, which, though it reads almost like a caricature, is a genuine, and apparently bond fit, announcement:

All these are, however, but vulgar announcements. The tralyrefined and highly-cultured business of this character is managed by more delicate hands than those of the keepers of "matrimonial offices" in the back-streets of provincial towns. "Dalston, London," boasts in establishment of a far higher character. By the kindness of a friend, the prospectuses have been forwarded to me of the famous "Office for Marriages, ancienne et seule institution internationale de l'Angleton pour la conclusion des alliances matrimoniales, conducted by Messis. John Schwartz and Co., London." The conductors of this famous establishment deal only in nobilities, particularly those of distant parts of Europe. They publish a few cases by way of testimonials to their own integrity and honour. One only is that of an English lady, whom they describe as having been "the daughter of a high dignitary of the Church of England, and related to English aristocratic families." For her a husband was found in the person of the "Baron Alexander von Koeller," formerly an officer of Lancers in the Prussian army. Of course there is a price to be paid for arranging so splendid a match; and possibly in order to give a notion to intending customers, the disinterested Messrs. John Schwartz and Co. print the Baron's last letter, in which he "acknowledges the receipt of all his letters, and of his noteof-hand for 150% due to them as agreed commission for their agency on behalf of his marriage." To this document is appended the signature "Alexander Freiherr von Koeller," and a declaration that it is "signed with his own hand, and sealed with his own coat-of-arms." The last testimonial on the list refers to a marriage "between Monsieur Nicolas Léon de Serieux, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Lieutenant of the Imperial Grenadiers of the 12th regiment of France, at Mascara (Algiers, Africa), and the Countess Leonie Zichy de Wasonkeo, at Bösing, near

Pressburg, in Hungary." Messrs. Schwartz's note on this occasion is too precious to be omitted. "Who," they ask, "will not recognise in this union the distinct command of Providence, employing Messrs. John Schwartz and Co. as instruments for uniting these persons, who without their assistance would surely never have met in this world in consequence of their limited spheres of life?" The lady who condescends to assist Providence on the feminine side of this establishment also publishes her circular, which is beautifully printed on ornamental paper, and contains the oddest jumble of grisly sentiment and business-like keenness that can well be imagined. Mrs. Friederike Schwartz addresses herself "to the earnest consideration of ladies, guardians, and heads of families." To such persons she gives first a short lecture on the blessings of matrimony, and then states the object and occasion of her estab-"Deeply impressed," she says, "with the importance of the natrimonial happiness of my fellow-creatures, the desire arose in me to atablish a matrimonial mediation for the purpose of facilitating such a mutual acquaintance between persons of both sexes on a strictly moral and religious basis, with the consent of parents, relatives, or guardians (by correspondence, not through personal introduction), as may tend towards a matrimonial alliance." The distinguishing feature of the institution is its utility in providing with husbands "ladies with large fortunes, who, in addition to their wealth, aspire to a title and high rank in society." For persons such as these no doubt the distinguished house of Schwartz and Co. will readily provide a foreign nobleman with a foreign title, in consideration of a suitable fee. What that may be we are not informed. Considering, however, that, by their own admission, Messrs. Schwartz obtained 1,100 thalers for the return of a series of letters, the amount to be paid on the conclusion of a marriage ought to be something very considerable. Perhaps Madame Rachel (Leverson) has been induced to give her valuable services in this task of assessing the honorarium to be paid to the keepers of these stalls in the matrimonial market.

### SINGULARITY

THERE is great truth in the saying that all lines are good so long as they are one's own; that is, that every mode of acting and bearing himself may be successful if it seems to flow naturally from a man's own character, and not adopted out of imitation. Of course the doctrine may be pushed to an inconvenient or ridiculous extent, and a man might take to committing murder or arson, or eating peas with his knife, on the ground that he was thereby simply following out his natural line. But this liability it shares with every other principle of practical guidance. They must all of them be taken more or less cum grano, and cannot be acted on except by submitting to be modified by one another's influence. The danger of excess, however, in this particular direction need hardly, at any rate at the present day, cause us serious concern; for if the aberrations of human folly were not by this time too familiar a spectacle to excite surprise, it must strike an impartial on-looker with wonder to see so very large a proportion of mankind, without the faintest moral or legal obligation thereto being imposed on them, persistently doing what they have no relish for, and what does not suit them, simply because they see others doing it. And the worst of it is that the evil, as Mr. Mill has pointed out in his essay on Liberty, and elsewhere, is manifestly on the increase. Our very advances in "civilisation," as we choose to understand the word, our thickly-multiplying newspapers and cheap literature, and facilities of communication, all tend to enlarge and intensify the action on the individual of the opinion and example of the many, and to induce in him a blind and unreasoning following of them because they are the many. "No society," says Mr. Mill, "in which eccentricity is a term of reproach can be in a wholesome state;" but amongst ourselves men and women seem to have as much horror of being thought exceptional, and not sharing in the common tone of feeling on any subject that prevails around them, as children have of being left alone in the dark; and undergo labours, dangers, and sufferings in the pursuit of ends they don't care for merely because they want, as they say, to be "like other people." The question why they should want to be like other people, unless from a conviction that other people are better or wiser than themselves, seems not to occur to them.

Take as an illustration of this sheep-like spirit the way in which concert-rooms and picture-galleries are crowded. Some little time ago we were at one of a series of well-known concerts at which Mr. Sims Reeves had been announced to sing, and did sing. Some hundreds of

people, we were told, were turned away from the doors, unable to obtain admittance; the room was crowded to excess, and the heat and discomfort, everywhere extreme, must in some parts have been almost unbearable; yet for three mortal hours were the worthy people composing the audience content to be wedged tightly together, and hot, and thoroughly uncomfortable, and we could not but ask ourselves, why? Mr. Sims Reeves is doubtless a great singer; but did all this enthusiastic crowd consist of skilled critics who understood and appreciated his excellence? Reason and observation alike forbade the supposition. Five-sixths of them at least would probably have been unable to detect the faintest difference between his singing and that of any one of the many gentlemen who so often do duty for him on similar occasions. They were there because they had read in the newspapers, or heard it said, that Mr. Sims Reeves was a great tenor, and so felt bound to hear and admire him-or say they did so. And year after year we see multitudes, in obedience to the same tyrannous deity of Custom, thronging the gallery of the Royal Academy Exhibition, and enduring, with a devotion which would be pathetic were it not so intensely comic, an atmosphere which must try the most robust, not because they care for pictures, or get any ideas from them, but because other people go there. Of course, the case would be very different if we saw people at such places, although not enjoying or appreciating to the full extent what they saw or listened to, yet endeavouring to do so. True taste, either in music or pictures, is not the growth of a day, and he who would acquire it must be content for a long time to find the language he is studying very often almost, if not quite, unintelligible. Those we refer to are the multitudes who put themselves to inconvenience, and often great expense, to hear music and see pictures, knowing nothing about either, and not really, if the truth could be got at, caring to know anything, or in fact believing that there was anything more to know, but ashamed to avow their indifference lest they should be thought singular, and wanting in a taste proper and customary to possess.

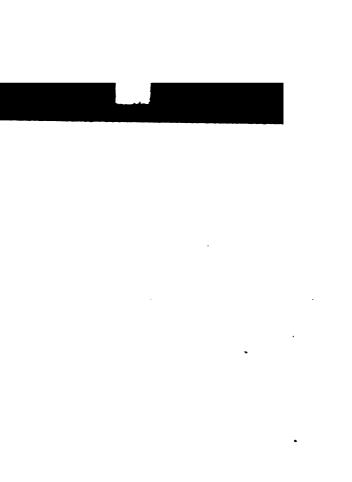
A simple and dignified admission of special ignorance, or indifference, or want of skill, seems to be a virtue most difficult of attainment, and indeed is anything but generally recognised as a virtue at all. If the admission is made it is apt to be accompanied with a certain boastfulness, as men will brag of their bad handwriting, or inability to reckon aright. There is, of course, nothing to pride oneself on in being ignorant of anything, not even (pace Mr. Lowe) of heraldry, but nothing necessarily to be ashamed of in being unacquainted with many. Perhaps one of the choicest results of culture is the magnanimity which enables a man when he does not understand what other people are talkof to say so frankly and easily. It may even keep him unmoved and unashamed in the terrible conjuncture imagined by a recent writer on "Talk" in the Cornhill Magazine, of being unable to join in the conversation at a dinner-table on some book of the day which has created an

impression, and is being discussed by the rest of the company, simply through not having read it. Of course his not having read it may be very far from being to his credit, but it is none the more so because other people have. Life is, after all, but limited, and it is simply inpossible to master everything. Nor is to be in the fashion by any means a sound principle by which to guide one's studies. A few years ago ferns and sea-anemones were the rage. Now an intimate acquaintance with ferns and sea-anemones is wholesome and profitable enough, but yet a good deal of ignorance of both can hardly be held to involve any very heavy condemnation. If a man has brains, if he has read, and can think, he will generally find in the course of any conversation ample opportunities of impressing the fact of his possessing these qualities on all persons similarly gifted, and need not fear faring the worse in their estimation if he for a while hold his peace, as having nothing to say worth the utterance. No doubt if his companions are fook he may; but such a result one would think was not unendurable.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has lately been giving us some very wholesome advice as to the defects and dangers incident on a state of society in which happiness is held to consist in doing as one likes; that is, a one's baser, ordinary self likes. In this we fully agree with him. It is not well to do merely as one likes if one likes nothing higher or nobler than fox-hunting and pheasant-shooting, or money-making and tea-meetings, or breaking park-palings and beating policemen. People with such likings and no others being like horse and mule, without understanding, may well require to be led with bit and bridle, and be plainly told that it is not by the pursuance of such ends that the race has reached that by no means over-exalted point on the way of perfection which it may boast of having attained. But there is a refinedand what, in virtue of its constant striving after beauty and harmony, and freedom from cramping restraints in life, may be called artisticway of doing as one likes-in other words, of being natural-which we feel sure that Mr. Arnold would be one of the last to find fault with. Its exercise no doubt requires tact and judgment, and sympathy and consideration for others; all qualities by no means strewn broadcast over mankind, and to be accounted the undoubted birthright of every human being. To do as one likes aright, one must like the best things; but with this proviso, the more we like them in our own way the better. Suppose a man who has taken pains to think aright in critical matters, and is conscious not without success, in that he can love and admire those great works which the common consent of centuries has stamped as of supreme excellence, finds that his estimate of some new poem or picture is at variance with that of the great majority of, or perhaps all other, critics, even those on whose judgment he is, in the main, wont to rely. Well, need he regard this as anything very terrible or alarming? There is of course a cause for reconsidering his views, as even the most thoughtful are liable to be led

astray, and fancy merits and defects in a work of art where none such really exist; and it is no doubt strange that, judging by the same canons, he should differ from those with whom he generally agrees. But if he find his opinion unchanged, we cannot see why his singularity should cause him the least uneasiness. If one man's meat may be another man's poison, why may not all other men's poison be one man's meat? The more heterogeneous we are, the more we can have (to quote Mr. Mill again) of "that multiform development of human nature, those manifold unlikenesses, that diversity of tastes and talents, and variety of intellectual points of view, which not only form a great part of the interest of human life, but by bringing intellects into a stimulating collision, and by presenting to each innumerable notions that he would not have conceived of himself, are the mainspring of mental and moral progression," the healthier for us. We have far too little as it is; and how are we ever to improve so long as singularity is generally felt as a thing to be ashamed of, and people so unfortunate as to display any traces of it are viewed with suspicion, and recommended, directly or indirectly, to bury their original self deep beneath a second artificial self, as indistinguishably alike as may be in thought, feeling, and bearing to those of their neighbours? Often enough, perhaps generally, we confess the first self dies readily, never having been but half alive; but the second self is hardly ever worth being born. Feeble as a man may be when he is natural and himself, he is always stronger so than when aiming at being something else. Imitation does not "pay." What failure, for instance, can be more thorough and deserved than that of the would-be sportsman, who, utterly unskilled in riding or shooting, yet dares not avow his ignorance of what is considered a "manly" accomplishment? Even if he is so fortunate as to avoid doing some serious damage to himself or someone else, he invariably makes himself ridiculous. No doubt, one who frankly owned his deficiencies in such matters would in many, perhaps in most, circles have to encounter a little raillery; but no man or woman whose good opinion was worth five minutes' exertion to gain would seriously think the worse of him simply because he could neither ride nor shoot, if he only had the courage to say so, and not show himself at once a bungler and an impostor. And although in other lines it may be possible to escape such open disgrace, yet is there an effort, a ceaseless unrest, perceptible in the talk and bearing of one who "goes in," as the saying is, for being a wit, or a critic, or a "ladies' man;" not because either is natural to him, but because he thinks the assumption of the character will promote his social success, which robs him of all grace and attractiveness. He is for ever doing or saying something, not because it is natural to him, but because he thinks it in keeping with his part; and his effects all miss fire from being so manifestly sought after. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the last class we named—the "ladies' men"—do not often fail as ludicrously even as the sportsmen. No doubt there is among women a greater superficial conformity to a given type than among men. Whether it is more than superficial is by no means so certain; but that is a question too long to be discussed in this place. But however that may be, it is a great mistake to assume that the characteristic is one they admire in the other sex; and many a man who has fondly flattered himself that he has been made "to order" after the most approved fashion, in polite speeches, and assiduous and perhaps officious attentions, has had for his reward only the doubtful satisfaction of being taken at his own estimate of his merits, and used, like the laborious but unillustrious quadruped to which he has taken pains to liken himself, as a serviceable beast of burden.

That all lines are good as long as they are our own is, we repeat, -understood as we have attempted to explain it in the foregoing remarks,-both philosophically and practically the soundest principle of Diligently to cultivate our nature on every side, to seek out that which is best and highest in it, and then obey its guidance "unashamed of soul," is our true wisdom. By shamming a man never deceives anyone in the long-run, and loses his own soul. of course mean that it is well to aim at being singular. Singularity in itself is no more a virtue than it is a reproach. The tendency to a dead-level of uniformity, however, is at present so strong, that really a good many mistakes in this direction may well be pardoned. There are indeed certain matters of etiquette and general tacit agreement—such, for instance, as the wearing of a special costume in the evening—slight and worthless in themselves, but which have become by tradition, as it were, part of the social bond, with which a man would be a boor and a fool to refuse compliance. But given conformity with these—and the inroads they make on freedom are inappreciable—let him, after satisfying himself as far as may be that the light within him is real light and no mere will-o'-the-wisp, follow it, and dare live his own life and be himself, heedless whether or not he is "like other people," or is adequately posted up in the new book of which everyone is talking. "Other people" are, for the most part, neither saints nor sages; and an ignorance of the newest of new novels, or the latest account of African explorations, is not incompatible with soundness of judgment and delicacy of taste. No doubt, if a man shows himself deaf and blind to the glories of sound, or of form and colour, we are justified, by the verdict of a consensus of skilled opinions—which is, after all, the only tribunal to which appeal can be made in the very wide province of thought and feeling covered by the word taste—in asserting that there is a defect in his nature. But even so, if he have not the gift, it is much better that he should avow it than attempt to make believe that he has. We cannot see how any of his limitations or imperfections, be they what they may, can possibly be remedied by indulgence in habitual insincerity. GEORGE STOTT.



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#### THE AVALANCHE

Down with a rush and a roar and a clatter,

Down from the peaks of perpetual snow,

To crush and to chill, to smash and to shatter—

Riving the pine-trees whilst laying them low;

Spoiling the vines, and then splitting asunder

Great granite rocks with the blast of its breath;

Down with a boom and a bound and a thunder,

Ruthlessly dealing destruction and death.

Down like an army to waste and to pillage,
Thundering down the snow-conqueror came,
Doing its work in our bright little village
More sharp than the sword, more sure than the flame:

Its vengeance on lowly cots soon it is wreaking,
Quickly it tolleth the poor peasant's knell,

Mournfully moaning and savagely shricking, Like gibbering fiends in some glacial hell.

Down it comes, down, like a grand giant crushing
Poor puny pigmies that stand in its path;
Down with the sound of a mighty wind rushing,
Breaking the bridge like a reed or a lath.
Through pleasant pastures 'tis fearlessly flying,
Crushing the crops with a shower of stones;
Heedless alike of the dead as the dying,
Prayers disregarding like curses and groans.

Down it comes swift, over church, hut, and châlet,
Down the steep hill-side 'tis hurrying fast;
All that is bright in the sweet smiling valley
Bows 'neath the blight of its withering blast.
Men cower down in a wild consternation,
On rolls Lawine, and soon it is past.

Dark is the day of the dire desolation—

The work of the snow-fiend is over at last.

J. ASHBY STERRY.

YOL. VI.

## DIANA GAY

# A Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

## Book the Third

#### CHAPTER XIX. THE FETE-DAY.

About this time there was to be high festival held in Bruges, on the occasion of the opening of some great institution by the King—the late excellent Leopold—who was to come from Brussels, and in whose honour there were to be fêles, and a competition of the Concordia, and other singing-societies, illuminations, and various shapes of rejoicing. The whole town was astir—workmen were busy; and Diana's own Polly had caught a little of the excitement. She had an admirer already in the person of the traileur from whom she got their slender provisions, and she eagerly brought in word of the great preparations that were being made. She was not more than seventeen or eighteen. There was an English "gentleman's gentleman" at the hotel, who had seen her, who told her that "the affair would be very creditable on the 'ole," and announced that he himself meant to participate therein. He mentioned a little "feat" in some gardens, where there was to be dancing and feasting, as especially worthy of approval.

This in no way concerned Diana, who was listlessly and morbidly thinking of that one aim—how she was to work, and thus begin to forget the past. This inaction would be but the very threshold of despair.

The morning was now come; it was only the fourth day since her It was a Sunday, which gave a ready-made text to Miss Robinson to enlarge on the "sinful doings of those pious benighted 'Belgums,'" as she called them, "who had no care for their poor miserable souls!" This frightful depravity did not awaken Diana, who was utterly indifferent to all that was going on. For now the delighted Polly had flown down with news "that they were coming;" and the strains of bands, and the hum of voices in the streets, with the marching of feet, were still more significant warnings. On it came-a brilliant procession, set off by the scarlet hanging from the windows, and the more effective, full, healthy faces of the honest burgher women. First the riflemen, in jäger hats and green plumes, their breasts hung over with medals, their banners carried within punts, so large and heavy were they; then the singing-societies, their bosoms literally studded all over with medals, and looking almost like coats of brilliant mail; then music, distant and coming near; then soldiers, and more banners, bishops, clergy, and the Burgomaster and his citizens. So they went by, in this state, on one of the loveliest and sunniest days conceivable. And it made Diana—who was stopped at a street-corner by the passing pageant—yet more dismal; for it seemed like one of the delicious old Gay-Court hunting-mornings.

They passed on to the institution, where they formed in a hollow square, and where the King and all his court came, and went through their programme, whatever this was, so thought Diana, indifferently

enough.

As she came away listlessly, and gallant officers clattered by, she heard a voice of astonishment before her; and someone who had passed her hurriedly looked back and stopped. "Good gracious, Miss Gay! you here?" It was Mr. Canning Bowman in a vast hurry, and full of importance.

"Why, what on earth—" he added, then stopped. "I heard it all, you know—that is, my father wrote to me—so sorry, I am sure."

There was a restlessness in his manner, and his face was looking anxiously forward. Poor Diana was rejoiced to meet this friendly face, though under such mortifying circumstances. With her old confidential way, she drew close to him—the Bowmans were such friends always. "Yes," said she, "there have been changes since we met. I will tell you why I am here, Mr. Canning."

He was still looking out restlessly. "Fact is," he said, "I came over here from Brussels for these fêles, to meet the Brenners. You remember Mdlle. Brenner. They are to be at the ball to-night, and I am going to meet them at their hotel. I am sure they will be sorry. I shall certainly come and see you at the first opportunity." And very restless still, he shook her hand, and, without asking her address, hurried away. Surely mortifications were being crowded on this poor little head of Diana's.

The day drew on. To her it was like a dream. There were prizes to be conferred—more medals to be hung on the banners; and the day

stole by very quickly.

The enthusiasm of the little maid Polly was extreme; and in the evening she had news of a yet greater fête—illuminated grounds, a dance, and a screnade of his majesty in the pretty gardens under the windows. In the same passive way Diana agreed to go; and indeed she had already begun to shrink from the rather grim monotony of the austere lodgings to which she had bound herself.

It was a lovely cool evening, and the lights were twinkling in all directions. The air was soft and balmy. All the crowd was hurrying in one direction—to the illuminated gardens, on which the great rows of windows, where the feasting was going on, were blazing with a rich soft light. Thousands of faces were turned to these glorified windows. From below them were wafted the softest strains of music from the won-

derful throats which were accompanying delicious voices with marvellous simulation of orchestral instruments. Close by were the trees; and through the trees were twinkling lights; and here was the great platform where the town was dancing; and round were the bowers, and the little tables where so many were feasting happily. So do foreign nations enjoy themselves with tolerable innocence.

The night thus passed on. By and by the upturned faces were gratified, and the gorgeous effulgence of the great bow-window became of a sudden crowded with dark figures; and Diana heard great guttural shouts of delight as the lieges saw their king. She stood under the dark trees, watching the bright figures glistening in fitful motion. Presently came up the English "gentleman's gentleman." Having found out Polly, and respectfully got on equal terms, he asked—for his "hinstink" told him that Diana was "redoosed"—for one short dance.

When Polly was gone, Diana looked on without moving, and had noticed a figure posting to and fro quickly, looking at this and that group, and passing on and coming back. After a long interval, it came by near her; and something in the shape and outline seemed to be familiar to her. Suddenly his face came full into the light—a wild, questioning face. Diana knew it. At the same moment hers was revealed to him, and he had rushed to join her.

In this wilderness, the joy, the happiness of meeting one who felt for her made Diana forget all that had passed between them, and with a cry of delight she flew to Richard Lugard.

He was in a sort of rapture.

"My dear, dear Diana," he said, "I have found you at last. I could not stay longer. Some Providence directed me to you. What are you doing in this place? Why have you come here? What is the meaning of all this? Sit down here and tell me."

But now Diana recalled her last interview, and she drew herself away.

- "O, you should not have done this; for I cannot listen to you now."
- "But you must listen to me first, Diana," he went on, in growing excitement. "You know what has happened since you left. Had you only put confidence in me—"
- "But what do you do here?" said Diana, now alarmed at his wild eye and excited manner. "Why should you have come here?"
- "Because I could not stay—after you. Because I heard that you meant to work and labour for your bread, as they say. You! Those dear delicate fingers! Never, Diana! I could not endure that notion."

She was touched by his interest in spite of herself.

- "O Richard," she said, "I know you mean well; but-"
- "But listen to me," he went on, "just for one moment. I implore you, for the sake of old days, when you were kind, and indeed were

yourself. Look at the state you are in, Diana. Look at what is before you,—the misery, the struggle, the certain ruin; for you cannot fight the battle. You have not strength, nor have you been accustomed to it, and will be overwhelmed. I have foreseen all this, Diana, and my heart bled for you; and to save you from such a fate I would ruin myself—before Heaven I would! Yes, I would," he went on, in growing excitement; "and here is the proof. When I thought you were leaving us, I sat down and wrote to you—what I felt, Diana, and what I wished to do. It was a desperate letter, and it had been better you had not seen it."

Diana, quite terrified by his manner, growing wilder every moment, looked round for escape; but his hand was on her arm.

"You must let me finish now," he said. "Yes, Diana; you must know all that I have been content to lose for you, and would lose again. Yes, she found it, and that evening went away to her family. I am glad of it; for it was a life of hell itself."

Diana could not say a word.

"I rushed to the agents; my commission is for sale or sold, and I have come to you. We shall begin life again, Diana, as we ought to have begun it long ago. But it is not too late. I have given up all for you: you can give up a little for me, who have had only one thought during all my life, and that one, you! My carriage is in the courtyard at the hotel, ready—the horses put to—the world before us."

At last she could speak.

"O, let me go! Someone save me!" she said faintly. "O, this is the worst of all; and you can insult me this way again?"

"Insult you!" he said, setting her free in his wild astonishment. "I that have ruined myself for you!"

"Pray go away; I shall die if you stay near me."

"And you say this to me?—Ah, if you could but have seen him. No; he dared not have come to you."

"What!" cried Diana; "then he is here. O, where is he? O, tell me quick! Bring me to him; he is my only—my true friend."

"You say this! Take care, Diana. If I thought for a moment that you cared for him—On my life, I begin to think you always did! But that, as I stand here, I could not, I dare not trust myself to see."

"Do leave me," said she, fluttering bird-like in his grasp. "Do go away."

"No, Diana; I cannot give you up. I have sacrificed too much for you. Come!"

It seemed to her that she must go; and that she dare not disobey. Again she faltered,

"What is to become of me?"

#### CHAPTER XX.

THE BESCUF.

"FEAR nothing, Diana; I am here to protect you. Take my arm. There."

A strong calm voice said these words. Diana's little hand was on that arm in a moment.

Lugard almost foamed at the mouth.

"I saw you at the packet, though you did try to hide and wrap yourself up. How dare you spy after me!"

Bligh did not answer him.

- "Come away," he said to her. "Fear nothing with me; I shall take care of you.—And you," he said to Lugard, "do not dare to follow. I heard what you proposed; and after that your presence would be contamination.—Speak yourself, Diana; it is necessary."
  - "O, let me not see him! Let us go, Robert."

Lugard gave a sort of frantic cry, and, putting his hand to his breast, half drew out something. He checked himself. Then, with an effort at calmness, said, "Just two words, Robert Bligh, in private. Don't be afraid."

Bligh went to him without hesitation.

"For the present I pass all this by, as she is here. But you must swear to meet me in the morning. In this country these things can be managed."

Bligh seemed to hesitate.

- "It will be worse for you if you do not. I owe you much since that day at Wheeler's—how long ago now! By Heaven, you shall pay here, and before twelve hours are over; or else, there are ways in this country to—"
- "I promise you," said Bligh excitedly. "You may depend on me. It is time this should end."
- "O, I am so glad, Robert," Diana whispered; "so glad you have come back! I should have died, I think, if this had gone on longer. I find I have no mind—no resolution, after all."

They were walking round the illuminated gardens. The dancing, the music, was going on.

- "No," he said; "I was afraid that would never do. You are not called on to attempt such a life. I was thinking all these few days how you must have suffered."
- "But I have deserved it—I have indeed," said Diana. She felt that her tears were coming.
- "But there was no need," he went on gently, "of such haste, was there? I wished to have time to look through those papers."
- "No matter," said she. "Do not let us talk of the past. O, it is so delightful to me to meet a friendly face!"

"I did," he went on, in the same reflective tone, "find time to go through that case of papers. There was such a quantity of them to look through, and my eyes are not of the best; but I succeeded in firmshing the task."

"Indeed you have always been kind to me. And how long are you

- going to stay? or are you going on to travel?"

  "But you do not ask me," he said, "was my trouble successfal; did I find anything? You should have trusted me-believed in me. I did find some very important letters in that box."
  - "I daresay," said she absently.

"Letters which, if they had been produced at the trial, would have set the case in quite a different light."

"Well, it is over and done with," said she, "and for ever; and we shall not talk of it any more."

He stopped in front of her-looked into her face.

- "No, my dear Diana; it is not done with for ever. Thank God! Providence has taken care that one so gentle, so charming, so good as you are should not suffer so cruel a punishment. Can you bear to listen to some surprisingly good news?"
  - "O Robert!"
- "That, having found these precious papers, they completely establish your case? Can you bear to hear more, Diana? That, thus armed, I sought those who have turned you out, and their advisers; put them in possession of what I knew-showed them our hands, as it
  - "O Robert! Is all this a dream? Am I to be a little happy again?"
- "Yes, Diana. What you were before. Just the same; with something less, indeed; but-"

"O Robert, Robert!" she exclaimed, in a perfect flutter, "there is no mistake? for I could not bear snother change-a fresh casting down-"

"No, no! It is fixed. I have their writing signed and sealed. I saw her. I saw her solicitors. I showed them that with these papers we could begin again, and with a perfect certainty of success. The young girl behaved nobly, and most generously. The woman with her was furious: but the girl persisted. They have indeed no case; but in your name I ventured to propose a compromise, allowing her a small annuity, and which will indeed be a cheap release from further law and vexation."

Diana could only utter, "O Robert! O Robert! This must be all a dream. After all the wretchedness and desolation of these few days, I was ready to have sunk down and died."

"That is quite at an end now. Perhaps you will enjoy these blessings the more on account of that suffering."

So the hours passed on. They heard the sweet music at a distance, and saw the lights glittering. It seemed to her the most delicious music—the lights like those of fairyland—the faces the kindliest and sweetest of the world. Such is the halo delightful news and sudden happiness cast round everything. Years after she looked back to that night as the happiest in her life.

They walked about, still talking.

"You must come back at once," he said, "away from this, and begin the old life once more. I must leave in the morning at day-break. I have got into this weary slavery of 'getting on in the world,' and dare not stop. Politics now will be everything to me. For that I must live and lose everything. That excitement is delicious, and once fairly enthralled you forget much—everything you wish to forget. So they tell me. That is to be the one aim of my life now. And I have a tolerably strong purpose, and shall carry it out. Others tell me it is all Dead-Sea apples, full of dust and husks. I suppose I shall find out at the end, when perhaps it is too late—who knows?"

During this speech Diana's face had been glowing, and her little heart fluttering, and the words, hurrying to her lips, stopped at that delicate threshold and crowded back again. Now the people were rushing past them, for the roar of fireworks that were to end the night had set in. Already the glow of red sulphuric fire was lighting up twenty thousand faces all turned in one direction. He felt her arm trembling in his. He looked down to that gentle face glowing in the light.

"Robert," he heard her whisper, "when I saw you last I know I gave you much pain. I did not mean to do it, but was obliged—and—and—I felt as much myself. Now I could not refuse what you then proposed."

## CHAPTER XXI.

## HAPPINESS.

Now the fireworks were over. The last set piece, with its gold and silver fires, its inscription in a blaze of glory, "Vive Leopold," had sputtered and cascaded, and finally smouldered out. The lieges had gone home; the riflemen were heavy with drink; the glorious night was over. Diana, with her heart like a bird's, now laughing, now crying, was busy with her little maid putting her things together. She was so joyful, poor little thing—never indeed to be so happy again through the whole of her long life that was to follow. If among the dispositions of life some such privation could be contrived, temporarily, analogous to putting a hearty voluptuary on bread and water for a week, we might thus negatively learn to appreciate blessings we are now a little indifferent to. The little maid Polly was The grim servitude of the governess was gone for gay as herself. ever; nothing but happiness was coming. And to Polly she can confide another secret which the night had brought.

Not less happy the "cold" Robert had returned to his hotel, thinking over these wonderful changes. Nothing was more exquisite

than the contrast of the poor lone exiled girl, wasting out of life almost, and the alteration which his news had wrought. It might seem almost too melodramatic, this sudden alternation of fortune, but there had been no exaggeration. The vivacious and almost omniscient Regent-street Chronicle let the public into the secret almost as soon as Bligh had told Diana. That very evening's impression of the agreeable journal had a paragraph like this:

"It seems we have not yet done with the exciting cause célèbre of Gay v. Gay. Trusting Britons who believe in the verdict of a jury as a final thing—as sacred a thing in its way as a text—will receive a rude shock by learning that the case is likely to be reopened. Justice, in short, has not been done. New evidence has been discovered. There will be application to 'the full court,'—not after dinner, of course,—a new commission 'sped,' fresh fees, new briefs, new consultations—in short, the old process of legal oyster-opening, and, it must be added, of legal oyster-cating. It seems that a very distinguished barrister, who is also a member of parliament, took a fancy for looking through some of the family papers, and came on an old correspondence which clearly sets out another marriage—a previous one, and under equally disreputable circumstances. A marriage in every port, like that of the British tar, seems to have been a weakness in this gentleman. Only for persons in his class there is hardly such extenuation. It is said to be inscribed under his own hand, which makes everything charmingly satisfactory."

The journal had certainly hit on the truth. It almost seemed as though it had mysterious familiars engaged, who had been present in Bligh's study on that recent night when he had been busy searching through Diana's papers.

It was a weary task, and seemed a hopeless one; but he gave to it nearly the whole night. Nothing is so wearying as this searching and deciphering of small female handwriting. It even pained his eyes. It was not until the gray of the morning that he came upon a hand that he seemed to know-some half-a-dozen letters tied up in the middle of another. He turned to the signature of the very first he opened, and found it was his mother's name. There was the name "Potter," the English chaplain's, which he had seen before, dotted over the page; and here too were other letters, and one or two in a foreign female hand, and one, very long, in feeble handwriting, signed "Walter Gay." He bent forward to the lamp and read first his mother's. If the Regent-street Chronicle could have been looking over his shoulders! It was a short letter too. It was addressed to "Mrs. Gay, of Gay Court," and was dated from Boulogne. "We are still nearer, she wrote, "and before I write again we shall know something. ter is ill and nervous about himself, though not in any danger. Since that creature left him he begins to see what she is-God knows, late enough. It was wonderful my falling in with that fellow Potter; but the moment he passed Walter in the street I saw that they had known each other. The moment, too, I felt a napoleon in the letter Walter gave the maid for him I suspected more. I have had my eye on them both, and I can see they feel a dread. O, I do feel we are working in the cause of decency and honour, so outraged by this scandalous basiness. If it had been my own child I would have cheerfully excrisced—if I died for it—one who had so little regard for the decency and honour of his family.

"P.S. I shall not spare money, you may depend upon it. That Potter is to be bought."

He took up another letter. No. 2 ran (it was also from her):

"'That Potter is to be bought,' I wrote to you last. He is bought, and not very dearly. Just what we suspected. He was chaplain at Aix la Chapelle. I can see the dread of him in Walter's face, as he lies there ill, and I can hear his imploring. This man suspected me when I first saw him. He had heard that Walter had married at heiress with enormous wealth. That had drawn him from the mean slums in which he was burrowing. Depend upon it, we shall discover something, and, after all your sufferings and mortifications, your good old family will be rescued from the disgrace this unfortunate creature has heaped upon it."

Robert Bligh leant back in his chair, and looked thoughtfully upwards. He never started or showed outward surprise or astonishment at any event. He took No. 3, and read on. It was the usual common form of breaking bad news, though it was done in a business-like way:

"Poor Walter died last night, with all his disgraces and troubles upon his soul. In the morning he had taken it into his head I was going away, and he wrote me the letter I enclose, in which he all but confesses what we suspected. There can be no explaining this matter on any other construction. With his death I knew we should have all from Potter. The other woman was alive when he married this wretched French creature. A little more money, and Potter will get us the certificate—everything."

There were many other letters, chiefly from Mrs. Bligh, but all detailing the advancing stages of the business. Finally, he came on the certificates—one of marriage, one of death—and on a last letter from Mrs. Bligh: "As for his child in the convent, she must be left there. She has nothing to do with us now. They will be glad to keep her; they have had more than ever was paid for such a worthless bastard; and if they like they can turn her into a lay sister, and make her drudge. In this country the thing is so common that that is the regular way for dealing with cases of this kind. At any rate, you are done with her for ever, and dear old Gay will not be descerated.

"Now, what I advise is this: All to be kept a projound secret; let the whole die out gradually. We cannot suppress this story now the poor soul himself is gone; but, thank God, it is no marriage—a vile connection, and so you can give out; and if the busy gossips want particulars, and say, "Why, we thought it was given out and acknowledged," just contradict them at once, and give no explanations. If they have any doubts, let them move in the matter. Then it will be time to prove all. But thank Heaven all has ended so happily. For safety's sake destroy what I have written to you. But put by the certificates, which are more precious than gold. Now you can look out for an heiress for 'steady John,' the heir and hope of Gay Court."

Bligh thought he almost heard his mother speaking; yet she was young then. As he finished, his hands covered his face, and it was long before he revived from this cruel shock. His mother, that he thus loved, being so transported with hatred as to descend to this fearful vindictiveness and injustice!

With the morning he was with the solicitors on the other side, and had told them what he had discovered, and that the whole matter would have to be reopened. He did not, of course, "show his hand," as the phrase is, but he told them calmly and plainly that the chances of their holding their verdict were very slight—a statement that made a deep impression on the partners; for they knew Mr. Bligh,—that he "spoke by the card," and had no "bounce" in him. They were fair, open, honourable men, standing high in the profession as family solicitors, and not inclined to "make costs."

"If it be as you say, Mr. Bligh," one said, "of course there might be ground for a compromise."

He was then tempted by this tone to let them know a little of the grounds. He sketched out the outline of what he had discovered.

"Better speak to her," they said; and he hurried off to the plaintiff in the now famous case.

When Robert Bligh reached the house where Madame Saxe was staying, he found it lit up, with sounds of music inside. It had the air of a party. No doubt she was celebrating the victory. As he entered, he heard the noisy, monkey-like chatter of foreign voices within. He wrote something on a card, and sent it to Miss Eugenie Gay, telling the servant to give it to her privately. In a moment Eugenie had come out to him.

"Come in here," she said, and led him into a parlour. "She has maked people here to-night, and I must appear to be gay and merry. She has brought in all these strange people—and, O Mr. Bligh, I wish we had never come here. They say to me, 'You are now mistress of this place, and of vast wealth;' but I shall be miserable, I know. She and they will do what they please with it."

"I came to speak to you about that," said Bligh gently.

She started.

"You have thought over what I so foolishly said? O! if you knew the shame I felt, what must you have thought of me?"

"Thought of you?" he repeated. "That you did me an honour I was totally unworthy of, and which, had it come at another time, I should have been proud and happy to have acknowledged. But now shall I tell you what I have come to you for? It is again about this lawsuit."

"I am tired of it," she said impatiently.

"Then I have less scruple in telling you what I am about to say."

He then began and told her all that has been so lately told to the reader—his discovery; the new chances in Diana's favour; and, finally, delicately hinted at what he had hinted to the solicitors. She listened with a flush rising in her cheek.

"You are still in her interest, and now would take from me, for her sake, what the law has given me. You are a warm friend and ally, Mr. Bligh. But don't you think this is expecting a little too much from me?"

"I know and feel how it looks," said Bligh, "but it is as much—or nearly as much—in your interest as in hers. I know pretty well what litigation is, and how miserably it will end if it once sets in. All I say is, consult your friends, get the advice of the best lawyers, and I shall let them see what has been discovered. If you do not, I must tell you plainly you are sure to lose all again."

"What is this council?" said a sharp, shrill voice, and madame was standing before them. "Lose all again! Who will make us lose, pray? O Mr. Bligh! is this the game?"

He was not a little embarrassed. The look of his embassy was a little awkward. Yet he felt he must explain now, and he did so, as he had done to the young girl. The Frenchwoman listened with undisguised scorn and contempt.

"This is your story, is it? Very clever and very well contrived. Then you may return, and tell her from me it will not do—that no trick of the kind shall take from us what the English law has given to us. There, Monsieur Bligh, I say. Why do you intrude into our concerns? What title have you? What are these plots?—Come, Eugenie," and she took the girl's arm, and half drew her charge away from the room.

Now, the position was certainly disagreeable for Mr. Bligh; and these servants of duty and principle are often thus misconstrued. No one had latterly begun to feel this so much as he himself, and at that moment the reflection occurred to him, as his mind stretched back to the ball at Gay Court, in the old, old days, when everyone was saying to him that "he was so wise" and "knowing," and that "Mr. Bob would always fall on his feet." It seemed to him that somehow speeches of this sort were the only return he received for these "quixotic" good offices.

Suddenly the door was opened softly, and Eugenie stole back.

"Never mind her," she said; "I shall do what you wish. In the

morning I will write to you. After all, it will help me to get away from this wretched land."

Before the next day had passed over a basis for a compromise had been sketched out. It was agreed it should be left to the arbitration of Mr. Bligh, who would provide well for the plaintiff in the case, subject of course to the consent of the defendant. With this agreement in his pocket he started at once for the Continent, and, arriving at Ostend the night of the fête, had seen and raised from death to life the poor little outcast Diana, and was now returning home to his hotel—so happy!—in a delightful dream. What was he thinking of? Was it that, after all, the "game," as some would call it, of good sense, honour, and, above all, restraint, is not such a losing one, whereas that of impatience, "high spirits," arrogance, and hurried gratification of every whim and wish is perhaps a stupid "game"—often an unsuccessful one? Then he suddenly recollected his promise to Lugard. It had been given in a moment of irritation, and he felt there was no withdrawing from it. Coming in on his pleasant dream, it seemed like the horn winding out in Ernani, just after the marriage.

Bligh was at the porte-cochère, and he stopped irresolutely. In the mood in which Lugard was then—disappointed, baffled, full of rage, hatred, and fury—he was not likely to listen to reason or moderation. As he entered under the white and glittering arch (it was the Fountain Hotel) the "patron" came up to him hastily.

"There was a gentleman here—M. Lugarde—who arrived from England this evening. We heard him mention your name very often."

"Yes," said Bligh impatiently; "I know. I suppose he was looking for me. Where is he?"

"O, I am so glad, M. Bligh. We did not know what to do, and it is most awkward and painful; and really in the interest of our hotel—"

"But what do you mean?" said Bligh. "Has anything happened?" The host looked round confidentially, and dropped his voice.

"He is of good family, I believe, and is well connected. So we thought it better, as he was a friend of yours, to have no noise or confusion until we saw you. But it came on so sudden. I assure you at first the language he addressed to me—I was sending out for the police—seized me by the collar—when madame my wife called, 'Mon Dieu! Don't you see—he is mad!' He is out here in the pavilion with two men. Go now, monsieur, as you are his friend. I must request you will see to it. I have behaved with all delicacy, but I cannot have my house compromised."

Without a word Robert Bligh followed him to the pavilion, and there saw the unhappy and unlucky Richard. These storms of rage and disappointment and ungoverned fury which he had indulged in through life had at last rushed into this new and more fatal channel. The old race and struggle between the two rivals, which had dated from

the old school-days at Wheeler's, had been thus finally ended. Our hero might now have it all his own way, and finish as he pleased. It was hard for poor Lugard, who had some fine and redeeming qualities; and it may be said in extenuation that much of his frantic temper was but an anticipation of this final visitation—a disease, as it were, and therefore excusable.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Now it is time to close this history of a young girl, which set out with sunshine and golden clouds. Those bright, warm days did not last, as we have seen—nay, could not. The rude weather set in, and the young girl found she must take her turn with the rest of the world on the rough highway. Few of her age could have had so many troubles crowded into a small space. They had nearly overwhelmed her, but they proved a wholesome discipline and probation. She was "fixed" and steadied, and that agreeable pastime of making toys and things to play with of other people's love, devotion, honour, suffering, fidelity, as though they were mere "stage-play" virtues, put on to last no longer than the ball or party—the very sarnestness of the whole adding so much to the "excitement"—had been driven away and never returned. It was all lightness and want of thought; but it was, for all that, a dangerous sport.

What follows is almost conventional. A very handsome arrangement was made with the daughter of Walter Gay—some seven or eight hundred a-year settled with all form on her—and she went back to her dear France again. Then it became known—through the Cuckoo, we believe—that a certain marriage had been "arranged" between Robert Bligh, Esq., M.P., and Miss Diana Gay, of Gay Court.

Diana herself, a perfect heroine of romance, was seen again in the Row, and it was wonderful how the faithless gathered again about her. She was the "most charming girl;" the dowagers thought her "so interesting." "What a story! It ought to be written, my dear." (So it has been, as the patient reader has seen.) After all, a little adversity is welcome; it makes everything so precious. How dear, how sweet seemed life and its charming blessings to Diana now! Repulse before victory makes victory doubly splendid. She had her own engaging manner, which she will always keep, gracious to all. Only one little act of spirit she felt it a duty to perform: she "cut" Viscount Patmore—"cut him dead." She had heard, too, certain things about the pleasant Wally Pepys; some of his ill-natured speeches had been reported to her; and when that fashionable time-server came up in his smug, confidential way, with his scrap of French and his tame jokes, meaning to have many a week down at Gay Court, the young girl coloured, and told him, half jesting, half serious, "that he was never more to be officer of hers." In vain he tried to smooth matters; our

Diana was inflexible—polite, but indifferent; and now, as you meet the cld sneerer and growler shambling up from the dinner-party, and unguardedly mention her name, he will begin to snap out, "The little intriguants! My good sir, I believe the real heiress of Gay Court is in France at this moment. She contrived to jockey the judges and lawyers. It isn't so bad a rôle, my friend, to stick to the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General."

What presents came pouring in! for she had plenty of real friends who rejoiced in her fortune—friends who loved and regarded her. The list thereof reads temptingly in the fashionable journal, in the column deveted to such inventories. The gorgeous things, the jewelry, the superb laces, the ingenious bits of uselessness designed cunningly out of the most costly matters; the "blotters," which it would be a crime to "hlot" with; dainty candlesticks, dotted and crusted over with bright states and tracery, and little caskets, things "to lie on your boudointable;" "thèières," china, dressing-cases, dressing-bags, articles of Paris, tables, desks, "services;" in short, stores sufficient to stock a tempting Palais-Royal shop.

Diana was delighted with these testimonials, as being, in most inthences, pledges and tokens of regard. In some, of course, they were merely the homage which fashion exacts from the donor—a tribute to his own credit and magnificence.

The treacherous tergiversating Mercury down at Calthorpe, thorough Vicar of Bray of journals, was in raptures at all these things. Its files give fatal testimony to its fickleness. Such a paragraph as this reached to effrontery:

"Every well-minded person will rejoice in his heart of hearts that this noble old place still remains with the brave old family, through the gallant and peerless young lady who has fought her fight so valinally, and defeated the schemes of a percel of foreigners.

'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, but men decay.'"

This was inappropriate, as well as dishonest. But Diana only lenghed at the Mercury, and was a faithful patron; and when its reperter came up to London to "inspect the presents" (four columns are devoted to an accurate "limning" of those articles) the officer was massived with all honour, and entertained at "a sumptuous repast" in the parlour. He came once more, on the great day, when he and the higher functionary who attended for the fashionable London Chronicler met together. What a list of grand names, each succulent as a French lendon! lords and their ladies, ceremony by the Bishop of Irnston (the Right Rev. Doctor Brindley), the Attorney-General and Lady Jane Williamson, the Solicitor-General, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Bellman, Viscount Chimeleigh, and Lady Margaret Bowman, the Premier (who made a speech), Serjeant Bullock—but it would be wearisome to give the catalogue. Away drives the new carriage; the "old shoe," launched

by a facetious friend, describes the usual parabola behind them; the bright face of our Diana is seen at the window, and Mr. and Mr. Robert Bligh, of Gay Court, are on their way down to Gay Court.

Soon it will be Sir Robert Bligh and Lady Bligh, for he is to be Solicitor-General and knighted in a few weeks; and the Mercury tells us "steps are being taken to revive the old Gay baronetcy." One of these days—but they are a long track of years away—he will become Lord High Chancellor, and a peer of England, by the style, perhaps, of "Baron Gay of Gay Court;" but then Diana will be more thoughtful and fuller in face and presence—a lady of fashion, with daughters coming up about her, and Sir Robert rather worn and dusty, with a hundred parliamentary battles fairly won, and a few lost—as when he was opposed and defeated at Calthorpe, and was out of Parliament a whole two years; when he and Lady Bligh travelled on the Continent, and saw the great cities, and went up mountains, and sat out in the evening, and forgot there were such things as elections and politics. Long after, when he was restored to the old "ring," they looked back wistfully to happy even-Sometimes they talk of the past, and Diana—who always keeps, and will keep to the end, that pretty manner of hers, only shaded off a little-talks of "poor Dick," now, it is feared, utterly incurable, though he has been under treatment for years.

And they talk of Mrs. Bligh, and on Robert's face comes a shade of trouble. Since that breakdown she has not been seen. Proud as ever, she disdained to yield,—to own she had done wrong, to forgive or ask forgiveness, or to see the faces of those she had once loved and once hated. In some remote county, in some lonely town, she grows old, and grows harder and more grim every day, and nurses that old resentment—the resentment of defeat—until she thinks the end will come, the rude bell clang out, and she will die as she has lived. Her son, her daughter-in-law, have made humble attempts at conciliation—pilgrimages even—but all in vain. She keeps herself enclosed, and will not look in their faces.

So Diana moves on in her old beauty, her old gentleness and liveliness, with a little ambition at her heart; but because he is ambitious, and waiting for the grander honours to come which shall reward his battles and labours.

The fiery scarlet of Squire Gay's great hunting picture is mellowing down. Often as Diana flutters through the room, she moves more slowly, looks at it wistfully, and as she goes off kisses a small hand to it, with a sigh as she does so. The room seems to fill again with the old images and figures—the hunting morning; Richard and his rival; the horses are seen in front, on the lawn; D'Orsay is being walked up and down, and the cheery voice of the Squire rings out. She is not much changed, after all: for as she garners up these old scenes faithfully and jealously, she garners up unconsciously the image of her old self, and remains in the eyes and hearts of dear friends the old DIANA GAY.

## THE GREAT CIRCUMBENDIBUS

A Journal of Trabel on a Yooy-line

#### BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

"I SHALL travel no more," I said mournfully only yesterday. wanderings are ended for good. 'Hang up the fiddle and the bow;' or, at least, suspend the old sealskin cap and the old courier's bag to a nail, and let them rot there. Shut up the door, good John"—but I have no John to close my portal. Write above it who list the Latin inscription which Lord Brougham is said to have placed over his gate at Cannes, only he didn't. I won't write anything in Latin anywhere, for fear lest the Pall Mall Gazette should say that I hadn't gone to the classics for my quotation, but had taken it, second-hand, from the late Mr. Thackeray. At any rate, I have done with travelling. out of going to Abyssinia; I dare not return to America; I don't think I should be very popular in Australia; I can't afford a journey to India, China, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands; my dearest friend in Mexico is dead; and I owe money in Mauritania. Obliging vendor of ostricheggs and filigree jewelry, you shall have your small account some day. All the rest I seem to have "done." All the rest! At once comes over me the knowledge of having said a rashly-impertinent thing. All the rest! "Pray, sir," accusing Conscience asks me sternly, accompanying each query with a dig from her spur-rowels into the sides of my soul, "have you ever-bearing in mind even the exceptions you have made-seen the River Amazon, or the Plate, or the Peak of Teneriffe, or Cape Coast Castle? Were you ever in Caffraria or at St. Helena, or at Archangel? You impostor, you haven't even been to Madeira." I own that humbly. I confess, too, with as much shame as you may think is warranted by the admission, that I have never in my life set foot in Margate, or Ramsgate, or Hastings, or Scarborough; that I know nothing of Bath, and couldn't find my way to the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells. No one who loves wandering for wandering's own sake should hesitate to make such avowals. It is only when we have travelled a good deal that we can form an idea of how little we have travelled.

For the present, however, I conclude to stay at home. I experience something of the feeling of relief depicted in the countenance of Gustave Doré's immortal Jew, as, in the last stage of his pilgrimage, he pulls off his boots. Dear me! I hope that none of the religious critics will call me irreverent for comparing myself to the Wandering Jew. These are parlous times for authors; the critics show them no mercy.

VOL. VI.

You may be accused of disloyalty for speaking of Bloody Queen May as a bigot, or branded as an atheist for refusing to believe that the sun dances on Easter morning. Well, I have elected to stir from home no more. I have burnt all my old letters of introduction to foreign potentates, and torn up my bankers' letter of advice; it is true that I cashed the last of my circular notes in Paris eight months ago. I have given hostages to fortune, and intend to join a Volunteer corps, or a suburban harmonic society, or something stay-at-homeical of that kind My helmet is a hive for bees; and I will ride every morning to business by the sixpenny omnibus from Putney-bridge to Fleet-street. It seems a hundred years ago since I went vagabondising; and it is only ube. I rummage over some old portfolios, and turn over the leaves of old journals, that I feel something like a return of the old sensation of "going on the loose,"—that I experience again the ineffable felicity of escape.

"Mais qu'entend-il? le tambour qui resonne,

Il voit de loin passer un bataillon,

Le sang remonte à son front qui grisonne;

Le vieux coursier a senti l'aiguillon.

'Hélas l' soudain tristement il s'écrie,

'C'est un drapeau que je ne connais pas.

Ah! si jamais vous vengez la patrie,

Dieu, mes enfants, vous donne un beau trépas."

And, like Béranger's old sergeant, I feel that the times are alteriand that even if I get the route again to-morrow, and sail for Hundlulu or Hong Kong, the freshness and the vigour have departed, and

the happy days of travelling will return no more.

I may grow garrulous, however, may I not, in the chimney-corner, shoulder my crutch, and fight my battles over again? It is with a base of your allowing me to do so much that I have written a narrative of a curious journey on a loop-line I took in 1866, and which I have called the "Great Circumbendibus." The starting-point was Venice, and I looped round through Italy to Paris, and then by Germany and Switzerland back to Venice again. It has long been the fashion to say. after suffering some particularly disagreeable infliction, that you would not wish "your worst enemy" to undergo such torture. To be in the fashion was never my pretension; and I have therefore less shame in candidly confessing that the unutterable agony of a night-journey in a diligence across the Col di Tenda in the rainy season is precisely the kind of agony I should like my worst enemy to experience. I should wish him to get the Col di Tenda on his brain and his lungs and his liver, and into the marrow of his bones, and into the penetralia of his soul. Then, perhaps, he might abandon the wickedness of his ways, and give up being anybody's enemy at all.

The entrance to Nice from the Col-di-Tenda road is not unlike the entrance to the city of Mexico; and with very little violence to the imagination you might mistake the octroi barrier for the garita of San

As in Mexico, you descend the wild and savage mountainpaths into a stony neutral ground—a howling waste, where all is dust and rank herbage and jagged stones, with terror-striking mountains with snowy tops as a background, and where the comfortless-looking cabarets and cottages, built of huge blocks of the stone of the country, and distilling uncleanliness and shiftlessness through their every crevice, put you in mind most intimately of the wretched mesons and posadas of Rio Frio. The landscape, however, is wanting in one accessory, inseparably associated with Mexican scenery. If you meet a peasant on a mule, he is probably an honest man, and is clad in the blouse and sabots of ordinary French rusticity. You don't meet the picturesque but knavish arriero; nor do you see, watering his weedy nag before the door of a fonda, the caballero in search of adventures—that is to say, of a stage-coach to rob-the sooty, leathery, fiendish-looking Mexican half-caste and whole bandit, with his coach-wheel hat and his gallows-eyes, which reckon you up as the diligence passes, and then turn instinctively upwards to see how much luggage there is on the roof.

Coming nearer to Nice, the resemblance to the Aztec country grows stronger. The only green things on the neutral ground are murderouslooking cacti (Mexican schoolmasters used to beat their pupils with the sharp leaves of the cactus-maguey; and their razor-like aspect in a landscape is, to a low-spirited traveller, a sufficiently perilous incentive to suicide), savage prickly pears, upon which, by the way, without peeling off the rugose rind, I should like my worst enemy to breakfast every morning of his worst of lives; and gigantic ilexes. But with startling suddenness you pass from this most forbidding of sierras into the tierra caliente. You find yourself transplanted without warning into a paradise of roses; and if it happens to be late autumn or midwinter when you enter the paradise, the deliciousness of the change may be imagined. I have seen Nice three times. I have been there in March, in July, and in October; but I always found "a garden of roses by Bendemeer's stream"—at least, there was always an abundance of fresh flowers on the quays bordering the river Paglione, which is supposed to be fed from a mountain torrent, and of which more anon. The hot region which succeeds the tierra is entirely tropical. You must eliminate the blue Mediterranean, or substitute for it the Lake of Texcoco, or my Mexican parallel will no longer hold good; but only grant so much, and the valley of Tenostician and that in which Nizza di Mare is situated are twin sisters. Everything seems to grow in the hot region, as in Mexico, and to even a greater extent at Malaga. It is one great confectioner's oven, where all kinds of rich pastry, enclosing juicy conserves, lie a-baking. I don't know whether coffee and sugar, and spices and cotton, are cultivated here; but I am sure that they would all flourish. At first the warm, stimulating atmosphere makes you clap your hands for joy, thinking this to be a region where consumption may be set at defiance, and decline trodden under foot.

With exultation do you see the oranges and lemons ripening in the winter sun; with ecstasy do you read that, in Nice, not once in far years does the temperature fall below freezing-point, and that congelation is even then due much more to the effects of radiation than to an absolutely diminished temperature. In process of time you less a good many illusions respecting Nice. With a keen remembrance the horrible mistral, or dry north-west wind, which crosses Provence from the Pyrenees and suffocates Nice about once a-week, and with a deep-rooted persuasion that the much-vaunted climate of the district is a delusion, and its infinitely-puffed-up salubrity a swindle, I am, on the whole, rather inclined to think that if my worst enemy were suffering under symptoms of phthisis, I would send him to Nice. When he got a little worse-say as far as the tubercular stage-I would cheerfully pay his passage to Trieste, in order that he might enjoy the full benefit of the bora. After that, he should winter at Algiers, where the first touch of sirocco would comfortably finish-off my enemy, I trust. As a general axiom, it may be held that "health resorts" are places whither people are sent to be killed. They go to exceptional climates; and, as a rule, they die. I will back Camberwell any day against Cannes for the cure of consumption. The reason is very obvious. In all these delightful spots where a fastidious summer reigns in the midst of winter, there will come every now and then a real wintry day, or an unmistakable wintry night, -sudden, appalling merciless. The cold stranger clutches the invalid by the throat, and slays him speedily.

You may be sure that I troubled my head very little about the hygienics of Nice on the night when the diligence deposited us, sorely bruised as to bone and wounded as to spirit, in the coach-office yard of the Hôtel de l'Univers, and when an amazing transformation took place in the character and demeanour of the conducteur. During our thirtyhours journey this citizen had been uniformly brutal and insolent, and ostensibly drunk. More than once had I weighed the consequences of pitching him from the summit of Monte Sospello. The difficulty in such cases, apart from the legal responsibility one incurs, is to find a good tough branch of a tree to which to cling with one arm, while you hurl your foe into Tarpeian annihilation with the other. But these branches are apt to snap and give way, and the destroyer a himself destroyed, as in that alarming engraving representing the patriotic Greek in a white petticoat shoving the tyrannical Turk a monstrous turban off Sunium's marble steep. Rage, horror, hatred, despair, are eloquent in the set teeth, starting eyeballs, and up-turned moustaches of the pair. The Greek is uppermost; but the sapling to which he clings is half-broken, and it is clear that both Moslem and Hellene are doomed to a common smash. A lively remembrance of this work of art-which was exceedingly popular when people used to quote Byron, rave about the Maid of Athens and the hero Canara,

and chose to imagine the Greeks a brave and patriotic race—caused me to abandon my fierce desire to throw the conducteur over Monte Sospello. I say that he was transformed when we arrived at the coach-office. He became indeed a very sober and civil rogue; quite cringing and servile. It was the hope of a pour-boire which so worked this revolution in his manner. I had strength of mind enough to treat the conducteur not as it is said your worst enemy ought to be treated, but as you yourself feel that you ought to treat him. He had been my worst enemy for thirty hours, and I behaved to him accordingly. I did not give him a farthing above the fare; and I hope, the next time he travels over Monte Sospello, that he will be sober, and civil to the public in general.

We did not alight at the Hôtel de l'Univers, although patriotism might have prompted us so to do, the Univers being kept by an Englishman, and being besides, according to the latest edition of Murray, "much improved." But recalling to mind that in old days 1 had stayed at the Hôtel de France, on the Quai Masséna, and that it was clean and comfortable, with an excellent table-d'hôte, I went Everybody at the France had gone to bed; but after ten minutes' hard labour we succeeded in knocking up a sleepy but civil porter, who, so soon as he had given us admittance, lost no time in volunteering the information that there was no cholera in Nice. is a malevolent report," he said, "circulated by those fichus gredins, the hotel-keepers of Turin and Genoa, who are envious of the beauty and prosperity of Nice, and hate us because we no longer appertain to the kingdom of Italy." The porter was a Frenchman. We were by this time awfully hungry, for there is no more to be had to eat on the Col di Tenda than there is in the Sierra Morena or the Khyber Pass; and, to our dismay, the provisions we had laid in at Milan had, owing to the moisture of the Stagione delle acque, become as unfit for human consumption as South-American beef at threepence a pound. My worst enemy might have supped on the cold fowl, and welcome. might have preserved its freshness, only we had drunk every drop of it between Tenda and Giandola. There was nothing to eat at the Hôtel de France, for the unfounded cholera-rumours having driven away the ordinary frequenters of the hotel, the proprietor had wisely thought that an empty larder would most fittingly suit an empty house. So, with a heavy heart, I went forth into the streets of Nice, in the hope of finding a restaurant open, where I could get some supper. restaurants were closed; but, to my joy, I found a café on the Boulevard du Pont Neuf, from whose hospitable portals gaslight was still streaming. Only one or two habitués were left, and they were sipping their chopines of mild beer and playing dominoes. The clack of the bones, like that of a death-watch gone mad, was sufficient to remind me that I was in France. In Italy no dominoes clack in the cafés. Tongues and teeth, in fierce political dispute, clack instead. Had I needed more to prove that I had passed from the dominion of the red, white, and green to that of the red, white, and blue, I should have found it in the presence of a dame du comptoir, who, late as it was, was still alert, bright-eyed and smiling,-not a spiral of whose ringlets had grown flaccid; not a pellicle of whose rouge had faded, and who paid remarkably keen attention to what Monsieur ordered, and what Baptiste or Antoine brought him. She was all there; complete and perfeet: with her symmetrical piles of lumps of sugar, and mathematical line of cognac carafons before her-armed at every point, organised, centralised, efficient-French to the last vertebra of her spinal column and the last bone of her corset. O, well-installed dame du comptoir, I salute thee; and thou too, wide-awake, business-like, prompt and shrewd, yet generous land of France, I salute thee! We are apt to grumble sometimes, and with reason, against an excess of red tape, tight staylaces, and choking stocks; but after a few months' existence in a country where there is no tape at all, where morally nobedy wears stays, and everybody goes ungartered, and with his stockings down at heels, a temporary return to bands and ligatures and buttonholes—to that which, in fine, is known as order and regularity—is, by way of a change, delicious. I have passed the major part of my life in the experimental study of extremes, and the laxity and shiftlessness of Italian existence have more than once inspired me with an earnest desire to go to the opposite extreme, and turn Quaker.

The waiter at the café on the Boulevard du Pont Neuf was a tres-There was nothing for supper, to begin with. A lazy, lolloping Italian waiter would have told me so remorsely, and yawningly contemplated me expire in the agonies of starvation. A Spanish waiter would have said conclusively, "No hay nada;" but would have added consolingly that there would be all kinds of good things manage, to-morrow. The French waiter at Nice took up quite a different line of tactics. He was "desolated," as a first principle, to think that he could not serve me as he could wish. If I had only come an how sooner! There was an exquisite capon then. If I had only come the night before last! Then, even after midnight, had there existed a u Mais mayonnaise, of which I might have carried away good news. il s'agit," proceeded the inventive man, "to improvise a something for Monsieur." In the native country of improvisatori they would have seen me hanged ere they improvised anything for me. "Can Monsieur est cold ham?" pursued the waiter. I answered, that if there were no police-regulation to the contrary, I would eat a cold baby, and be thankful for it. The waiter said that he would ask madame. after a short conference, sent me her compliments—she telegraphed them to me, also, in many nods and becks and wreathed smiles—and informed me that she too was "desolated," but that her husband had been guilty of the "incongruity" of devouring the last available slice of and for his supper a quarter of an hour since. Otherwise she was completely at my disposition. "The affair," quoth the waiter, "is one that must not be abandoned. Monsieur must not return to his hotel without supper. We have bread, sugar, wines, liquors, and cigars in abundance—all, alas! inadequate to furnish a supper; the butchers' and charcutiers' shops are necessarily closed, and our chef has gone to bed; but to my certain knowledge butter, cheese, and eggs exist in the kitchen: the chef shall be awakened, and in ten minutes Monsieur shall have an ample supply of œvfs sur le plat. The dish is simple; mais e'est une nourriture saine et fortifiante." I insisted, at first, that the cook should not be aroused from his beauty-sleep; but the waiter and the dame du comptoir insisted, on the other hand, that he should. For the best cooks, like doctors, must expect to be called up at all For what else do they wear white nightcaps both by day and by night? He who officiated as magister coquinæ at the Nizzard café leapt-it is to be presumed he leapt-from dresms perhaps of a culinary Elysium, where the rivers ran Sauce Robert, and the volasile came, of their own accord, to lay their suprêmes at the feet of the He arranged for me, in the brief period of time known master-cook. in the French vernacular as a clin d'ail, and in our English as a "jiffy," a dish of about as succulent eggs " on the plate" as human gums were ever wagged over. The butter was fresh, the bread was crispcrusted, the cheese was piquant; the waiter frothed up the weak beer and poured it out with an air, to make believe it was strong; the silver, the glass, the napery, were the perfection of brightness and cleanliness; it was past one in the morning ere I had finished; the patience of the waiter was inexhaustible. He told me the latest political news; and the dame du comptoir conversed most intelligently on the subject of the inundations in the departments of the Loire and the Allier; and my whole entertainment cost me but forty sous. I must not omit to mention that ere I departed, both the waiter and the landhady improved the occasion by informing me that there was not a vestige of cholera in Nice. Now, this story of my supper is common and trivial enough, is it not? But I have told it you in detail with a purpose. I believe in the atomic theory of civilisation. Civilisation itself is but a fortuitous concourse of social atoms; and eggs "on the plate," inventive waiters, and smiling landladies are among them. Only a few years since, and Nice was in Italy, and as lazy and dirty and shiftless-in its Italian quarter-as everything Italian seems futed to But French order and discipline, French cheerfulness and sprightliness and good management, are beginning to make themselves felt. The influence of the most intelligent and the most progressive people in the world—I beg Mr. Podsnap's pardon—is apparent in a thousand little matters of the detail of daily life. It is very certain that "they manage these things better in France;" and if we could only discover some island in the Felicitous Ocean, where we could set up a new community enjoying all the cheerfulness, commodity, and elegance of French society, combined with such trifles as constitutional government and a free press, why, such a community, I take it, would be as happy and prosperous as that fabled Republic of the Halcyonides, whose inhabitants lived exclusively on nightingales' wings and the well-fried edges of pancakes—the Republic where all the children were proficient on the Alexandre harmonium, and all the old men of eighty played leap-frog, and in whose penal code there were but two crimes known: the possession of a piece of gold and the wearing of crinoline. The miscreant found in possession of a sovereign was doomed by the Halcyonides to eat it; and she who was found guilty of a steel-barred skirt was sentenced to wear it night and day, and nothing else.

I went back quite happy, though my supper had been of the lightest, to the Hôtel de France; and there I found that the porter had been, in his way, as full of resource as the waiter at the café. He too, desolated at the thought that guests should go to bed with empty stomachs—to the injury of their own constitutions and the detriment of the hotel exchequer-had summoned authority from its slumbers, and when I returned the entire establishment was awake. One would have thought that the spell laid on the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood had been dissolved. The chambermaid was as wide awake as a speculator in the Pennsylvanian oil-region; a yarçon in the cleanest and stiffest of white neckcloths was gliding about, in the noiseless yet all-pervading manner peculiar to well-bred waiters, and the cook had seemingly left his couch, for very soon, on a tray, there appeared a most artful compote de pigeons, garnished with fried potatoes. It is my belief that potatoes in France grow ready fried on trees; always supposing them not to be summoned hot and savoury from the ground by an enchanter's wand. It was nearly 2 A.M., and I had already partaken of eggs "on the plate," and weak beer that frothed gaily in the glass. Non bis in idem is an aphorism entitled to much respect. "Am I a pope," says the Russian proverb, "that I should dine twice?" The Russian clergy, it would appear, are addicted to enjoying the hospitality of their flock twice, if not oftener, per diem. But what should be done to him who sups twice? Tell me, ye Indigestive Fates!—Fates, too, who warn the stranger that the rarefied atmosphere of Nice is extremely perilous to all who suffer from a tendency to gout, glandular affections, dyspepsia, congestion of the brain, and determination of blood to the head. I have all those in a chronic manner, and more; and I ate up the compote de pigeons and the fried potatoes, leaving not a wrack behind. A fellow-traveller rendered me some trifling assistance, but it was but a feeble knife and fork the tired traveller played; and the lion's, or rather the wolf's, part of the pigeons and the potatoes was mine. They did not lie heavy on my soul—or on my diaphragm. I had no horrid dreams. I slept sweetly and soundly, and I woke up in the morning without an iota of the remorseful terror which should properly be the lot of the rash being who has supped twice the night before.

I woke up—it was the first of October—in the middle of July. The sky was ablaze. The houses on the port were almost blinding in their dazzling whiteness. The fringe of shore to the intensely-blue Mediterranean looked so hot and so brown as irresistibly to remind me of the fried potatoes I had so lately feasted on. In the public garden the cacti and the palms and the oranges made me look unconsciously for possible bananas and pine-apples. I fancied myself in Algiers or in Havana. There was a faint odour of asphalt approaching melting-point on the new boulevard. Wherever the French eagle, I may observe en passant, has fixed his imperial talons, there are sure to be one or more new boulevards, and a powerful odour of incandescent asphalt. The booths on the Pont Neuf and the Quai Massina were shaded by the usual gaily-striped awnings, and were full of the usual glittering rubbish, and hemmed-in by the usual lively, chattering southern crowd. The flacre-drivers on the Corso dozed on their boxes, drowsy with the heat, or waking, mopped their streaming foreheads with huge blue kerchiefs. The cafe habitues were taking their morning cups, their morning journals, and their morning cigars al fresco, but in the shade, for the sun was too powerful for his rays to be breakfasted under with impunity. The dogs trotted about with thirsty tongues protruding through the bars of their cruel muzzles. Surely tears enough have been shed over that Bastille prisoner, that Man with the Iron Mask, who, after all, perhaps was but a myth. no sympathy to spare for the masked poodles, for terriers and greyhounds doomed to carry their heads in portable dungeons? And let it be always remembered that it is precisely in those countries where dogs are most mercilessly muzzled that they most frequently go mad. authority would only take the muzzles off these poor dumb creatures, and provide a dog-drinking fountain at every street-corner, such a malady as hydrophobia would be very rarely heard of,—the which does not at all militate against the fact that seventy-five per cent of the hydrophobia stories we read about are fables, whose invention is due to the abject, grovelling, selfish, brutal cowardice of humanity. How we shake and shiver and yelp when we think we are going to have something the matter with us! How everything, animate and inanimate, must be sacrificed in order that we may not have a headache or the colic! Please to remember that I penned these lines under the natural exacerbation of feeling resulting from having been thrice fumigated within one week. And I had no sooner entered a barber's shop in the Rue Cassini, to have perhaps the most useless and irrational of human operations performed on my countenance, than the artist, whose calling it was with razor and lathering-brush to wage a daily war with an indefatigably bounteous Nature-for the more we shave the more she continues to give us something to shave—informed me confidentially that there was not such a thing as cholera in the whole of Nice. "Those villanous Genoese have set the story going," he said. "They are bad

people, monsieur. They are always full of cholera themselves, and the English families will not patronise their hotels because they are monoise; and so, out of revenge, they try to ruin Nice."

Any narrative having connection with Nice, and that did not contain, in at least every other line, an allusion either to the cholers or to the mosquitoes, would be as incomplete as a copy of the celebrated memorial of Miss Betsy Trotwood's Mr. Dick without frequent and special references to the head of King Charles the First. It is but just, however, to the Nizzards to state that while they stoutly deny the existence of any malady even remotely resembling Asiatic cholera within their borders, they frankly admit the presence of the mosquitoes, who, like the poor, are always with them, and will never, probably, be rooted out of the land. "Are there any cousins about?" I asked of the waiter at the Hôtel de France. "Pardieu! s'il y en a?" answered that candid servitor; "regardez donc!" Upon which he pointed successively to the four walls of the bedchamber, upon every one of which there was an elaborate although not symmetrical pattern formed by the dessicated corpses of mosquitoes amashed there by the desperate palms of tortured travellers. There was no deception in this, no pusillanimous recourse to the Margate-lodging-house-landlady artifices—the mean and shaffling evasions—the suppressio veri in denying that there are any Norfolk Howards in the bed, and the suggestio fulse in insinuating that if you have indeed been bitten, you must have brought the bugs in your laggage. Indeed, the Nizzard waiter seemed rather proud than otherwise of the presence of so many mosquitoes. He regarded them, perhaps, as a proof positive of the perpetual summer which is supposed to reign at "Sun always shining; Mediterranean always blue; oranges always growing in the open air, and mosquitoes always alive, alive 0!" Thus might run a stereotyped advertisement of the advantages enjoyed by Nizza di Mare, in emulation of one I remember seeing of one of the minor German gambling-places: "Magnificent Kursaal; vast garden; roulette with one zero; smoking allowed at the play-table; no danger of Prussian annexation." What a terrestrial paradise!

When you have been travelling for thirty hours in a packing-case on wheels over the Col di Tenda, you scarcely feel inclined to indulge in the pleasures of the chase. It is a southerly wind and a cloudy sky that proclaim a hunting morning. You do not ordinarily hunt by candle-light, and at 2 A.M. In view, however, of that entomological pattern on the walls when we arrived at Nice, we were bound to go out hunting, and we pursued the many-legged game until about four. Then the tables were turned and the game hunted us. He hunted on foot—on a dozen feet at least—and he had the advantage over us in being able to fly when he listed; and he abode by us until eight, winding many a mort upon his lusty, lusty horn. It is not a sound to laugh to scorn. It is perhaps the most appalling double-bass that ever smote upon human tympanum. He seems to say, "I am here. I am your friend. I am

your cousin. I like you, because I am fond of Burgundy, and your blood is hot and fiery as Pommard or Romanu, whereas that fellow from Bordeaux in the next room has only some weak Medoc on tap. Therefore we will have t'other bottle." And he goes on drinking until, gorged with liquor, he staggers upwards to the ceiling and walks with his head downwards, like Mr. Sandys at Drury Laze, to sober himself; or, haply, takes to crawling on the wall, where, dexterously "spotting" him, you straighten an outraged hand, and with muscular force, inspired by hatred and revenge, crush the detestable creature's life out, and add one more labyriathine blotch to the pattern on the paper. There is something terrifying, notwithstanding, in slaying a satisted mosquito. To kill a flea is a lively and cheerful operation. You talk to him ironically when caught, and crack him as you would a joke. The bug, even, you dismiss to limbo with one deep and not necessarily loud adjuration, wash your hands, and there is an end of the matter. You feel no more remorse for having played the part of Cainifex than does the head-master of Eton after the victims of the "Bill" have been brought to the block. It is a very different thing to kill a plethoric mosquito. The monster, minute as he is, bleeds; and it is your own blood which is expressed from his crushed careass. You wender, as Gloucester wondered over Henry's corse, that he could have had so much blood in him. The wall is absolutely bespettered, and that too from the body of an assassin no bigger than a pin's head. You are appalled, you shudder: for that great crimson stain on the wall is you. The wretch has robbed you of so much salt and iron, and consequently vitality. The blood is the life. From your sum of existence how many hours may not be deducted on account of the mosquitoes?

We went away from Nice on the following afternoon. As my entire stay did not exceed thirteen hours, I am obviously reluctant to enter into full particulars of the history, antiquities, and curiosities of Nice, or to indulge in disquisitions on the temper with which the majority of the inhabitants regard the substitution of French for Italian rule. I cannot help feeling that exaggerated notions are habitually assumed by outsiders as to the temper with which the inhabitants of any city regard the substitution of any one set of rulers for another. There is always a party of nationality, not necessarily a large, but invariably an indefatigably noisy one; and it is from this class you hear the incessant groaning and whimpering over crushed aspirations, fettered thoughts, and stifled speech, which at last, from the mere force of iteration, awakens at once the sympathy and the fatigue of surrounding nations, and move them, by dint either of arms or of opinion, to set the captive nationality free. All over the Italian peninsula, for instance, the indefatigably noisy class were enjoying at this time their well-earned triumph. They had tired out Europe with their lamentations; they succeeded in enlisting material force in the support of their cause; and they had obtained at last their desire. In Nice and Savoy there may be, on the contrary, a class as indefatigable in complaint, althours, owing to a wholesome fear of the French police, not so noisy, who regard the cession of their corner of Europe to France with extreme disgust, and choose to consider themselves an oppressed and captive man tionality, whose aspirations are crushed, whose thoughts are fettered, whose speech is stifled, and all the rest of it. But around this mutter of discontent stretch concentrically in ever-widening circumferences, the classes who really don't care, one way or the other, whether it is to Cæsar or to Herod of Jewry that they have to pay tribute. Ces and taxes they must pay to somebody, and that is enough for then. All over Europe there are a good many millions of shopkeepers, ladlords, waiters, servants, artisans, teachers, and "middling" people generally, who value the idea of nationality not more than they do the podings of a tomato. Why should they? The new besom which sweeps so clean, very often sweeps their own humble means of livelihood clean away from them. The tyrant was often a very good customer. The despot gave liberal Christmas-boxes. The oppressor was an openhanded monster after all. With triumphant freedom and vindicated nationality come very often paper money, increased taxation, suspended public works, and general embarrassment. The luxurious aristomer fly away frightened; there are fewer balls and suppers and festivals; and a new generation, of Spartan morals, who only require black broth for dinner, supplant the Epicureans and the Sybarites. It is solutely necessary to hint, from time to time, at the existence of these things. People at a distance are too apt to picture to themselves a liberated Italy, or a liberated anywhere, as a land which, directly the oppressors have gone away, has begun to flow with milk and honey-as a kind of Goshen in excelsis, where the pigs run about ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in them, crying, "Come eat us!" where every male baby comes into the world in a bran-new suit of broadcloth, and with a gold watch in his waistcoat-pocket, and every female one is born with a diamond necklace and emerald bracelets. It is absolutely necessary to point out that in any country recently liberated from foreign rule, there is always a vast number of people who would infinitely prefer a return to the old state of things, and a still vaster number who don't care a centesimo which way things go at all, so long as they can get a sufficiency of polenta. There is an immense amount of patriotism in all countries, but not quite so much as other patriots, living in other countries, are apt to suppose; and it is for that reason I think it expedient to observe that where I have expected honey, I have often found only beeswax of the very bitterest; and where I have looked for roast pig, I have discerned only the coldest of cold shoulders. It is not only their teeth that men lose as they grow older; they lose, likewise, their illusions. Very cruelly may you be disillusionised when, coming to Italy, and asking after one illustrious Italian, you are told that he is a codisco; after another, and you learn that he is a papalino; after a

third, and you are informed that he is a friend of the Borbone; after a fourth, and he is denounced as a sympathiser with those pale grandlukes who were always trembling at the shadow of Liberty, and always ready to invoke the aid of Austrian battalions to lay the phantom in the Red Sea of "Order"—order after the model of Warsaw and Madrid. At Nice, of course, we have the reverse of the medal: the tagged and rayed side of the tapestry. But is it, after all, much worse than the obverse? is it, finally, a tagged and frayed arras? may it not be as one of the "reversible overcoats" of the advertising tailors, which, with equal comfort and delectation to the wearer, can be worn inside out? It is always the history of John a'Nokes as against John a'Styles. When I was last in Nice, Nokes reigned, and Victor Emmanuel's escutcheon was over the salt and tobacco shops. Now, Styles is the prevailing party, and the imperial régie dispenses narcotics by retail; and it is to Cæsar-Styles that tribute must be paid. It must be owned that Cæsar sells much better cigars than Savoy-Carignan; but, putting the tobacco-monopoly on one side, it strikes me that Nice, as I see it in 1866, is pretty nearly the same Nice that I saw in 1858. Yes; the sun is as bright, the Mediterranean is as blue, and the mosquitoes bite as fiercely as ever they did. They make out the same long bills at the hotels, and people are born and die, and make love, and quarrel, just as they did in the old time. There is not a drop more water in the channel of the Paglione; which ought to be called the River Bed, for I never saw any water in it, and to throw bridges over a ditch as dry as the Tower most seems a sorry mockery. But let the Paglione pass. Nice, for the rest, is the Nice of yore; and when the dread of cholera is over, the English visitors will come back again; and there will be the old files of decorous promenaders on the Ponchettes, and the Croix de Marbre, and the Passeggiata degli Inglesi; the old écarté-playing Russians at the Casino; the old squabbles over theology and physic, and fashions and new novels. It is a very easy thing in these days to turn a government upside down; but it is far more difficult to revolutionise the way of life of a watering-place. The most conservative element in Nice is the sun; and he shines consistently all the months of the year, caring nothing whether Cæsar or Savoy be uppermost. must not omit to mention that I met on the railway to Marseilles a Nizzard gentleman who told me that his country was ruined, and that the iron hand of French despotism lay heavy upon her. But, really, Nice didn't look like it.

In eight hours we were transported from Nice to Marseilles, as aforesaid. We rattled by Antibes, and Cannes, and Toulon, and Hyères—through that wonderfully rich and beautiful country which nor Gaul nor Frank, nor Roman nor Carthaginian, nor Goth nor Hun, nor Spaniard nor Saracen, nor even the soldiers of revolutionary France, rivals as these last were of the locusts in the art of eating up every green thing, have ever been able wholly to ruin. I think every Euro-

pean people save the English have in their time fastened upon this delicions territory, and striven to suck its marrow out; but the fatsee of the soil has been too much for the strongest of spoliaters. Cities they may have destroyed, castles they may have razed, and races they may have massacred; but the all-sufficing sun has always knit up the ravelled sleeve of war and desolation, and meridional France is as the as ever. There has never been but one engine of human crocky, ignorance, and barbarism, which has successfully turned a fertile country into a desert. The Hely Inquisition really brought about a change in the physical geography of Spain. It may be said, without much exaggeration, that the Dominicans cut down so many trees to make fagots to burn heretics withal, that the beneficent rain abandoned in disgust the intolerant land; and the sun, losing his temper with so perverse a generation, baked the juicy plains into dry sterility. The curse of Roman Catholicism has, in its time, hung heavy over the south of France; that is why the smiling landscape is defaced by many dirty and ruinous villages; but heaven has spared it the infliction of the Inquisition. Had the Holy Office kept foothold in Provence. that which is still a miracle of fertility would have become centurist since, an arid waste.

I was glad to see Marseilles again, although it was nine o'clock at night when we arrived there, although we halted at the station but forty minutes to sup, and although I knew that another six hundred miles, and another weary and feverish night, lay before us. This was the sixth we were to pass since we had left Venice. Still I hailed Masseilles with joy, as an old and generous friend. There is no mistaling the civilisation of Marseilles; it is so very marked, so strongly go-ahead. Progress, perhaps, speaks with a slight Provencel accent, and go-aheadism is flavoured with the minutest tinge of garlie; but the thing itself is there. You have the real moiling, fermenting, hardhammering nineteenth century. I declare that you meet people in Italy who drive you half-mad with the way they cant and simper and snivel about the Middle Ages. They are oftener English people invelling in Italy than natives of the peninsula itself, who have had quite enough of the Middle Ages, and don't want any more. Confound the Middle Ages! What are Giotto's frescoes-exquisite as they are-and the columns of San Lorenzo, and the leaning tower of Pisa, and Arnould of Brescia, and Francisco di Rimini, and Angelo, tyrant of Padua, to us? Let them all go, beautiful, interesting, and romastic as they may be. They are anachronisms; they are out of place; they are incompatible with gas and the nine-o'clock express, with the last edition of the Petit Journal, with the electric telegraph-of which I availed myself while at Marseilles to send a message to a friend at Stockport in Lancashire - with clean rooms, civil waiters, postagestamps, abundant food, security of life and property, fire-insurances, and moderate prices. I vow that I can never see with patience a

thoroughly Middle-Age picture; or a troop of supernumeraries in tinfoil helmets and trunk-hose and with halberts in their gauntleted hands, or a procession of monks with cowls and crucifixes and banners. march across the stage of a theatre in some Middle-Age opera or spectacle. They are but poor devils, I know, at a shilling a-night; but they make me mad to think of the real thing which once existed, to the misery and oppression of the world. The real supernumeraries in tinfoil helmets and trunk-hose came down four centuries ago and burnt my great-grandmother's cottage, drove away her cows, and carried off her daughter. They were led on by that baritone in a purple-velvet doublet and silk tights. Four centuries ago there was not a more treacherous, unscrapulous, and murderous villain in all Italy than that The real monks, with real cowls and real crucifixes and real banners, used to march about, not the stage of the Scala, but the streets of Milan and Florence. They burnt Savonarola, they gagged Galileo; their hand was against everything that was good and pure and true. Why should I have patience with them because they are interesting and remantic, sing sonorous choruses, and "compose" well in a picture? I prefer the nineteenth century; I prefer Marseilles; I prefer that great rearing buffet, blazing with gas, warmly carpeted, handsomely furnished, with a well-spread table-d'hôte, with waiters flying about bearing steaming potages and savoury filets, to the highly ernate Gothic edifices of medieval times, or the moonlit cloisters where monks sang the Angelus. If I am to be thoroughly mediæval, and to live in a mediæval house, and wear mediæval clothes, let me have at least a mediæval mind, and believe that hollyhocks grew from the toe-nails of St. Veronica, and that St. Denis walked about with his head under his arm. But, believe me, it won't do, this attempt to combine cowled monks and particoloured supernumeraries, halberts and crucifixes, St. Veronica's hollyhocks and St. Denis's head, with gas and the table-d'hôte at five francs a-head, with the Petit Journal and the railway time-bill. Dr. Manning and the papalini are doing their best to effect such a combination; but the world, echoing the papalini, answers, "Non possumus." We must be either one thing or the other. Either gas, steam, telegraphy, photography, and the printing-press are all wrong-in which case the best thing we can do is to retire to our bedchambers and make a good end of it by means of the Happy Despatch, as adopted at Jeddo in Japan—or else the monks and the supers and the Middle Ages are wrong, and the sooner we sweep them into the laystall of Mr. Harmon, of Harmony Jail, the better. I don't believe in the combination; I don't believe in exaggerated reverence for the past. Did I so believe in it, I would paint myself a lively aky-blue, and burn people in wicker cages under the mistletoe, and be an ancient Briton. But I am a modern Briton, and have no desire to stain myself with woad, board and lodge in some Stonehenge with never a roof to it, and go to sea in a coracle instead of a Cunard steamer. Depend

upon it, the combination-system won't work; and the Middle Ages, with several other highly-respectable institutions—including the wisdom of our ancestors and the "old lines" of the Constitution, on which some politicians are ambitious to build new turret-ships—must retire to the dust-hermitage of Mr. Harmon, of Harmony Jail. But here is the express-train bell for Paris ringing furiously. "En voiture, Messieurs et Mesdames; en voiture!" Now, I maintain that the railway-bell is not the Angelus, nay, nor the tocsin of the Sicilian Vespers; and that, as Albert Smith observed with regard to Austria and Italy, "you can't make 'em so; and that's where it is."

The eighteen-hours' express journey from Marseilles to Paris—they mean to do it in fourteen hours, so they say, some of these days—is a great fact, but an alarming one. It is one monstrous nightmare, with a feverish day-dream at Lyons, where you breakfast. The pace is tremendous. The locomotives seem of elephantine build, the carriages are comfortable but enormous. You have certainly your money's worth, but the tariff of fares is prodigious. I never heard railwaywhistles so shrill in tone, so terrifically prolonged in screech, as the whistles on the line between Marseilles and Paris. There is something almost satanic in those sibillations as they rush through the night air; and, indeed, did not some irreverent wag-was it Sydney Smith?-once remark that the sound of the railway-whistle must be precisely the one emitted by the attorney-at-law, when, after a long career of writ-issuing and judgment-signing, the enemy of mankind at last clutches hold of him, and strikes his three-pronged fork into the small of his back. Think of this, ye lawyers, when next you hear the railway-whistle's agonising squeal. I heard it, during the journey to Paris, I think thrice. I fancy that I slept all the way from Arles to Chalons; I know that I smoked all the way from Dijon to Fontainebleau. It was a wonderful train,-more surprising than the Limited-Mail rush from Edinburgh to Glasgow, more exciting than the "wild-Irishman" scamper from Euston-square to Holyhead; but still it was a nightmare, and not good for the digestion; and I felt grateful when, at the end of our eighteen-hours' Mazeppa-like career, we arrived at the Place de la Bastille, Paris. It was seven o'clock in the evening. My heavy luggage was sent on, not halting in Paris, but going straight through to England by that night's mail; so I drove in hot haste with my heavy luggage from the Gare de Lyon to that of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and was just in time to catch the 7.45 train for Calais, Dover, and Victoria. Then, with my impediment reduced to the compass of a travelling-bag, I had again the world before me where to choose. I "baited" in Paris. I will not say one word about the Boulevards, the Grand Hôtel, or the Universal Exhibition of 1867. When my corpo lasso was sufficiently restored, I strapped up my bag again, and turned my face towards Switzerland.

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# LA PREMIÈRE JEUNESSE

Sweet seventeen! with eyes downcast,
Of modesty's roses rich thy store;
Fair débutante, they will fade full fast,
Wait till your first few seasons have past:
What will life be at twenty-four?

Society waits you, all untried:
Yes, you have beauty and youth galore:
Changes enough are sure to betide:
Will you be maid, or widow, or bride,
When you have come to twenty-four?

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Gaily you'll tread the dance to night,
Gaily you'll dream when the ball is o'er;
The world as it opens promises bright,
Girlhood's heart is happy and light;
Will it be so at twenty-four?

Votaries many soft words and sweet
Into those pink sea-shell ears will pour;
All the world will seem at your feet,
Looks of worship your eyes will greet;
What will you think at twenty-four?

Sweet seventeen! when those years are sped,
Broken vows may you none deplore;
Idle visions and bright hopes fled,
Ne'er may these rise round your weary head
When you have come to twenty-four!

T. H. S. E.

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VOL. VI.

## THE CONJURER AT HOME

THE art of legerdemain or juggling, or, to make use of the modern term, "prestidigitation" (I had rather write the word than pronounce it), if it be an art—which, having its acknowledged professors, it may be presumed to be—is not, like other arts, progressive and accumulative. We cannot say to what extent the art of conjuration was carried by the ancient Chaldeans or Egyptians, who, according to Diodorus Siculus and Agrippa, were the earliest adepts in natural magic; but, judging from what has come within our immediate knowledge, the proficient in sleight-of-hand is little more expert now, or better provided with feats of wonder, than he was centuries ago. Occasionally, indeed, some strange juggler appears and surprises the world with a novel trick, some nimble conveyance by dexterity of finger, or masterly effect of optical delusion. Within our own times the "goblet" trick by Herr Wiljalba Frikell, and the "decapitating" trick more recently by Signor Rubini, were new; but these and a few others merely constituted exceptions to the universal rule. The sleight-of-hand feats with cards are nearly all as old as the hills; the manipulations with rings, eggs, candles, watches, money, hats, and pocket-handkerchiefs make the staple commodity of all wizards' programmes; while great importance is still attached to antiquated tricks like those of catching between the teeth a bullet fired from a pistol apparently carefully loaded. A difference between the ancient and modern exhibitions of necromancy may, indeed, be pointed out in the "no-preparation" system, which, we believe, originated with Herr Frikell. The "no-preparation" school has its followers, and has had its successes; and many uphold it as the real "classical" method of conjuration, the only legitimate means by which legerdemain can be advanced as an art. The "no-preparation" system, however, is a deception, merely a trick within a trick, and, in fact, involves as careful and elaborate provision beforehand as the glittering and showy paraphernalia of Mr. Anderson, and other demonstrative wizards -- only the materials are carefully kept out of view. It is a question, indeed, whether anything is in reality gained by the "no-preparation" plan, and whether there is not a greater amount of curiosity and wonderment excited by the display of wheels, variegated boxes, burnished globes, goblets, vases, glass retorts, diviningrods, cabalistic mirrors, &c. &c., to say nothing of the spangled and lettered robes, the high-peaked hat and magic wand of the "prepared" Were the juvenile branches of the spectators alone to be consulted, they would no doubt vote incontinently for the more ostentatious, elaborate, and embellished entertainment; but, as all classes

are appealed to, the greater desire to conciliate that section more readily impressed by dexterity and adroitness than show is sufficiently landable.

The tricks, sleight-of-hand or other kind, introduced by conjurers in our own times are comparatively but few; and this, considering the number of "professors of natural magic" who have exhibited, is somewhat unaccountable. I have already alluded to the production of the goblets from an empty hat by Wiljalba Frikell, and the "decapitation" trick by the Italian magician, Signor Rubini. These are now familiar, and many who have seen them are not so completely imposed upon as not to entertain a suspicion how they are accomplished. Of feats of dexterity in the conjuring line, exhibited in public, which offer to the adult spectator no possibility of solution, I do not know one. It may be, perhaps, because in my young days I was myself an amateur performer of more than average expertness, and could pass a card and manipulate like a master. But now, indeed, conjuration is no longer an occult art. Books are published explaining and demonstrating by pictorial diagrams in what manner many of the most puzzling feats of legerdemain may be performed; and professors themselves in their public exhibitions are in the habit of showing as clearly as possible the mode by which the delusion in several instances is effected. It behoves, therefore, the "prestidigitateur" to appeal to his public provided with some trick entirely new, or managed with such rapidity and neatness of execution as to possess all the charm of novelty. An acquaintance with all the "magicians" of the last quarter of a century had left upon my mind no impression of any one feat of legerdemain, or optical trick, which I could not in some measure explain to myself, until I chanced, some years ago, to dine and pass the evening with the celebrated and very remarkable professor of the magic art, Herr Hermann, by far the cleverest artist in his line with whom I was ever acquainted. What myself and several others witnessed on that occasion forms the leading features of this sketch. Before, however, narrating the particulars of this visit to the conjurer, I should like to lay before my readers a most wonderful and inexplicable trick which was performed, some thirty years ago, by an Indian juggler, in presence of the colonel, officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of one of the royal regiments quartered in India, and which was attested in writing by everyone present. The story was told at length in a leading periodical of the day-if I remember rightly, Bentley's Miscellany-and the number of the regiment and the names of its principal officers were appended. The story was as follows:

The commanding officer of the —th regiment, quartered in one of the Indian presidencies, had received accounts of the performances of a juggler of so surprising a nature, and so entirely removed from anything of the kind he had ever seen or heard of, that he engaged him to give one of his exhibitions, and invited the whole regiment to be pre-

sent. The place chosen was a meadow, or grassy plain, within easy distance of the regimental cantonments; the time early dawn. Before the sun had shown himself above the horizon the soldiers were seated or standing in a circle round the selected spot; the colonel and officers occupying a tent. The spectators had hardly taken their places when a man of short stature and slight figure, dressed in exaggerated Indian fashion, leading a he-goat by a string with one hand, and holding a large wicker-basket or hamper in the other, entered within the circle, and having reached the centre made a most grave and reverential salaam all round, which was answered by the soldiers with ringing cheers. Having completed this introductory part of the performance, the Indian removed the string which was fastened round the goat's neck and allowed him to go at large; then placing the hamper on the ground with its bottom upwards, began to make preparations for the exhibition of his tricks. During the preparatory operations of the juggler the goat was quietly nibbling at the grass, or was occupied in offering to butt against some of the soldiers who coaxed him into play on his near approach. The goat became an object of attraction, and provided the officers and men with some amusement while the preliminary business of the entertainment was going forward. Some caressed him, some scratched his head or pulled his ears, some stroked his beard or held him by the horns, and a few fed him with pieces of biscuit or bread. Was the goat a confederate of the juggler, thus taught to demean himself before a crowd in order to distract attention from some necessary preparation not intended to meet the eye? Or was he merely a companion, and travelled about with his master from place to place like a dog? shall see. Suddenly a gun or pistol was fired, and all eyes were instantly turned in the direction of the Indian, who forthwith commenced his performances, and amused the lookers-on for half an hour or so. What tricks he showed or performed during this period the narrator did not say. All at once the juggler approached the goat, and, seizing him by one of his horns, led him leisurely round the ring; then walked him into the centre near the hamper, fondling him the whole time. When they had arrived at this point the man knelt down, drew a large knife from his belt, forced the beast with seeming violence on his back, The brute cried aloud, the blood spurted from and cut his throat. his throat, he kicked and plunged for a while, relaxed his efforts by degrees, and extended himself on the grass to all appearance dead. The juggler laid his hand over the region of the goat's heart, shaking his head as if he were satisfied it was all over with his favourite, wiped the streaming knife on the grass, and replaced it in his girdle. He then rose from his knee, took the hamper, and, placing it over the dead body of the goat so as entirely to conceal it from view, went on with his performances. Again the narrator was incommunicative as to the manner in which the juggler entertained his martial audience for the rest of the programme. At the end of another half-hour it was an-

nounced that the exhibition was concluded; but the officers were requested, before allowing the ring to break up, to remove the hamper and inspect what was beneath. It should be stated here that neither the juggler nor any other person had gone near the hamper from the time it was placed over the dead body of the goat. The officers left the tent, approached the hamper and turned it over. The goat had disappeared and had not left a trace behind; nor was there the slightest signs of blood on the ground or grass. The bottom of the hamper was scrutinised; it could not have secreted a flounder. The officers probed the soil with their swords; but the clay or gravel gave back no answer to the mystery. They sent for spades and had the turf removed from the earth, but the most searching examination failed to discover by what means the goat had been removed. It was indeed a trick beyond the reach of the keenest conjecture or the largest experience; and this was the reason why the colonel had an account of the feat drawn up in writing, and had it signed and confirmed by all who were present. Very different were the tricks exhibited to our select circle by Herr Hermann at his private residence in St. John's Wood; but I doubt not the reader will consider a few of them as extraordinary in their way, and certainly as inexplicable, as the killing of the goat and the removal of the body by the Indian juggler.

When we accepted Herr Hermann's invitation to dinner, I do not believe that any one of us had an idea that tricks or feats of conjuration would form any part of the evening's entertainment. Had such been the case it is more than probable that some of those bidden to the feast would have remained at home in place of waiting on the wizard's selfelected opportunity of exhibiting his necromantic prowess and cheating them of hearing their own sweet voices in banquet-season. One gentleman, indeed-whom I shall take the liberty of calling by the name of Skeptic, for a reason-would have looked upon the invitation as an offence to his dignity had he thought he had been asked to witness any manifestation, however wonderful, of the conjurer's art. Skeptic was one of those persons powerfully impressed with their own merits, and looked upon himself, to whatsoever company he was admitted, as entitled to all but exclusive consideration. That anyone could prefer juggling antics to his florid conversation and powers of retailing anecdotes never entered his imagination. Moreover, "to admire nothing" was his motto; and to such an extent did he carry this real or apparent indifference, that had he witnessed the performances of the celebrated acrobats, the brothers Muley, who, as described by the Hibernian showman, were so extraordinarily agile and plastic of body that the eldest two were wont to jump down each other's throats and the youngest to jump down his own throat and leave his thumb sticking out of his mouth to show where he had gone, he would have exhibited no astonishment beyond his favourite exclamation, "Curious, ain't it?" If Herr Hermann had intended amusing his guests by any of his diablerie performances that

night, he little knew what a dangerous and misbelieving companion he had solicited to partake of his hospitality.

The dinner passed off with éclat; the viands were of the best in season; the wine was of the choicest; conversation was brisk, if not brilliant; and good-humour threw a radiance over the whole party. It was, in fact, a merry meeting; and there was just the number seated round the table to concentrate the talk and prevent the party from breaking up into knots. Herr Hermann, who was seated at the head of the table, had Skeptic placed on his right hand. This collocation, which was supposed to be accidental at the time, I had afterwards reason to know was designed by the conjurer. He had seen and noticed the incredulity of his guest, and, as it seemed to me, was determined to make a convert of him, or at all events to show off his powers at his expense. At a pause in the conversation, Herr Hermann took a small Scotch snuff-box from his pocket, and opening the lid took a pinch therefrom; then presenting the box to Skeptic, asked him did he take snuff. Skeptic answered languidly, "Sometimes;" upon which Herr Hermann closed the box, and observing that it had two compartments and two lids, and that the under-compartment contained the better mixture, turned the box over in his left hand, and opening it handed it to Skeptic. The latter took the box, and having taken a pinch of snuff examined the box and found it had only one lid. you call this a trick?" he asked; "the box has only one lid." "That is strange," observed the other, and taking the box from Skeptic closed it and turned it over-and lo! there was a second lid. The attention of the company was called to this incident, and the conjurer exhibited his dexterity of manipulation several times by this extremely neat and ingenious illusion. The conversation now turned upon prestidigitateurs and their various feats of legerdemain. Herr Hermann-who, having passed many years in America, and being, as I think, no stranger to England, spoke English with much fluency—said, "I am well aware that all you savans have an idea how the best of our tricks are accomplished." "I should think so!" from Skeptic. "But I fancy I could puzzle even you." "O, indeed!" again from Skeptic. "Ay, sir, and "By all means try it." "I shall; and even you," turning to Skeptic. after dinner I will show you a few tricks, and will defy any one of you to have the remotest notion how they are done." "Bravo!" from all the company excepting Skeptic, who laughed and helped himself to wine, and congratulated himself on being so much cleverer than the conjurer.

The dinner was concluded, and we adjourned to the drawing-room, where we had our wine and dessert. The entertainment had been a great success, and Herr Hermann had proved himself to be a prince of hosts. Even Skeptic, despite the small measure of attention paid to him, seemed to enjoy himself, and made amends for any disrespectful slight on the part of the company by helping himself liberally to bumpers of the uncommonly good wine—French, German, and Spanish—

placed before him. Presently Herr Hermann rings the bell, and tells the man-servant, who answers it, to fetch some cards. The man retired, and came back with two packs of cards in secured cases, and placed them on the table. "Take one of these packs," said our host, addressing himself to Skeptic; "open the cover, and see if all the cards are right." "No preparation?" demanded Skeptic. "No, I assure you. What I am about to show you now I could do with any cards." "Of course," ejaculated Skeptic sneeringly, and began to tear the cover from the pack. Skeptic looked at the cards, and we all looked at the conjurer. When Skeptic pronounced the cards "all correct," Herr Hermann took them in his hands, and flinging them down on the table with their faces uppermost, said, "There are eight of you. When I leave the room and the door is shut on me, let each person draw a card from the pack, return it, and shuffle the cards." He left the room, bidding us recall him when we were ready. Each man took a card, and put it back. Then we all had a shuffle at the pack, excepting Skeptic, who thought he knew all about the trick, and the conjurer was brought back in due time. He took the cards in his hands. "There are eight of you," he said. "Each one has drawn a card and replaced it; and the eight cards, if you have well shuffled them, should be dispersed through the pack. No eye could see into this room when the door was shut. Even knowing the cards-were that possible-would leave the seeming impossibility of bringing the eight cards together; you will all acknowledge that. Behold what Art can do!" He gave the cards a sort of a flourish, and placing the pack on his left palm, drew from the top the eight cards which we had drawn. He then turned to Skeptic, and with a good-natured smile inquired whether he had any idea how that trick was done. Our "nil-admirari" friend laughed, and said nothing; but shortly afterwards he was heard to observe, "Curious, ain't it?" This trick gave rise to a good deal of talk, and some disputation; but there were no two opinions about it; it was allowed by all to be the most complete and inexplicable feat of legerdemain ever witnessed. I was, perhaps, more interested than anyone present, and I began to suspect that there must have been some confederacy in the matter; but a moment's reflection satisfied me of its impossibility. We were all comparatively strangers to Herr Hermann, and I am sure it would have been a very perilous experiment for any public man in his situation to have made a confident of any one of us. I next thought of the servant-man. Could he have assisted the conjurer in any way? He had only appeared twice in the drawing-room, and had no opportunity of seeing us take the cards from the pack. But, as Herr Hermann said, supposing he had by some undiscoverable means made himself acquainted with the cards we had drawn, the wonder remained how he could have known the cards in the pack, and brought them together after they had been well shuffled. Considering the trick further, it occurred to me that by some preparation the cards themselves had aided the illusion. I examined them carefully, and satisfied myself that they had not been tampered with in the least. Finally, I concluded that the trick I had witnessed was entirely beyond all known powers of solving, and that it verified to the letter what Herr Hermann had affirmed at dinner. And thus was trick No. 1 performed by the conjurer. Trick No. 2 was even more astonishing

and incomprehensible.

"You know," said Herr Hermann, addressing the whole party, after some discussion had gone on about the sleight-of-hand performances, "I work by wit and not by witchcraft." "For wit read trick," interposed Skeptic. "But what," continued the conjurer, not heeding the interruption, "supposing I were to interpret your thoughts—to know what was passing through your minds?" "That, indeed, would be a trick above natural magic," I exclaimed. Skeptic filled his glass and winked at his neighbour, as who should say, "I know all about it." "We shall see," said Herr Hermann. "Now, each of you two gentlemen," he went on, speaking to his two right-hand guests, "think of a card; I do not ask you to touch one;" and, taking up the pack, he threw the cards front-upwards on the table. The choice was quickly made. Mr. Hermann recovered the cards, shuffled them, and spread them out as "The card," he said, "one of you thought of is there; the card the other thought of is absent." The gentlemen searched. One of the cards selected was not to be seen—the other was found. "So far so good," exclaimed Herr Hermann; "but the trick is only half done." The conjurer took the cards again, shuffled them as before, and exposed them on the table. "Now," he cried, "the illusion is reversed. The missing card reappears, and the card thought of that was present And such was the case. The cards had is not to be found. Search!" come and gone at the bidding of the magician, who seemed to exercise a mental rather than a physical influence over them. Wonder was expressed in every countenance, and Skeptic, annoyed because he was foiled, drank off an additional bumper to qualify him for elucidation. A moment's consideration of this trick must satisfy anybody of its extreme cleverness and incomprehensibility. The only possible solution that offers itself is in the supposition that the conjurer, by some process of his own, was enabled to follow the eyes of the gentlemen in their direction to the cards spread on the table, and to mark those they made choice of. Knowing the cards, of course an expert practitioner would find no difficulty in manipulating them as he pleased; and getting rid of a card and returning it to the pack, contrived with whatever rapidity, is no extraordinary feat of legerdemain. Ascertaining to a certainty the cards upon which two persons have thrown a glance for the shortest possible space of time is, it must be allowed, one of the most remarkable and puzzling achievements of the conjurer's art, and may be termed its crowning feat. I do not assert that it was by this process Herr Hermann ascertained the cards his two guests thought of; but if not thus I can conceive no other method by which he made them known

to him, unless, indeed, it were veritable witchcraft. While we all, with a single exception, expressed aloud our unqualified admiration of this trick, Skeptic alone would not allow it to be more than a common effort. "Very clean, no doubt," he said; "and curious, ain't it?" Our host was evidently somewhat nettled, for naturally he thought to himself, "If I cannot astonish people by this display, I have mistaken my art all this while;" and I could fancy him saying under his breath, "If I do not convince Master Credulous, I shall, at all events, have some fun with him; and that will make part of the evening's entertainment." From what followed I had good ground for my surmise.

Some ten or fifteen minutes had passed, and the conversation was about to lapse into generalities, when our host rose from his seat, and, taking from the table the cards, went to the other end of the room, where Skeptic was now seated. "I perceive," exclaimed the conjurer, "you know more of the magic art than any of the company present." "Après vous," ejaculated Skeptic in his best Parisian lisp. Herr Hermann bowed. "I want to ask your opinion of a trick which, no doubt, you have often seen-your opinion as to how I do it. Will you oblige me by taking a card?" "Would you allow me to suggest the unopened pack of cards?" inquired friend Skeptic, looking round him with an air of wisdom, as much as to say, "You can't come over me, old fellow." "O, certainly," answered Herr Hermann; "open the untouched pack yourself, and then give it to me." Skeptic removed the envelope from the new pack, and scrutinised the cards carefully. The eyes of the company were now fixed on the pair, and no one spoke. Skeptic, having satisfied himself that the cards had undergone "no preparation," handed them to the conjurer. "Take a card," said the latter. It was done. "Now take the pack in your own hands, put the card back, and shuffle." Skeptic did as he was told, and smiled as he shuffled the cards in a variety of ways. "It would be difficult, would it not," asked Herr Hermann, "to tell you the card you drew?" "Rather!" ejaculated Skeptic. "What if I were to do more, and make you draw again the same card?" "I should like to lay ten pounds to a half-crown of that." "Keep your money, my friend, I don't want to rob you; give me the cards." He took the cards from Skeptic, and shuffling them, said: "This time when you draw the card do not let anybody see it, nor say what it is until I ask you. I must do my tricks after my own fashion. Draw!" He drew. "Now place the card on the table back-upwards, and cover it with your hand, holding it tightly." Skeptic did as he was desired. "Now, sir, is not that card the one which you drew first?" "Certainly not!" exclaimed Skeptic loudly and triumphantly. "Indeed!" cried Hermann, "there must be some mistake." "Of course there is," rejoined the guest, "but it was your mistake!" and he laughed with much glee. "Are you sure?" "Positive!" "Name the cards." "I drew the Queen of Spades first, and this under my hand is the Nine of Diamonds." "Let me look at it."

Skeptic took away his hand, turned the card, and beheld—the Queen of Spades. An explosion of laughter at Skeptic's expense was followed by a volley of cheers for this wonderfully clever feat of sleight-of-hand, if indeed it was so, for I was utterly at a loss at the time—and am now, when I think of it—to account for the manner in which it was accomplished.

Many other tricks were exhibited in the course of the evening, but those related above were decidedly the newest and best, although some of the others would have made a common conjurer's fortune. times Herr Hermann held out a pack of cards, and named beforehand the card any one of us would draw, in spite of every effort on our parts to foil him, and this without failing in any one instance. "passing a card" is one of the commonest tricks in card-jugglery; but to "pass a card" and name it beforehand, and "pass" it on a company so "cunning of fence" and so wary as ours, was a very different matter. Better than "passing the card" with such magical dexterity—which we know is achieved by rapidity and neatness of fingering—was the trick with the pear, which indeed was as inconceivable as anything shown that evening. One of the party was asked by the conjurer to take a pear from the table and mark it, then to cut a slice from it, to eat the slice, and hand the pear to Herr Hermann. This was done, and the pear given to the conjurer, who, taking it in his hand, threw it up towards the ceiling, caught it as it fell, and returned it sound and whole to the gentleman, who declared it was the same pear he had marked and from which he had cut the slice.

Such were some of the exploits of prestidigitation which were shown to us by Herr Hermann at his private residence, and which to most of us appeared of so extraordinary and incomprehensible a nature as to throw all other tricks of conjuring we had seen before completely into the shade. Skeptic alone held by his incredulity, and would not acknowledge that there was anything out of the way in the performance. Like Sir Charles Coldstream in *Used up*, when he looked down the crater of Mount Vesuvius, he saw nothing in it. When questioned, however, as to the changing of the card which he held firmly under his own palm, he condescended to say, "It was curious, wasn't it?"

DESMOND RYAN.

## CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

BY THE AUTHOR OF " LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Sebenth.

A CLOUD OF FRAR.

CHAPTER V. AT HAROLD'S-HILL.

THE summer sun shone upon the village of Harold's-hill when Charlotte arrived there with Mrs. Sheldon and Diana Paget. Mr. Sheldon was to follow them on the same day by a later train; and Valentine was to come two days afterwards to spend the peaceful interval between Saturday and Monday with his betrothed. He had seen the travellers depart from the London-Bridge terminus, but Mr. Sheldon had been there also, and there had been no opportunity for confidential commu-

Of all Sussex villages Harold's-hill is perhaps the prettiest. The gray old Saxon church, the scattered farmhouses and pleasant rustic cottages, are built on the slope of a hill, and all the width of ocean lies below the rustic windows. The roses and fuchsias of the cottage gardens seem all the brighter by contrast with that broad expanse of blue. The fresh breath of the salt sea blends with the perfume of newmown hay and all the homely odours of the farmyard. The lark sings high in the blue vault of heaven above the church, and over the blue of the sea the gull skims white in the sunshine. The fisherman and the farm labourer have their cottages side by side, nestling coaily to lesward of the hilly winding road.

This hilly winding road in the July afternoon seemed to Charlotte

almost like the way to Paradise.

nication between the lovers.

"It is like going to heaven, Di!" she cried, with her eyes fixed on the square tower of the old gray church. She wondered why sudden tears sprang to Diana's eyes as she said this. Miss Paget brushed the unbidden tears away with a quick gesture of her hand, and smiled at her friend.

"Yes, dear, the village is very pretty, isn't it?"

"It looks awfully dull!" said Mrs. Sheldon with a shudder; "and, Diana, I declare there isn't a single shop. Where are we to get our provisions? I told Mr. Sheldon St. Leonards would have been a better place for us."

"O mamma, St. Leonards is the very essence of all that is tame

and commonplace, compared to this darling rural village! Look, do look, at that fisherman's cottage, with the nets hanging out to dry in the sunshine; just like a picture of Hook's!"

"What's the use of going on about fishermen's cottages, Lotta?" Mrs. Sheldon demanded peevishly. "Fishermen's cottages won't provide us with butcher's meat. Where are we to get your little bit of roast mutton? Dr. Doddleson laid such a stress upon the roast mutton."

"The sea-air will do me more good than all the mutton that ever was roasted at Eton, mamma. O, dear, is this our farmhouse?" cried Charlotte, as the vehicle drew up at a picturesque gate. "O, what a love of a house! what diamond-paned windows! what sweet white curtains! and a cow staring at me quite in the friendliest way across the gate! O, can we be so happy as to live here?"

"Diana," cried Mrs. Sheldon in a solemn voice, "not a single shop have we passed—not so much as a post-office! And as to haberdashery, I'm sure you might be reduced to rags in this place

before you could get so much as a yard of glazed lining!"

The farmhouse was one of those ideal homesteads, which, to the dweller in cities, seems fair as the sapphire-ceiled chambers of the house of Solomon. Charlotte was enraptured by the idea that this was to be her home for the next fortnight.

"I wish it could be for ever, Di," she said, as the two girls were inspecting the rustic, dimity-draperied, lavender-and-rose-leaf-perfumed bedchambers. "Who would wish to go back to prim suburban Bayswater after this? Valentine and I could lodge here after our marriage. It is better than Wimbledon. Grand thoughts would come to him with the thunder of the stormy waves; and on calm bright days like this the rippling water would whisper pretty fancies into his ear. Why, to live here would make anyone a poet. I think I could write a novel myself, if I lived here long enough."

After this they arranged the pretty sitting-room, and placed an easy-chair by the window for Charlotte, an armchair opposite this for Mrs. Sheldon, and between the two a little table for the fancy-work and books and flowers, and all the small necessities of fem.nine existence. And then—while Mrs. Sheldon prowled about the rooms, and discovered so many faults and made so many objections as to give evidence of a fine faculty for invention unsuspected in her hitherto—Charlotte and Diana explored the garden and peeped at the farmyard, where the friendly cow still stared over the white gate, just as she had stared when the fly came to a stop, as if she had not yet recovered from the astonishment created in her pastoral mind by that phenomenal circumstance. And then Charlotte was suddenly tired, and there came upon her that strange dizziness which was one of her most frequent symptoms. Diana led her immediately back to the house, and established her comfortably in her easy-chair.

"I must be very ill," she said plaintively; "for even the novelty this pretty place cannot make me happy long."

Mr. Sheldon arrived in the evening, bringing with him a supply that simple medicine which Charlotte took three times a-day. He ad remembered that there was no dispensing-chemist at Harold's-II, and that it would be necessary to send to St. Leonards for the edicine, and had therefore brought with him a double quantity of the ild tonic.

"It was very kind of you to think of it, though I really don't clieve the stuff does me any good," said Charlotte. "Nancy Woolper sed to get it for me at Bayswater. She made quite a point of fetchg it from the chemist's herself."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldon. "Nancy troubled herself about our medicine, did she?"

"Yes, papa; and about me altogether. If I were her own daughter, is could scarcely have seemed more anxious."

The stockbroker made a mental note of this in the memorandumok of his brain. Mrs. Woolper was officious, was she, and suspicious? -altogether a troublesome sort of person.

"I think a few weeks of workhouse fare would be wholesome for at old lady," he said to himself. "There are some people who never now when they are well off."

Saturday afternoon came in due course, after a long and dreary terval, as it seemed to Charlotte, for whom time travelled very owly, so painful was the weariness of illness. Now and then a dden flash of excitement brought the old brightness to her face, the d gaiety to her accents; but the brightness faded very soon, and the nguor of illness was very perceptible.

Punctual to the hour at which he was expected, Mr. Hawkehurst peared, in radiant spirits, laden with new magazines, delighted ith the village, enraptured with the garden, enchanted with the a; full of talk and animation, with all sorts of news to tell his sloved. Such and such a book was a failure, such and such a medy was a fiasco; Jones's novel had made a hit; Brown's picture as the talk of the year; and Charlotte must see the picture that had en talked about, and the play that had been condemned, when she turned to town.

For an hour the lovers sat in the pretty farmhouse parlour talking gether thus, the summer sea and the garden flowers before them, and bird singing high in the calm blue heaven. Charlotte's talk was mewhat languid, though it was perfect happiness for her to be seated us, with her betrothed by her side; but Valentine's gaiety of spirits wer flagged; and when Mrs. Sheldon hinted to him that too long a nversation might fatigue the dear invalid, he left the parlour with a VOL. VI.

smile upon his face, and a cheery promise to return after an hour's ramble.

He did not ramble far. He went straight to a little wooden summer-house in the remotest corner of the humble garden; and thither Diana Paget followed him. She had learned the language of his face in the time of their daily companionship, and she had seen a look as he left the house which told her of the struggle his cheerfulness had cost him.

"You must not be downhearted, Valentine," she said as she went into the summer-house, where he sat in a listless attitude, with his arms lying loosely folded on the rustic table.

He did not answer her.

"You don't think her worse—much worse—do you, Valentine?"

"Worse? I have seen death in her face to-day!" he cried; and then he let his forehead fall upon his folded arms, and sobbed aloud.

Diana stood by his side watching that outburst of grief. When the passionate storm of tears was past, she comforted him, as best she might. The change so visible to him was not so plain to her. He had hoped that the breath of the ocean would have magical power to restore the invalid. He had come to Harold's-hill full of hope, and instead of the beginning of an improvement he saw the progress of decay.

"Why did not Sheldon send for the doctor," he asked indignantly, "the physician who has attended her? He might have telegraphed

to that man."

"Charlotte is taking Dr. Doddleson's medicine," said Diana, "and all his directions are most carefully obeyed."

"What of that, if she grows worse? The doctor should see her daily, hourly, if necessary. And if he cannot cure her, another doctor should be sent for. Good heavens, Diana! are we to let her fade and sink from us before our eyes? I will go back to London at once, and bring that man Doddleson down by the night-mail."

"Your going back to London would grieve and alarm Charlotte. You can telegraph for the doctor; or, at least, Mr. Sheldon can do so. It would not do for you to interfere without his permission."

"It would not do!" echoed Valentine angrily. "Do you think that I am going to stand upon punctilio, or to consider what will do or will not do?"

"Above all things, you must avoid alarming Charlotte," pleaded Diana.

"Do you think I do not know that? Do you think I did not feel that just now, when I sat by her side, talking inane rubbish about books and plays and pictures, while every stolen glance at my darling's face was like a dagger thrust into my heart? I will not alarm her. I will consult Mr. Sheldon—will do anything, everything, to save her! To save her! O my God, has it come to that?"

He grew a little calmer presently under Diana's influence, and went slowly back to the house. He avoided the open window by which Charlotte was sitting. He had not yet schooled himself to meet her questioning looks. He went to the room where they were to dine, a duller and darker apartment than the parlour, and here he found Mr. Sheldon reading a paper, one of the eternal records of the eternal money-market.

The stockbroker had been in and out of the house all day, now sauntering by the sea-shore, now leaning moodily, with folded arms, on the garden-gate, meditative and silent as the cow that stared at Charlotte; now pacing the garden-walks, with his hands in his pockets and his head bent. Diana, who in her anxiety kept a close watch upon Mr. Sheldon's movements, had noted his restlessness, and perceived in it the sign of growing anxiety on his part. She knew that he had once called himself surgeon-dentist, and had some medical knowledge, if not so much as he took credit for possessing. He must, therefore, be better able to judge the state of Charlotte's health than utterly ignorant observers. If he were uneasy, there must be real cause for uneasiness. It was on this account, and on this account only, that Diana watched him.

"He must love her better than I gave him credit for being able to love anyone," Miss Paget said to herself. "Dear girl! The coldest heart is touched by her sweetness."

Mr. Sheldon looked up from his newspaper as Valentine came into the room, and saluted the visitor with a friendly nod.

"Glad to see you, Hawkehurst," he said. "Semper fidelis, and that kind of thing; the very model of devoted lovers. Why, man alive, how glum you look!"

"I think I have reason to look glum," answered Valentine gravely; "I have seen Charlotte."

"Yes? And don't you find her improving?—gradually, of course. That constitutional languor is not shaken off in a hurry. But surely you think her improving—brightening—"

"Brightening with the light that never shone on earth or sea. God help me! I—I—am the merest child, the veriest coward, the—" He made a great effort, and stifled the sob that had well-nigh broken his voice. "Mr. Sheldon," he continued quietly, "I believe your step-daughter is dying."

"Dying! Good heavens, my dear Hawkehurst, this alarm is most —most premature. There is no cause for fear—at present, no cause—I give you my word as a medical man."

"No cause for alarm at present? That means my darling will not be taken from me to-night, or to-morrow. I shall have a few days breathing-time. Yes, I understand. The doom is upon us. I saw the shadow of death upon her face to-day."

" My dear Hawkehurst-"

"My dear Sheldon, for pity's sake don't treat me as if I were a woman or a child. Let me know my fate. If—if—this, the worst, most bitter of all calamities God's hand—raised against me in punishment of past sins, sinned lightly and recklessly, in the days when my heart had no stake in the game of destiny—can inflict upon me; if this deadly sorrow is bearing down upon me, let me meet it like a man. Let me die with my eyes uncovered. O, my dearest, my fondest, redeeming angel of my ill-spent life! have you been only a supermal visitant, after all, shining on me for a little while, to depart when you mission of redemption is accomplished?"

"Powers above!" thought Mr. Sheldon, "what nonsense these

sentimental magazine-writers can talk!"

He was in nowise melted by the lover's anguish, though it was very real. Such a grief as this was outside the circle in which his thoughts revolved. This display of grief was unpleasant to him. It grated painfully upon his nerves, as some of poor Tom Halliday's little speeches had done of old, when the honest-hearted Yorkshiremen by on his death-bed; and the young man's presence and the young man's anxiety were alike inconvenient.

"Tell me the truth, Mr. Sheldon," Valentine said presently, with suppressed intensity. "Is there any hope for my darling, any hope-"

Mr. Sheldon considered for some moments before he replied to this question. He pursed-up his lips and bent his brows with the same air of business-like deliberation that he might have assumed while weighing the relative merits of the first and second debenture

bonds of some doubtful railway company.

"You ask me a trying question, Hawkehurst," he said at last. "If you ask me plainly whether I like the turn which Charlotte's illness has taken within the last few weeks, I must tell you frankly, I do not. There is a persistent want of tone—a visible decay of vital power—which, I must confess, has caused me some uneasiness. You see, the fact is, there is a radical weakness of constitution—as Miss Paget, a very sensible girl and acute observer—herself has remarked, indeed a hereditary weakness; and against this medicine is sometimes unavailing. You need apprehend no neglect on my part, Hawkehurst; all that can possibly be done is being done. Dr. Doddeson's instructions are carefully obeyed, and—"

"Is this Dr. Doddleson competent to grapple with the case?"

asked Valentine; "I never heard of him as a great man."

"That fact proves how little you know of the medical profession."

"I know nothing of it; I have had no need for doctors in my life.

And you think this Dr. Doddleson really clever?"

"His position is a sufficient answer to that question."

"Will you let me telegraph for him—this afternoon—immediately?"

- "You cannot telegraph from this place."
- "No, but from St. Leonards I can. Do you think I am afraid of a five-mile walk?"
- "But why send for Dr. Doddleson? The treatment he prescribed is the treatment we are now following to the letter. To summon him down here would be the merest folly. Our poor Charlotte's illness is, so far, free from all alarming symptoms."
- "You do not see the change in her that I can see," cried Valentine piteously. "For mercy's sake, Mr. Sheldon, let me have my way in this. I cannot stand by and see my dear one fading and do nothing—nothing to save her. Let me send for this man. Let me see him myself, and hear what he says. You can have no objection to his coming, since he is the man you have chosen for Charlotte's adviser? It can only be a question of expense. Let this particular visit be my affair."
- "I can afford to pay for my stepdaughter's medical attendance without any help from your purse, Mr. Hawkehurst," said the stockbroker with offended pride. "There is one element in the case which you appear to ignore."
  - "What is that?"
- "The alarm which this summoning of a doctor from London must cause in Charlotte's mind."
- "It need cause no alarm. She can be told that Dr. Doddleson has come to this part of the world for a Sunday's change of air. The risit can appear to be made *en passant*. It will be easy to arrange that with the doctor before he sees her."
- "As you please, Mr. Hawkehurst," the stockbroker replied coldly. "I consider such a visit to the last degree unnecessary; but if Dr. Doddleson's coming can give you any satisfaction, by all means let him come. The expense involved in summoning him is of the smallest consideration to me. My position with regard to my wife's daughter is one of extreme responsibility, and I am ready to perform all the obligations of that position."
- "You are very good; your conduct in relation to Charlotte and myself has been beyond all praise. It is quite possible that I am over-anxious; but there was a look in that dear face—no—I cannot forget that look; it struck terror to my heart. I will go at once to St. Leonards. I can tell Charlotte that I am obliged to telegraph to the printer about my copy. You will not object to that white lie?"
- "Not at all. I think it essential that Charlotte should not be alarmed. You had better stop to dine; there will be time for the telegram after dinner."
- "I will not risk that," answered Valentine. "I cannot eat or drink till I have done something to lessen this wretched anxiety."

He went back to the room where Charlotte was sitting by the open window, through which there came the murmur of waves, the humming of drowsy bees, the singing of birds, all the happy voices of happy nature in a harmonious chorus.

"O God, wilt Thou take her away from such a beautiful world," he asked, "and change all the glory of earth to darkness and desolation for me?"

His heart rebelled against the idea of her death. To save her, to win her back to himself from the jaws of death, he was ready to promise anything, to do anything.

"All my days will I give to Thy service, if Thou wilt spare her to me," in his heart he said to his God. "If Thou dost not, I will be an infidel and a pagan—the vilest and most audacious of sinners. Better to serve Lucifer than the God who could so afflict me."

And this is where the semi-enlightened Christian betrays the weakness of his faith. While the sun shines, and the sweet gospel story reads to him like some tender Arcadian idyl, all love and promise, he is firm in his allegiance; but when the dark hour comes, he turns his face to the wall, with anger and disappointment in his heart, and will have no further commune with the God who has chastised him. His faith is the faith of the grateful leper, who, being healed, was eager to return and bless his divine benefactor. It is not the faith of Abraham or of Job, of Paul or of Stephen.

Valentine told his story about the printers and the copy for the *Cheapside* magazine, about which there had arisen some absurd mistake, only to be set right by a telegram.

It was not a very clear account; but Charlotte did not perceive the vagueness of the story; she thought only of the one fact, that Valentine must leave her for some hours.

"The evening will seem so long without you," she said. "That is the worst part of my illness; the time is so long—so weary. Diana is the dearest and kindest of friends. She is always trying to amuse me, and reads to me for hours, though I know she must often be tired of reading aloud so long. But even the books I was once so fond of do not amuse me. The words seem to float indistinctly in my brain, and all sorts of strange images mix themselves up with the images of the people in the book. Di has been reading The Bride of Lammermoor all this morning; but the pain and weariness I feel seemed to be entangled with Lucy and Edgar somehow, and the dear book gave me no pleasure."

"My darling, you—you are too weak to listen to Diana's reading. It is very kind of her to try to amuse you; but—but it would be better for you to rest altogether. Any kind of mental exertion may help to retard your recovery."

He had placed himself behind her chair, and was bending over the pillows to speak to her. Just now he felt himself unequal to the command of his countenance. He bent his head until his lips touched the soft brown hair, and kissed those loose soft tresses passionately.

The thought occurred to him that a day might come when he should again kiss that soft brown hair, with a deeper passion, with a sharper pain, and when Charlotte would not know of his kisses, or pity his pain.

"O Valentine!" cried Charlotte, "you are crying; I can see your

face in the glass."

He had forgotten the glass; the little rococo mirror, with an eagle hovering over the top of the frame, which hung above the old-fashioned chiffonier.

"I am not so very ill, dear; I am not indeed," the girl continued, turning in her chair with an effort, and clasping her lover's hands; "you must not distress yourself like this, Valentine—dear Valentine! I shall be better by and by. I cannot think that I shall be taken from you."

He had broken down altogether by this time. He buried his face in the pillows, and contrived to stifle the sobs that would come; and then, after a sharp struggle, he lifted his face, and bent over the

chair once more to kiss the invalid's pale upturned forehead.

"My dear one, you shall not, if love can guard and keep you. No, dear, I cannot believe that God will take you from me. Heaven may be your fittest habitation; but such sweet spirits as yours are sorely needed upon earth. I will be brave, dearest one; brave and hopeful in the mercy of Heaven. And now I must go and telegraph to my tiresome printer. Au revoir!"

He hurried away from the farmhouse, and started at a rattling pace along the pleasant road, with green waving corn on his left, and

broad blue ocean on his right.

"I can get a fly to bring me back from St. Leonards," he thought;

" I should only lose time by hunting for a vehicle here."

He was at St. Leonards station within an hour after leaving the farm. He despatched the message in Mr. Sheldon's name, and took care to make it urgent.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### DESPERATE MEASURES.

FITFUL and feverish were the slumbers which visited Mr. Hawkehurst on that balmy summer's night. His waking hours were anxious and unhappy; but his sleeping hours were still more painful. To sleep was to be the feverish fool of vague wild visions, in which Charlotte and Dr. Doddleson, the editor of the Cheapside, the officials of the British Museum reading-room, Diana Paget, and the Sheldons, figured amidst inextricable confusion of circumstances and places. Throughout these wretched dreams he had some consciousness of himself and the room in which he was lying, the July moon shining upon him, broad and bright, through the diamond-paned lattice. And O, what torturing visions were those in which Charlotte smiled upon him, radiant with health and happiness; and there had been no such thing

as her illness, no such thing as his grief. And then came hurid dreams, in which Dr. Doddleson was knocking at the farmhouse doc, with the printer of the Cheapside. And then he was a spectator in a mighty theatre, large as those Roman amphitheatres, wherein the audience seemed a mass of flies, looking down on the encounter of two other flies, and all the glory of an imperial court only a little stot of purple and gold, gleaming afar in the sunshine. To the dreamer it was no surprise that this unknown theatre of his dreams should be vast as the gladiatorial arena. And then came the deep thunderess music of innumerable bass-viols and bassoons; and someone told him it was the first night of a great tragedy. He felt the breathless hush of expectation; the solemn bass music sank deeper; dark curtains were drawn aside, with a motion slow and solemn, like the waving of mountain pines, and there appeared a measureless stage, revealing a moonlit expanse, thickly studded with the white headstones of unumbered graves, and on the foremost of these-revealed to him by what power he knew not, since mortal sight could never have reached a point so distant-he read the name of Charlotte Halliday. He awake with a sharp cry of pain. It was broad day, and the waves were dancing gaily in the morning sunlight. He rose and dressed himself. Sleep, such as he had known that night, was worse than the weariest waking. He went out into the garden by and by, and pacel slowly up and down the narrow pathways, beside which box of a century's growth rose dark and high. Pale yellow lights were in the upper windows. He wondered which of those sickly tapers flickered on the face he loved so fondly.

"It is only a year since I first saw her," he thought; "one year!

And to love her has been my 'liberal education;' to lose her would
be my desolation and despair."

To lose her! His thoughts approached that dread possibility, but

could not realise it; not even yet.

At eight o'clock Diana came to summon him to breakfast.

"Shall I see Charlotte?" he asked.

"No; for some time past she has not come down to breakfast."

"What kind of night has she had?"

"A very quiet night, she tells me; but I am not quite sure that she tells me the truth, she is so afraid of giving us uneasiness."

"She tells you. But do you not sleep in her room, now that she is

so ill?"

"No. I was anxious to sleep on a sofa at the foot of her bed, and proposed doing so, but Mr. Sheldon objects to my being in the room. He thinks that Charlotte is more quiet entirely alone, and that there is more air in the room with only one sleeper. Her illness is not of a kind to require attention of any sort in the night."

"Still, I should have thought it better for her to have you with her,

to cheer and comfort her."

"Believe me, Valentine, I wished to be with her."

"I am sure of that, dear," he answered kindly.

"It was only Mr. Sheldon's authority, as a man of some medical experience, that conquered my wish."

"Well, I suppose he is right. And now we must go in to breakfast. Ah, the dreary regularity of these breakfasts and dinners, which go

on just the same when our hearts are breaking !"

The breakfast was indeed a dreary, soul-dispiriting meal. Farmhouse luxuries, in the way of new-laid eggs and home-cured bacon, abounded; but no one had any inclination for these things. Valentine remembered the homestead among the Yorkshire hills, with all the delight that he had known there; and the "sorrow's crown of sorrow" was very bitter. Mr. Sheldon gave his Sabbath-morning meditations to the study of a Saturday-evening share-list; and Georgy plunged ever and anon into the closely-printed pages of a Dissenting preacher's biography, which she declared to be "comforting."

Diana and Valentine sat silent and anxious; and after the faintest pretence of eating and drinking, they both left the table, to stroll drearily in the garden. The bells were ringing cheerily from the gray stone tower near at hand; but Valentine had no inclination for church on this particular morning. Were not all his thoughts prayers—

humble, piteous entreaties—for one priceless boon?

"Will you see the doctor when he comes, and manage matters so as not to alarm Charlotte?" he asked of Mr. Sheldon.

That gentleman agreed to do so, and went out into the little front-garden to lie in wait for the great Doddleson—" Dowager Doddleson" as he was surnamed by some irreverent unbelievers.

A St.-Leonards fly brought the Doctor while the bells were still ringing for morning service. Mr. Sheldon received him at the gate, and explained the motive of his summons.

The Doctor was full of pompous solicitude about "our sweet

young patient."

"Really one of the most interesting cases I ever had upon my hands," the West-end physician said blandly; "as I was remarking to a very charming patient of mine—in point of fact, the amiable and accomplished Countess of Kassel-Kumberterre only last Tee-usday morning. A case so nearly resembling the Countess's own condition as to be

highly interesting to her."

"I really ought to apologise for bringing you down," said Mr. Sheldon, as he led the doctor into the house. "I only consented to your being sent for in order to tranquillise this young fellow Hawkehurst, who is engaged to my daughter; a rising man, I believe, in his own particular line, but rather wild and impracticable. There is really no change for the worse, absolutely none; and as we have not been here more than three days, there has been positively no opportunity for testing the effect of change and sea-air, and so on."

This seemed rather like giving the learned physician his cue. And there were those among Dr. Doddleson's professional rivals who said that the worthy doctor was never slow to take a cue so given, not being prejudiced by any opinions of his own.

Charlotte had by this time been established in her easy-chair by the open window of the sitting-room, and here Dr. Doddleson saw her, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon; and here Dr. Doddleson went through the usual Abracadabra of his art, and assented to the opinions advanced, with all deference, by Mr. Sheldon.

To Georgy this interview, in which Mr. Sheldon's opinions were pompously echoed by the West-end physician, proved even more comforting than the benignant career of the Dissenting minister, who was wont to allude to that solemn passing hence of which the ancients spoke in dim suggestive phrase, as "going upstairs."

Diana and Valentine strolled in the garden while the physician saw his patient. Dr. Doddleson's ponderous polysyllables floated out upon the summer air like the droning of a bumble-bee. It was a relief to Valentine to know that the doctor was with his patient; but he had no intention to let that gentleman depart unquestioned.

"I will take no secondhand information," he thought; "I will hear this man's opinion from his own lips."

He went round to the front of the house directly the droning had ceased, and was in the way when Dr. Doddleson and Mr. Sheldon came out of the rose-hung porch.

"If you have no objection," he said to Mr. Sheldon, "I should like to ask Dr. Doddleson a few questions."

"I have no objection," replied the stockbroker; "but it is really altogether such an unusual thing, and I doubt if Dr. Doddleson will consent to—"

And here he cast a deprecating glance at the doctor, as who should say, "Can you permit yourself to comply with a demand so entirely unwarranted by precedent?"

Dowager Doddleson was eminently good-natured.

"And this is our sweet young friend's fiance," he said; "dear me—dee-ar me!"

And then he looked at Valentine with bland pale-blue eyes that twinkled behind his gold-framed spectacles; while Valentine was taking his measure, so far as the measure of any man's moral and intellectual force can be taken by the eyes of another man.

"And this is the man who is chosen to snatch my darling from the jaws of death!" he said to himself, with burning rage in his heart, while the amiable physician repeated blandly:

"And this is our sweet young patient's fiancé. Dee-ar me, how very interesting!"

The three men strolled round to the garden behind the house, Mr. Sheldon close at the physician's elbow.

## CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

- "For God's sake, tell me the truth, Dr. Doddleson!" said Valentine in a low hoarse voice, directly they were beyond earshot of the house. "I am a man, and I can steel myself to hear the worst you can tell."
- "But really, Hawkehurst, there is no occasion for this kind of thing," interjected Philip Sheldon; "Dr. Doddleson agrees with me that the case is one of extreme languor, and no more."
  - "Unquestionably," said the Doctor in a fat voice.
- "And Dr. Doddleson also coincides with me in the opinion that all we can do is to wait the reviving influence of sea-air."
  - "Undoubtedly," said the Doctor, with a solemn nod.
  - "And is this all?" asked Valentine hopelessly.
- "My dear sir, what else can I say?" said the Doctor; "as my good friend Mr. Sheldon has just remarked, there is extreme languor; and as my good friend Mr. Sheldon further observes, we must await the effect of change of air. The—aw—invigorating sea-breezes, the—aw—enlivening influence of new surroundings, and—aw—so forth. Dr. Poseidon, my dear sir, is a very valuable coadjutor."
  - "And you think your patient no worse, Dr. Doddleson?"
- "The Doctor has just left Mrs. Sheldon much comforted by his assurance that her daughter is better," said the stockbroker.
- "No, no!" exclaimed Dr. Doddleson; "no, no! there my good friend Mr. Sheldon somewhat misrepresents me. I said that our patient was not obviously worse. I did not say that our patient was better. There is a dilatation of the pupil of the eye which I don't quite understand."
- "Mental excitement," said Mr. Sheldon somewhat hastily; "Charlotte is nervous to an extreme degree, and your sudden arrival was calculated to shake her nerves."
- "Undoubtedly," rejoined the Doctor; "and it is unquestionable that such a dilatation of the pupil might, under certain circumstances, be occasioned by mental excitement. I am sorry to find that our patient's attacks of dizziness—"
  - "Which are purely the effect of fancy," interjected Mr. Sheldon.
- "Which are no doubt, in some measure, attributable to a hypochondriacal condition of mind," continued the Doctor in his fat voice.

  "I am sorry to find that this periodical dizziness has been somewhat increased of late. But here again we must look to Dr. Poseidon. Tepid sea-baths, if they can be managed, in the patient's own room; and by and by a dip in the waves yonder may do wonders."

Valentine asked no further questions; and the physician departed in the St.-Leonards fly, to turn his excursion to profitable use by calling on two or three dowagers in Warrior-square and Marina, who would doubtless be glad of an unexpected visit from their pet doctor.

"Well, Hawkehurst," said Mr. Sheldon, when the fly had driven away, "I hope you are satisfied now?"

"Satisfied!" cried Valentine; "yes, I am satisfied that your step-daughter is being murdered!"

"Murdered!" echoed the stockbroker, his voice thick and faint; but

Valentine did not heed the change in it.

"Yes, murdered—sacrificed to the utter incompetence of that old idiot who has just left us."

Philip Sheldon drew a long breath.

"What!" he exclaimed; "do you doubt Doddleson's skill?"

"Do you believe in it? Do you? No; I cannot think that a man of your keen perception in all other matters—half a medical man yourself—can be the dupe of so shallow an impostor. And it is to that man's judgment my darling's life has been confided; and it is to that man I have looked, with hope and comfort in the thought of his power to save my treasure. Good God! what a reed on which to rely! And of all the medical men of London, this is the one you have chosen!"

"I must really protest against this rant, Hawkehurst," said Philip Sheldon. "I hold myself responsible for the selection which I made, and will not have that selection questioned in this violent and outrageous manner by you. Your anxiety for Charlotte's recovery may excuse a great deal, but it cannot excuse this kind of thing; and if you cannot command yourself better, I must beg you to absent yourself from my house until my stepdaughter's recovery puts an end to all this fuss."

"Do you believe in Dr. Doddleson's skill?" asked Valentine dog-

gedly. He wanted to have that question answered at any cost.

"Most decidedly I do, with the rest of the medical world. My choice of this gentleman as Charlotte's adviser was governed by his reputation as a safe and conscientious man. His opinions are sound, trustworthy—"

"His opinions!" cried Valentine with a bitter laugh; "what in heaven's name do you call his opinions? The only opinions I could extract from him to-day were solemn echoes of yours. And the man himself! I took the measure of him before I asked him a question; and physiology is a lie, if that man is anything better than an impostor!"

"His position is the answer to that."

"His position is no answer. He is not the first impostor who has attained position, and is not likely to be the last. You must forgive me, if I speak with some violence, Mr. Sheldon. I feel too deeply to remember the conventionalities of my position. The dear girl yonder, hovering between life and death, is my promised wife. As your stepdaughter she is very dear to you, no doubt, and you are of course anxious to do your duty as her stepfather. But she is all the world to me—my one sweet memory of the past, my sole hope for the future. I will not trust her to the care of Dr. Doddleson; I claim the right to choose another physician; as that man's coad-

jutor, if you please. I have no wish to offend the doctor of your choice."

- "This is all sheer nonsense," said Mr. Sheldon.
- "It is nonsense about which you must let me have my own way," replied Valentine resolutely. "My stake on this hazard is too heavy for careless play. I shall go back to town at once and seek out a physician."
  - "Do you know any great man?"
  - "No; but I will find one."
  - "If you go to-day, you will inevitably alarm Charlotte."
- "True; and disappoint her, into the bargain. I suppose, in such a case, to-morrow will do as well as to-day?"
  - "Decidedly."
- "I can go by the first train, and return with my doctor in the afternoon. Yes, I will go to-morrow."

Mr. Sheldon breathed more freely. There are cases in which to obtain time for thought seems the one essential thing—cases in which a reprieve is as good as a pardon.

"Pray let us consider this business quietly," he said, with a faint sigh of weariness. "There is no necessity for all this excitement. You can go to town to-morrow, by the first train, as you say. If it is any satisfaction to you to bring down a physician, bring one; bring half a dozen, if you please. But, for the last time, I most emphatically assure you that anything that tends to alarm Charlotte, is the one thing of all others most sure to hinder her recovery."

"I know that. She shall not be frightened; but she shall have a better adviser than Dr. Doddleson. And now I will go back to the house. She will wonder at my absence."

He went to the bright, airy room where Charlotte was seated, her head lying back upon the pillows, her face paler, her glances and tones more languid than on the previous day, as it seemed to Valentine. Diana was near her, solicitous and tender; and on the other side of the window sat Mrs. Sheldon, with her Dissenting minister's biography open on her lap.

All through that day Valentine Hawkehurst played his part bravely; it was a hard and bitter part to play—the part of hope and confidence—while unutterable fears were rending his heart. He read the epistle and gospel of the day to his betrothed; and afterwards some chapters of St. John—those profoundly mournful chapters that foreshadow the agonising close. It was Charlotte who selected these chapters, and her lover could find no excuse for disputing her choice.

It was the first time that they had shared any religious exercise, and the hearts of both were deeply touched by the thought of this.

"How frivolous all our talk must have been, Valentine, when it seems so new to us to be reading these beautiful words together!"

Her head was half supported by the pillows, half resting on her

lover's shoulder, and her eyes travelled along the lines as he read, in a calm, low voice, which was unbroken to the end.

Early in the evening Charlotte retired, worn out by the day's physical weariness, in spite of Valentine's fond companionship. Later, when it was dusk, Diana came downstairs with the news that the invalid was sleeping quietly. Mrs. Sheldon was dozing in her amchair, the Dissenting minister having fallen to the ground; and Valentine was leaning, with folded arms, on the broad window-sill, looking out into the shadowy garden. Mr. Sheldon had given them very little of his society during that day. He went out immediately after his interview with Valentine, on a sea-coast ramble, which lasted till dinner-time. After dinner he remained in the room where they had dired. He was there now. The light of the candles, by which he read his papers, shone out upon the dusk.

"Will you come for a stroll with me, Diana?" asked Valentine.

Miss Paget assented promptly; and they went out into the garden, beyond the reach of Mr. Sheldon's ears, had that gentleman been disposed to place himself at his open window in the character of a listener.

"I want to tell you my plans about Charlotte," Valentine began.
"I am going to London to-morrow to search for a greater physician than Dr. Doddleson. I shall find my man in an hour or so; and, if possible, shall return with him in the evening. There is no apparent reason to anticipate any sudden change for the worse; but if such a change should take place, I rely on you, dear, to give me the earliest tidings of it. I suppose you can get a fly here, if you want one?"

"I can get to St. Leonards, if that is what you mean," Miss Paget answered promptly. "I daresay there is a fly to be had; if not, I can walk there. I am not afraid of a few miles' walk, by day or night. If there should be a change, Valentine—which God forbid—I will telegraph the tidings of it to you."

"You had better address the message to me at Rancy's, Covent-garden; the house where the Ragamuffins have their rooms, you know, dear. That is a more central point than my lodgings; and nearer the terminus. I will call there two or three times in the course of the day."

"You may trust my vigilance, Valentine. I did not think it was in my nature to love anyone as I love Charlotte Halliday."

Gustave Lenoble's letters lying unanswered in her desk asserted the all-absorbing nature of Diana's affection for the fading girl. She was fading. The consciousness of this made all other love sacrilege, as it seemed to Diana. She sat up late that night to answer Gustave's last letter of piteous complaint.

"She had forgotten him. Ah, that he had been foolish—insensate—to confide himself in her love! Was he not old and gray in

comparison to such youth—such freshness—a venerable dotard of thirty-five? What had he with dreams of love and marriage? Fie, then. He humiliated himself in the dust beneath her mignon feet. He invited her to crush him with those cruel feet. But if she did not answer his letters, he would come to Harold's-hill. He would mock himself of that ferocious Sheldon—of a battalion of Sheldons, still more ferocious—of all the world, at last—to be near her."

"Believe me, dear Gustave, I do not forget," wrote Diana, in reply to these serio-comic remonstrances. "I was truly sorry to leave town, on your account and on my father's. But my dear adopted sister is paramount with me now. You will not grudge her my care or my love, for she may not long be with me to claim them. There is nothing but sorrow here in all our hearts; sorrow, and an ever-present decad."

# Book the Eighth. A FIGHT AGAINST TIME.

# CHAPTER I.

#### A DREAD REVELATION.

The early fast train by which Valentine Hawkehurst travelled brought him into town at a quarter past nine o'clock. During the journey he had been meditating on the way in which he should set to work when he arrived in London. No ignorance could be more profound than his on all points relating to the medical profession. Dimly floating in his brain there were the names of doctors whom he had heard of as celebrated men—one for the chest, another for the liver, another for the skin, another for the eyes; but among all these famous men, who was the man best able to cope with the mysterious wasting away, the gradual, almost imperceptible ebbing of that one dear life which Valentine wanted to save?

This question must be answered by someone; and Valentine was

sorely puzzled as to who that someone must be.

The struggling young writer had but few friends. He had, indeed, worked too hard for the possibility of friendship. The cultivation of the severer Muses is rarely compatible with a wide circle of acquaintances; and Valentine, if not a cultivator of these severe ones, had been a hard and honest worker during the later reputable portion of his life. His friendships of the previous portion had been the friendships of the railway-carriage and the smoking-room, the café and the gaming-table. He could count upon his fingers the people to whom he could apply for counsel in this crisis of his life. There was George Sheldon, a man for whom he entertained a most profound contempt; Captain Paget, a man who might or might not be able to give him good advice, but who would inevitably sacrifice Charlotte Halliday's

welfare to self-interest, if self-interest could be served by the re-

commendation of an incompetent adviser.

"He would send me to some idiot of the Doddleson class, if be thought he could get a guinea or a dinner by the recommendation." Valentine said to himself, and decided that to Horatio Paget he would not apply. There were his employers, the editors and proprietors of the magazines for which he worked: all busy, over-burdened workers in the great mill, spending the sunny hours of their lives between a pile of unanswered letters and a waste-paper basket; men who would tell him to look in the Post-office Directory, without lifting their eyes from the paper over which their restless pens were speeding.

No. Amongst these was not the counsellor whom Valentine Hawke-

hurst needed in this dire hour of difficulty.

"There are some very good fellows among the Ragamuffins," be said to himself, as he thought of the only literary and artistic clab of which he was a member; "fellows who stuck by me when I was down in the world, and who would do anything to serve me now they know me for an honest worker. But, unfortunately, farce-writers and burlesque writers, and young meerschaum-smoking painters, are not the sort of men to give good advice: I want the advice of a medical man."

Mr. Hawkehurst almost bounded from his seat as he said this. The advice of a medical man? Yes; and was there not a medical man among the Ragamuffins? and something more than a medical man? That very doctor, who of all other men upon this earth could best give him counsel: the doctor who had stood by the deathbol of

Charlotte Halliday's father.

He remembered the conversation that had occurred at Bayswater, on the evening of Christmas-day, upon this very subject. He remembered how from the talk about ghosts, they had drifted somehow into talking of Tom Halliday; whereupon Mrs. Sheldon had been melted to tears, and had gone on to praise Philip Sheldon's conduct to his dying friend, and to speak of Mr. Burkham, the strange doctor, called in too late to save, or, it might have been, incapable to save.

"Sheldon seems to have a genius for calling in incapable doctors,"

he thought bitterly.

Incapable as Mr. Burkham might have been for the exigencies of this particular case, he would at least be able to inform Valentine who among the medical celebrities of London would be best adapted to advise in such an illness as Charlotte Halliday's.

"And if, as Diana has sometimes suggested, there is any hereditary disease, this Burkham may be able to throw some light upon the

nature of it," thought Valentine.

He went straight from the railway terminus to the quiet tavers, upon the first-floor of which the Ragamuffins had their place of rendezvous. It was not an hour for the encounter of many Ragamuffins. A meek-looking young man, of clerical aspect, who had adapted a

Palais-Royal farce, and had awoke in the morning to find himself famous, and eligible for admission amongst the Ragamuffins, was sipping his sherry and soda-water, while he skimmed the morning papers. Him Mr. Hawkehurst saluted with an absent nod, and went in search of the steward of the club; from whom he obtained Mr. Burkham's address, with some little trouble in the way of hunting through old and obscure documents.

It was the old address; the old dingy, comfortable, muffin-bell-haunted street in which Mr. Burkham had lived ten years before, when he was summoned to attend the sick Yorkshire farmer.

Mr. Burkham's career had not been brightened by the sunshine of prosperity. He had managed to live somehow, and to find food and raiment for his young wife, who, when she considered the lilies of the field, may have envied their shining robes of pure whiteness, so dingy and dark was her own apparel. When children came, the young surgeon contrived to find food and raiment for them also, but not without daily and hourly struggles with that grim wolf who haunts the thresholds of so many dwellings, and will not be thrust from the door. Sometimes a little glimmering ray of light illumined Mr. Burkham's pathway, and he was humbly grateful to Providence for the brief glimpse of sunshine. But for a meek fair-faced man, with a nervous desire to do well, a very poor opinion of his own merits, and a diffident, not to say depressed manner, the world is apt to be a hard battle-ground.

Mr. Burkham sometimes found himself well-nigh beaten in the cruel strife; and at such times, in the dead silence of the night, with mortal agonies, and writhings as of Pythoness upon tripod, Mr. Burkham gave himself up to the composition of a farce, adapted, not from the French, but from his memories of Wright and Bedford in the jovial old student days, when the pit of the Adelphi Theatre had been the pleasant resort of his evenings. He could no longer afford the luxury of theatrical entertainments, except when provided with a free admission. But from the hazy reminiscences floating in his poor tired brain he concocted little pieces which he fondly hoped might win him money and fame.

With much effort and interest he contrived to get himself elected a Ragamuffin; believing that to be a Ragamuffin was to secure a position as a dramatic writer. But with one or two fortunate exceptions, his pieces were refused. The managers would not have the poor little feeble phantasmagoria of bygone fun, even supported by the whole clan of Ragamuffins. So Mr. Burkham had gradually melted into the dimness

A hansom carried Valentine Hawkehurst swiftly to these regions of Bloomsbury. It was no time for the saving of cab-hire. The soldier of fortune thought no longer of his nest-eggs—his Unitas-Bank deposit-notes. He was fighting with time and with death; foes dire

of Bloomsbury, and haunted the club-room of the Ragamuffins no more.

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and dreadful, against whose encroachments the sturdiest of mortal warriors can make but a feeble stand. He found the dingy-looking house in the dingy-looking street; and the humble drudge who opened the door informed him that Mr. Burkham was at home, and ushered him into a darksome and dreary surgery at the back of the house, where a phrenological head, considerably the worse for London smoke, surmounted a dingy bookcase filled with the dingiest of books. A table, upon which were a blotting-book and inkstand, and two shabby horsehair chairs, composed the rest of the furniture. Valentine sent his card to the surgeon, and seated himself on one of the horsehair chairs, to await that gentleman's appearance.

He came after a brief delay, which seemed long to his visitor. He came from regions in the back of the house, rubbing his hands, which seemed to have been newly washed, and the odour of senna and aloes hung about his garments.

"I doubt if you remember my name, Mr. Burkham," said Valentine; "but you and I are members of the same club, and that a club among the members of which considerable good feeling prevails. I come to ask a favour"—Mr. Burkham winced, for this sounded like genteel begging, and for genteel beggars this struggling surgeon had no spare cash—"which it will scarcely cause you a moment's thought to grant. I am in great distress,"—Mr. Burkham winced again; for this sounded still more like begging—"mental distress,"—Mr. Burkham gave a little sigh of relief—"and I come to you for advice,"—Mr. Burkham gave a more profound sigh of relief.

"I can assure you that my best advice is at your command," he said, seating himself, and motioning to his visitor to be ceated. "I am beginning to remember your face amongst the members of the club, though the name on your card did not strike me as familiar. You see, I have never been able to afford much time for relaxation at the Ragamuffins', though I assure you I found the agreeable conversation there, the literary on-dils, and so on, a very great relief. But my own little efforts in the dramatic line were not successful, and I found myself compelled to devote myself more to my profession. And now I have said quite enough about myself; let me hear how I can be useful to you."

"In the first place, let me ask you a question. Do you know anything of a certain Dr. Doddleson?"

"Of Plantagenet-square?"

"Yes; of Plantagenet-square."

"Well, not much. I have heard him called Dowager Doddleson; and I believe he is very popular among hypochondriac old ladies who have more money than they know what to do with, and very little common sense to regulate their disposal of it."

"Is Dr. Doddleson a man to whom you would intrust the life of your dearest friend?"

"Most emphatically no!" cried the surgeon, growing red with excitement.

"Very well, Mr. Burkham; my dearest friend, a young lady-well, in plain truth, the woman who was to have been my wife, and whom I love as it is not the lot of every plighted wife to be loved; this dear girl has been wasting away for the last two or three months under the influence of an inscrutable malady, and Dr. Doddleson is the only man called to attend her in all that time."

"A mistake!" said Mr. Burkham gravely; "a very great mistake!

Dr. Doddleson lives in a fine square, and drives a fine carriage, and has a reputation amongst the class I have spoken of; but he is about the last man I would consult as to the health of anyone dear to me."

"That is precisely the opinion which I formed after ten minutes' conversation with him. Now, what I want from you, Mr. Burkham, is the name and address of the man to whom I can intrust this dear girl's life."

"Let me see. There are so many men, you know, and great men. Is it a case of consumption?"

"No, thank God!"

"Heart-disease, perhaps?"

"No; there is no organic disease. It is a languor—a wasting away."

Mr. Burkham suggested other diseases whereof the outward sign

was languor and wasting.

"No," replied Valentine; "according to Dr. Doddleson there is actually no disease—nothing but this extreme prostration—this gradual vanishing of vital power. And now I come to another point upon which I want your advice. It has been suggested that this constitutional weakness may be inherited; and here I think you can help me."

"How so?"

"You attended the lady's father."

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Burkham, delighted. "This is really interesting. In what year did I attend this gentleman? If you will allow me, I will refer to some of my old case-books."

He drew out a clumsy drawer in the clumsy table, in order to hunt

for old memoranda.

"I am not quite certain as to the year," answered Valentine; "but it was more than ten years ago. The gentleman died close by here, in Fitzgeorge-street. His name was Halliday."

Mr. Burkham had drawn out the drawer to its furthest extent. As Valentine pronounced this name, he let it drop to the ground with a crash, and sat, statue-like, staring at the speaker. All other names given to mortal man he might forget; but this one, never. Valentine saw the sudden horror in his face, before he could recompose his features into something of their conventional aspect.

"Yes," he said, looking down at the fallen drawer with its scattered papers and case-books, "yes, I have some recollection of the name of

Halliday."

"Some very strange and agitating recollection it would seem by your manner, Mr. Burkham," said Valentine, at once assured that there was something more than common in the surgeon's look and gesture; and determined to fathom the mystery, let it be what it might.

"O dear no," said the surgeon nervously; "I was not agitated, only surprised. It was surprising to me to hear the name of a patient so long forgotten. And so the lady to whom you are gaged is a daughter of Mr. Halliday's? The wife—Mrs. Halliday—is still living, I suppose?"

"Yes; but the lady who was then Mrs. Halliday is now Mrs. Sheldor."
"Of course; he married her," said Mr. Burkham. "Yes; I re-

member hearing of the marriage."

He had tried in vain to recover his old composure. He was white to the lips, and his hand shook, as he tried to arrange his scattered paper.

"What does it mean?" thought Valentine. "Mrs. Sheldon talked of this man's inexperience. Can it be that his incompetency lost the life of his patient, and that he knows it was so?"

"Mrs. Halliday is now Mrs. Sheldon," repeated the surgeon in a feeble manner. "Yes; I remember, and Mr. Sheldon—the dentity who at that time resided in Fitzgeorge-street; is he still living?"

"He is still living. It was he who called in Dr. Doddleson to attend upon Miss Halliday. As her stepfather, he has some amount of authority, you see; not legal authority—for my dear girl is of age—but social authority. He called in Doddleson, and appears to place confidence in him; and as he is something of a medical man himself, and pretends to understand Miss Halliday's case thoroughly—"

"Stop!" cried Mr. Burkham, suddenly abandoning all pretence of calmness. "Has he—Sheldon—any interest in his stepdaughter's death?"

"No, certainly not. All her father's money went to him upon his marriage with her mother. He can gain nothing by her death; on the contrary, he may lose a good deal, for she is the heir-at-law to a large fortune."

"And if she dies, that fortune will go-"

"I really don't know where it will go," Valentine answered carlessly; he thought the subject was altogether beside the question of Mr. Burkham's agitation, and it was the cause of that agitation which he was anxious to discover.

"If Mr. Sheldon can gain by his stepdaughter's death, fear him" exclaimed the surgeon with sudden passion; "fear him as you would fear death itself—worse than death, for death is neither so stealthy nor so treacherous as he is!"

"What in Heaven's name do you mean?"

"That which I thought my lips would never utter to mortal hearing—that which I dare not publicly proclaim, at the hazard of taking the bread out of the mouths of my wife and children. I have kept this hateful secret for eleven years—through many a sleepless

night and dreary day. I will tell it to you; for if there is another life in peril, that life shall be lost through no cowardice of mine."

"What secret?" cried Valentine.

"The secret of that poor fellow's death. My God, I can remember the clasp of his hand, and the friendly look of his eyes, the day before he died. He was poisoned by Philip Sheldon!"

"You must be mad!" gasped Valentine in a faint voice.

For one moment of astonishment and incredulity he thought this man must needs be a fool or a lunatic, so wildly improbable did the accusation seem. But in the next instant the curtain was lifted, and he knew that Philip Sheldon was a villain, and knew that he had never wholly trusted him.

"Never until to-day have I told this secret," said the surgeon;

"not even to my wife."

"I thank you," answered Valentine in the same faint voice; "with

all my heart, I thank you."

Yes, the curtain was lifted. This mysterious illness, this slow silent decay of bloom and beauty, by a process inscrutable as the devilry of mediæval poisoner or Hecate-serving witch—this was murder. Murder! The disease, which had hitherto been nameless, had found its name at last. It was all clear now. Philip Sheldon's anxiety; the selection of an utterly incompetent adviser; certain looks and tones that had for a moment mystified him, and had been forgotten in the next, came back to him with a strange distinctness, with all their hidden meaning made clear and plain as the broad light of day.

But the motive? What motive could prompt the slow destruction of that innocent life? A fortune was at stake, it is true; but that fortune, as Valentine understood the business, depended on the life of Charlotte Halliday. Beyond this point he had never looked. In all his consideration of the circumstances relating to the Haygarthian estate, he had never thought of what might happen in the event of Charlotte's decease.

"It is a diabolical mystery," he said to himself. "There can be no motive—none. To destroy Thomas Halliday was to clear his way to fortune; to destroy Charlotte is to destroy his chance of fortune."

And then he remembered the dark speeches of George Sheldon.

"My God! and this was what he meant, as plainly as he dared tell me! He did tell me that his brother was an unutterable scoundrel; and I turned a deaf ear to his warning, because it suited my own interest to believe that villain. For her dear sake I believed him. I would have believed in Beelzebub, if he had promised me her dear hand. And I let myself be duped by the lying promise, and left my darling in the power of Beelzebub!"

Thoughts followed each other swift as lightning through his overwrought brain. It seemed but a moment that he had been sitting with his clenched hands pressed against his forehead, when he turned

suddenly upon the surgeon.

"For God's sake, help me, guide me!" he said. "You have struck a blow that has numbed my senses. What am I to do? My future wife is in that man's keeping—dying, as I believe. How am I to save her?" "I cannot tell you. You may take the cleverest man in London

to see her; but it is a question if that man will perceive the danger so clearly as to take prompt measures. In these cases there is always room for doubt; and a man would rather doubt his own perceptions than believe the hellish truth. It is by this natural hesitation so many lives are lost. While the doctor deliberates, the patient dies. And then, if the secret of the death transpires,—by circumstantial evidence, perhaps, which never came to the doctor's knowledge,—there is a public outcry. The doctor's practice is ruined, and his heart The outcry would have been still louder, if he had told the truth in time to save the patient, and had not been able to prove his words. You think me a coward and a scoundrel because I dared not utter my suspicion when I saw Mr. Halliday dying. While it was only a suspicion, it would have been certain ruin for me to give utterance The day came when it was almost a conviction. I went back to that man Sheldon's house, determined to insist upon the calling in of a physician, who would have made that conviction certainty. resolution came too late. It is possible that Sheldon had perceived my suspicions, and had hastened matters. My patient was dead before I reached the house."

"How am I to save her?" repeated Valentine, with the same helpless manner. He could not bring himself to consider Tom Halliday's death. The subject was too far away from him,—remote as the dim shadows of departed centuries. In all the universe there were but two figures standing out in lurid brightness against the dense night of chaos,—a helpless girl held in the clutches of a secret assassin: and it was his work to rescue her.

- "What am I to do?" he asked. "Tell me what I am to do."
- "What it may be wisest to do I cannot tell you," answered Mr. Burkham, almost as helplessly as the other had asked the question. "I can give you the name of the best man to get to the bottom of such a case,—a man who gave evidence on the Fryar trial,—Jedd. You have heard of Jedd, I daresay. You had better go straight to Jedd, and take him down with you to Miss Halliday. His very name will frighten Sheldon."
  - "I will go at once. Stay—the address! Where am I to find Dr. Jedd?"
  - "In Burlington-row. But there is one thing to be considered."
  - "What?"

"The interference of Jedd may only make that man desperate. He may hasten matters now, as he hastened matters before. If you had seen his coolness at that time; if you had seen him as I saw him, standing by that poor fellow's deathbed,—comforting him,—yes, with friendly speeches,—laughing and joking, watching the agonising pain

and the miserable sickness, and all the dreary wretchedness of such a death,—and never swerving from his work;—if you had seen him, you would understand why I am afraid to advise you. That man was as desperate as he was cool, when he murdered his friend. He will be more reckless this time."

" Why ?"

"Because he has reached a higher stage in the science of murder. The symptoms of that poor Yorkshireman were the symptoms of arsenical poisoning; the symptoms of which you have told me to-day denote a vegetable poison. That affords very vague diagnosis, and leaves no trace. That was the agent which enabled the Borgias to decimate Rome. It is older than classic Greece, and simple as a b c, and will remain so until the medical expert is a recognised officer of the law, the faithful guardian of the bed over which the suspected poisoner loiters,—past-master of the science in which the murderer is rarely more than an experimentalist, and protected from all the hazards of plain-speaking by the nature of his office."

"Great heaven, how am I to save her!" exclaimed Valentine. He could not contemplate the subject in its broad social aspect; he could only think of this one dear life at stake. "To send this Dr. Jedd might be to hasten her death; to send a less efficient man would be mere childishness. What shall I do?"

He looked despairingly at the surgeon, and in that one glance perceived what a frail reed this was upon which he was leaning. And then, like the sudden gleam of lightning, a name flashed across his mind—George Sheldon, the lawyer, the schemer, the man who of all the world best knew this vile enemy and assassin against whom he was matched; he it was of whom counsel should be asked in this crisis. Once perceiving this, Valentine was prompt to act. It was the first flash of light in the darkness.

"You mean to stand by me in this, don't you?" he asked Mr. Burkham.

"With all my heart and soul."

"Good. Then you must go to Dr. Jedd instantly. Tell him all you know: Tom Halliday's death; the symptoms of Charlotte's decline, as you have heard them from me—everything; and let him hold himself in readiness to start for Hastings directly he hears from or sees me. I am going to a man who of all men can tell me how to deal with Philip Sheldon. I shall try to be in Burlington-row in an hour from this time; but in any case you will wait there till I come. I suppose, in a desperate case like this, Dr. Jedd will put aside all less urgent work?"

"No doubt of that."

"I trust to you to secure his sympathy," said Valentine.

He was in the darksome entrance-hall by this time. Mr. Burkham followed, and opened the door for him.

"Have no fear of me," he said. "Good-bye."

The two men shook hands with a grip significant as masonic signmanual. It meant on the one part hearty cooperation, on the other implicit confidence. In the next moment Valentine sprang into the cab.

"King's-road—entrance to Gray's Inn, and drive like mad!" he shouted to the driver. The hansom rattled across the stones, dashed round corners, struck consternation to scudding children in pinafores, all but annihilated more than one perambulator, and in less than ten minutes after leaving Mr. Burkham's door, ground against the curbstone before the little gate of Gray's Inn.

"God grant that George Sheldon may be at home!" Valentine said to himself, as he hurried towards that gentleman's office. George Sheldon was at home. In this fight against time, Mr. Hawkehurst had so far found the odds in his favour.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the lawyer, looking up from his desk, as Valentine appeared on the threshold of the door, pale and breathless; "to what do I owe the unusual honour of a visit from Mr. Hawkehurst? I thought that rising litterateur had cut all old acquaintances, and gone in for the upper circles."

"I have come to you on a matter of life and death, George Sheldon," said Valentine; "this is no time to talk of why I haven't been to you before. When you and I last met, you advised me to beware of your brother Philip. It wasn't the first, or the second, or the third time that you so warned me. And now speak out like an honest man, and tell me what you meant by that warning? For God's sake, speak plainly this time."

"I cannot afford to speak more plainly than I have spoken half-a-dozen times already. I told you to beware of my brother Phil, and I meant that warning in its fullest significance. If you had chosen to take my advice, you would have placed Charlotte Halliday's fortune, and Charlotte Halliday herself, beyond his power, by an immediate marriage. You didn't choose to do that, and there was an end of the matter. I have been a heavy loser by your pigheaded obstinacy; and I daresay before you and Phil Sheldon have done with each other, you too will find yourself a loser."

"God help me, yes!" cried Valentine with a groan; "I stand to make the heaviest loss that was ever made by man."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed George.

"Shall I tell you what you meant when you warned me against your own brother? Shall I tell you why you so warned me? You know that Philip Sheldon murdered Tom Halliday."

"Great God!"

"Yes; the secret is out. You knew it; how or when you discovered it, I cannot tell. You knew of that one hellish crime, and would have prevented the commission of a second murder. You should have spoken more plainly. To know what you knew, and to confine your-

self to cautious hints and vague suggestions as you did, was to have part in that devilish work. If Charlotte Halliday dies, her blood be

upon your head-upon yours-as well as upon his!"

The young man had risen in his passion, and stood before George Sheldon with uplifted hands, and eyes that flashed angry lightnings. It seemed almost as if he would have called down the Divine vengeance upon this man's head.

"If Charlotte Halliday dies!" repeated George in a horror-stricken

whisper; "why should you suggest such a thing?"

"Because she is dying."

There was a pause. Valentine flung himself passionately upon the chair from which he had just risen, with his back to George Sheldon, and his face bent over the back of the chair. The lawyer sat looking straight before him, with a ghastly countenance.

"I told him he meant this," he said to himself in a hoarse whisper.

"I told him in this office, not six months ago. Powers of hell, what a villain he is! And there are people who do not believe there is a devil!"

For a few moments Valentine gave free vent to his passion of grief. These tears of rage, of agony the most supreme, were the first he had shed since he had bent his face over Charlotte's soft brown hair, to hide the evidence of his sorrow. When he had dashed these bitter drops away from his burning eyes, he turned to confront George Sheldon, pale as death, but very calm. And after this he gave way no more to his passion. He was matched against Time, of all enemies most pitiless and unrelenting, and every minute wasted was a point scored by his foe.

"I want your help, George Sheldon," he said. "If you have ever been sorry that you made no effort to save Charlotte Halliday's father,

prove yourself his friend by trying to save her."

"If I have been sorry!" echoed the lawyer. "Why, my miserable dreams have never been free from the horror of that man's face. You don't know what it is—murder! Nobody knows, who hasn't been concerned in it. You read of murders in your newspapers. A shot B, or C poisoned D, and so on, all through the letters of the alphabet, with a fresh batch for every Sunday: but it never comes home to you. You think of the horror of it, in a shadowy kind of way, as you might think of having a snake twisted round your waist and legs, like that blessed man and boys one never sees the last of. But if you were to look at that plaster-cast all your life, you couldn't realise ten per cent of the horror you'd feel if the snake was there, alive, crushing your bones, and hissing in your ear. I have been face to face with murder, Valentine Hawkehurst; and if I were to live a century, I should never forget what I felt when I stood by Tom Halliday's death-bed, and it flashed upon me, all at once, that my brother Phil was poisoning him."

"And you did not try to save him—your friend?" cried Valentine. "Why, you see," replied the other in a strange, slow way, "it was

too late to save him; I knew that, and—I held my tongue. What could I do? Against my own brother! That sort of thing in a family is ruin for everyone! Do you think anybody would have brought their business to me after my brother had stood in the Old Bailey dock to take his trial for murder? No; my only course was to keep my own counsel; and I kept it. Phil made eighteen thousand pounds by his marriage with poor Tom's widow; and a paltry hundred or two is all I ever touched of that money."

"And you could touch that money?" cried Valentine aghast.

"Money carries no infection. Did you ever ask any questions about the money you won at German gaming-tables? I daresty some of your napoleons and ten-thaler notes could have told queer stories, if they had been able to talk. Taking Phil's money has never weighed upon my conscience. I'm not very inquisitive about the antecedents of a five-pound note: but I'll tell you what it is, Hawkehurs, I'd give all I have, and all I ever hope to have, and would go out and sweep a crossing to-morrow, if I could get Tom Halliday's face out of my mind, with the look that he turned upon me the last time I saw him. 'Ah, George,' he said, 'in illness a man feels the comfort of being among friends!" And he took my hand and squeezed it, in his old hearty way. We had been boys together, Hawkehurst; birdsnesting in Hyley woods; on the same side in our Barlingford cricket-matches. And I shook his hand, and went away, and left him to die!"

And here Mr. Sheldon of Gray's Inn, the Sheldon who was in with the money-lenders, sharpest of legal prestigiators, most ruthless of opponents, most unscrupulous of allies, buried his face in a flaming bandanna, and fairly sobbed aloud. When the passion had passed, he got up and walked hastily to the window, more ashamed of this one touch of honest emotion than of all the falsehoods and chicaneries of his career.

"I didn't think I could have been such an ass," he muttered sheepishly.

"I did not hope that you could feel so deeply," answered Valentine.

"And now help me to save the only child of your ill-fated friend. I am sure that you can help me."

Without waiting to be questioned, Valentine related the circumstances of Charlotte's illness, and of his interview with Mr. Burkham.

"I did not even know that the poor girl was ill," said George Sheldon. "I have not seen Phil for months. He came here one day, and I gave him a bit of my mind. I told him, if he tried to harm her, I'd let the light in upon him and his doings. And I'll keep my word."

"But his motive? What, in the name of Heaven, can be his motive for taking her innocent life? He knows of the Haygarth estate, and must hope to profit by her fortune if she lives."

"Yes; and to secure the whole of that fortune if she dies. Her death would make her mother sole heir to that estate, and the mother

is the merest tool in his hands. He may even have induced Charlotte to make a will in his favour, so that he himself may stand in her shoes."

- "She would not have made a will without telling me of it."
- "You don't know that. My brother Phil can do anything. It would be as easy for him to persuade her to maintain secrecy about the transaction as to persuade her to make the will. Do you suppose he shrinks from multiplying lies and forgeries and hypocrisies? Do you suppose anything in that small way comes amiss to the man who has once brought his mind to murder? Why, look at the Scotch play of that fellow Shakespeare's. At the beginning, your Macbeth is a respectable, trustworthy sort of person, anxious to get on in life, and so on, and that's all: but no sooner has he made an end of poor old Duncan, than he lays about him right and left—Banquo, Fleance, anybody and everybody that happens to be in his way. It was lucky for that Tartar of a wife of his that she hooked it, or he'd soon have put a stop to her sleep-walking. There's no such wide difference between a man and a tiger, after all. The tiger's a decent fellow enough till he has tasted human blood; but when once he has, Lord save the country-side from the jaws of the man-eater!"
- "For Heaven's sake, let us waste no time in talk," Valentine cried impetuously. "I am to meet Burkham in Burlington-row directly I have got your advice."
  - "What for?"
  - "To see Dr. Jedd, and take him down to Hastings, if possible."
  - "That won't do."
  - "Why not?"
- "Because Jedd's appearance would give Phil the office. Jedd gave evidence on the Fryar trial, and must be a marked man to him. All Jedd can tell you is that Charlotte is being poisoned. You know that already. Of course she'll want medical treatment, and so on, to bring her round; but she can't get that under my brother's roof. What you have to do is to get her away from that house."
- "You do not know how ill she is. I doubt if she could bear the removal."
  - "Anything is better than to remain. That is certain death."
  - "But your brother would surely dispute her removal."
- "He would, and oppose it inch by inch. We must get him away, before we attempt to remove her."
  - " How?"
- "I will find the means for that. I know something of his business relations, and can invent some false cry for luring him off the trail. We must get him away. The poor girl was not in actual danger when you left her, was she?"
- "No, thank God, there was no appearance of immediate danger. But she was very ill. And that man holds her life in his hand. He knows that I have come to London in search of a doctor. What if—"

"Keep yourself quiet, Hawkehurst. He will not hasten her dean unless he is desperate; for a death occurring immediately after your first expression of alarm would seem sudden. He'll avoid any appearance of suddenness, if he can, depend upon it. The first thing is to get him away. But the question is, how to do it? There must be a bait. What bait? Don't talk to me, Hawkehurst. Let me think it out, if I can."

The lawyer leaned his elbows on the table, and abandoned himself to profound cogitation, with his forehead supported by his clenched

hands. Valentine waited patiently while he thus cogitated.

"I must go down to Phil's office," he said at last, "and ferret out some of his secrets. Nothing but stock-exchange business, of an important character, would induce him to leave Charlotte Halliday. But if I can telegraph such a message as will bring him to town, I'll do it. Leave all that to me. And now, what about your work?"

"I am at a loss what to do, if I am not to take Dr. Jedd to Harold's

hill."

"Take him to St. Leonards; and if I get my brother out of the way, you can have Charlotte conveyed to an hotel in St. Leonards, where she can stop till she picks up strength enough to come to London."

"Do you think her mother will consent to her removal?"

"Do I think you will be such an idiot as to ask for her consent?" cried George Sheldon impatiently. "My brother's wife is so weak a fool, that the chances are she'd insist on her daughter stopping quietly, to be poisoned. No; you must get Mrs. Sheldon out of the way somehow. Send her to look at the shops, or to bathe, or to pick up shells on the beach, or anything else equally inane. She's easy enough to deal with. There's that young woman, Paget's daughter, with them still, I suppose? Yes. Very well, then, you and she can get Charlotte away between you."

"But for me to take those two girls to an hotel—the chance of scandal, of wonder, of inquiry? There ought to be some older person—some nurse. Stay, there's Nancy Woolper—the very woman! My darling has told me of that old woman's affectionate anxiety about her health—an anxiety which was singularly intense, it seemed to Lotta. Good God! do you think she, Nancy Woolper, could have suspected the cause of Mr. Halliday's death?"

"I daresay she did. She was in the house when he died, and nursed him all through his illness. She's a clever old woman. Yes, you might take her down with you; I think she would be of use in getting Char-

lotte away."

"I'll take her, if she will go."

"I am not sure of that; our north-country folks have stiffish notions about fidelity to old masters, and that kind of thing. Nancy Woolper nursed my brother Phil."

"If she knows or suspects the fate of Charlotte's father, she will

try to save Charlotte," said Valentine with conviction. "And now, good-bye. I trust to you for getting your brother out of the way, George Sheldon; remember that."

He held out his hand; the lawyer took it with a muscular grip, which on this occasion meant something more than that base coin of jolly goodfellowship which so often passes current for friendship's virgin gold.

- "You may trust me," George Sheldon said gravely. "Stop a moment, though; I have a proposition to make. If my brother Philip has induced that girl to make a will, as it is my belief he has, we must counter him. Come down with me to Doctors' Commons. You've a cab? Yes; the business won't take half an hour."
  - "What business?"
  - "A special license for your marriage with Charlotte Halliday."
  - "A marriage?"
- "Yes; her marriage invalidates her will, if she has made one, and does away with Phil's motive. Come along, we'll get the license."
  - "But the delay?"
  - "Exactly half-an-hour. Come!"

The lawyer dashed out of his office. "At home in an hour," he shouted to the clerk, and then ran downstairs, followed closely by Valentine, and did not cease running until he was in the King's-road, where the cab was waiting.

- "Newgate-street and Warwick-lane, to Doctors' Commons!" he cried to the cabman; and Valentine was fain to take his seat in the cab without further remonstrance.
  - "I don't understand-" he began, as the cabman drove away.
- "I do. It's all right; you'll put the license in your pocket, and call at the church nearest where you hang out, Edgware-road way, give notice of the marriage, and so on; and as soon as Charlotte can bear the journey, bring her to London and marry her. I told you your course six months ago. Your obstinacy has caused the hazard of that young woman's life. Don't let us have a second edition of it."
- "I will be governed by your advice," answered Valentine submissively; "it is the delay that tortures me."

The delay was indeed torture to him. Everything and everybody in Doctors' Commons seemed to him the very incarnation of slowness. The hansom cab might tear and grind the pavement, the hansom cabman might swear, until even monster wagons swerved aside to give him passage; but neither tearing nor swearing could move the incarnate stolidity of Doctors' Commons. When he left that quaint sanctuary of old usages, he carried with him the Archbishop of Canterbury's benign permission for his union with Charlotte Halliday. But he knew not whether it was only a morsel of waste-paper which he carried in his pocket; and whether there might not ere long be need of a ghastlier certificate, giving leave and license for the rendering back of "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."

Valentine's first call, after leaving George Sheldon at the gale of Doctors' Commons, was at the head-quarters of the Ragamuffins. Ha heart sank, as he ran into the bar of the hostelry to ask for the tegram which might be waiting for him.

Happily there was no telegram. To find no tidings of a charge for the worse seemed to him almost equivalent to hearing of a charge for the better. What had he not feared, after his interview with the

surgeon of Bloomsbury!

From Covent Garden the hansom bowled swiftly to Burlington-row. Here Valentine found Mr. Burkham, pale and anxious, waiting in a little den of a third room on the ground-floor—a ghastly little room hung with anatomical plates, and with some wax preparations in jars on the mantelpiece, by way of ornament. To them presently came Dr. Jedd, as lively and business-like as if Miss Halliday's case had been a question of taking out a double-tooth.

"Very sad!" he said; "these vegetable poisons—hands of unscripulous man. Very interesting article in the Medical Quarterly—speculative analysis of the science of toxicology as known to the ancients."

"You will come down to Harold's-hill at once, sir ?" said Valen-

tine imploringly.

"Well, yes; your friend here, Mr. Burkham, has persuaded me to do so, though I need hardly tell you that such a journey will be to the last degree inconvenient."

"It is an affair of life and death!" faltered the young man.

"Of course, my dear sir. But then, you see, I have half-a-dozen other affairs of life and death on my hands at this moment. However, I have promised. My consultations will be over in half an hour; I have a round of visits after that; and by—well, say by the fire-o'clock express, I will go to St. Leonards."

"The delay will be very long," said Valentine.

"It cannot be done sooner. I ought to go down to Hertfordshire this evening—most interesting case—carbunele—three operations in three consecutive weeks—Swain as operator. At five o'clock I shall be at the London-bridge station. Until then, gentlemen, good-day.—Lawson, the door."

Dr. Jedd left his visitors to follow the respectable white-cravatted

butler, and darted back to his consulting-room.

Mr. Burkham and Valentine walked slowly up and down Burlington-row, before the latter returned to his cab.

"I thank you heartily for your help," said Valentine to the surgeon; and I believe, with God's grace, we shall save this dear girl's life. It was the hand of Providence that guided me to you this morning. I can but believe the same hand will guide me to the end."

On this they parted. Valentine told his cabman to drive to the Edgware-road; and in one of the churches in the immediate neighbourhood of that thoroughfare he gave notice of his intention to enter the bonds of holy matrimony. He had some difficulty in arranging matters with the clerk, whom he saw in his private abode and non-official guise. That functionary was scarcely able to grasp the idea of an intending Benedick who could not state positively when he wanted to be married. Happily, however, the administration of half-a-sovereign considerably brightened the clerk's perceptions.

"I see what you want," he said. "Young lady a invalid, which she wants to leave her home as she finds uncomfortable, she being over twenty-one years of age and her own mistress. It's what you may call a runaway match, although the parties ain't beholden to anyone, in a manner of speaking. I understand. You give me half an hour's notice any morning within the legal hours, and I'll have one of our young curates ready for you as soon as you're ready for them; and have you and the young lady tied up tight enough before you know where you are. We ain't very long over our marriages, unless it is something out of the common way."

The clerk's familiarity was more good-natured than flattering to the applicant's self-esteem; but Valentine was in no mood to object to this easy-going treatment of the affair. He promised to give the clerk the required notice; and having arranged everything in strictly legal manner, hurried back to his cab, and directed the man to drive to the Lawn.

It was now three o'clock. At five he was to meet Dr. Jedd at the station. He had two hours for his interview with Nancy Woolper, and his drive from Bayswater to London Bridge.

He had tasted nothing since daybreak; but the necessity to eat and drink never occurred to him. He was dimly conscious of feeling sick and faint, but the reason of this sickness and faintness did not enter into his thoughts. He took off his hat, and leant his head back against the cushion of the hansom as that vehicle rattled across the squares of Paddington. The summer day, the waving of green trees in those suburban squares; the busy life and motion of the world through which he went, mixed themselves into one jarring whirl of light and colour, noise and motion. He found himself wondering how long it was since he had left Harold's-hill. Between the summer morning in which he had walked along the dusty highroad, with fields of ripening corn upon his left, and all the broad blue sea upon his right, and the summer afternoon in which he drove in a jingling cab through the noisy streets and squares of Bayswater, there seemed to him a gulf so wide, that his tired brain shrank from scanning it.

He struggled with this feeling of helplessness and bewilderment, and overcame it.

"Let me remember what I have to do," he said to himself; "and let me keep my wits about me till that is done."

## DEATH AND THE SEASONS

Annie, as a rose-leaf tender,
As the morning fresh and fair;
Little form, so light and slender,
Little face, of beauty rare!
Childhood's hours are fleeting, Annie,
Spring is changeful, well-a-day!—
Death came by and look'd on Annie,
Look'd, and slowly turn'd away.

Annie, blooming, gentle maiden,
Deck'd with blushes like the rose!
Droops thy head with sweetness laden,
Or with grief, that no one knows?
Summer clouds will ofttime, Annie,
Veil the glad, bright, golden ray.—
Death bent, threat'ning, over Annie;
Gazed awhile, and pass'd away.

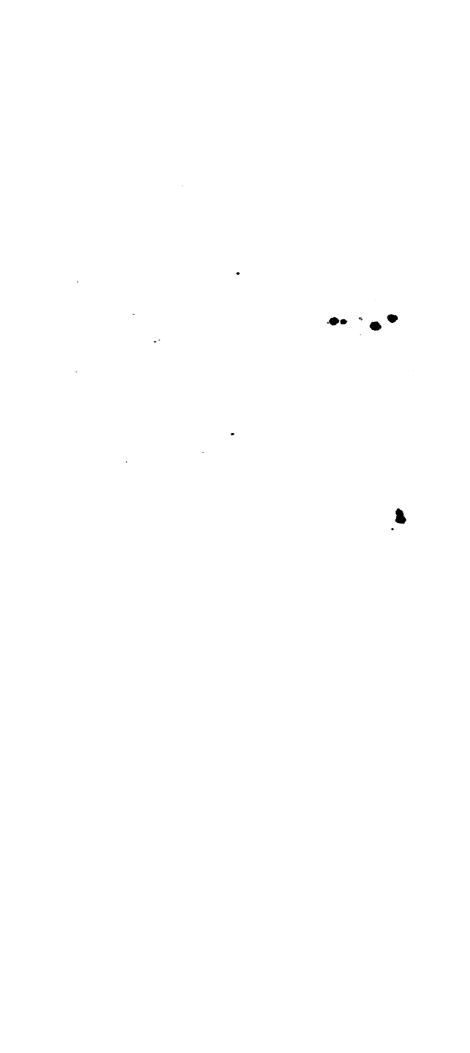
Annie, Autumn's glowing treasures
Bend the lusty orchard bough;
Springtime's beauty, Summer's pleasures,
Into fruit have ripen'd now.
Round the spreading pear-tree, Annie,
All thy little children play.—
Death came by and look'd on Annie,
Would not strike, but pass'd away.

Annie, feeble, worn, and wrinkled,
Bent with weight of care and years,
Snows upon thy head are sprinkled,
And thy beauty's quench'd with tears.
Winter closes round us, Annie;
After toil for sleep we pray.—
Death stoop'd gently over Annie,
Took her with him; then, away.

GODFREY TURNER.

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